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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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INDEX ON PAGE 5
ADV. INDEX ON PAGE 194

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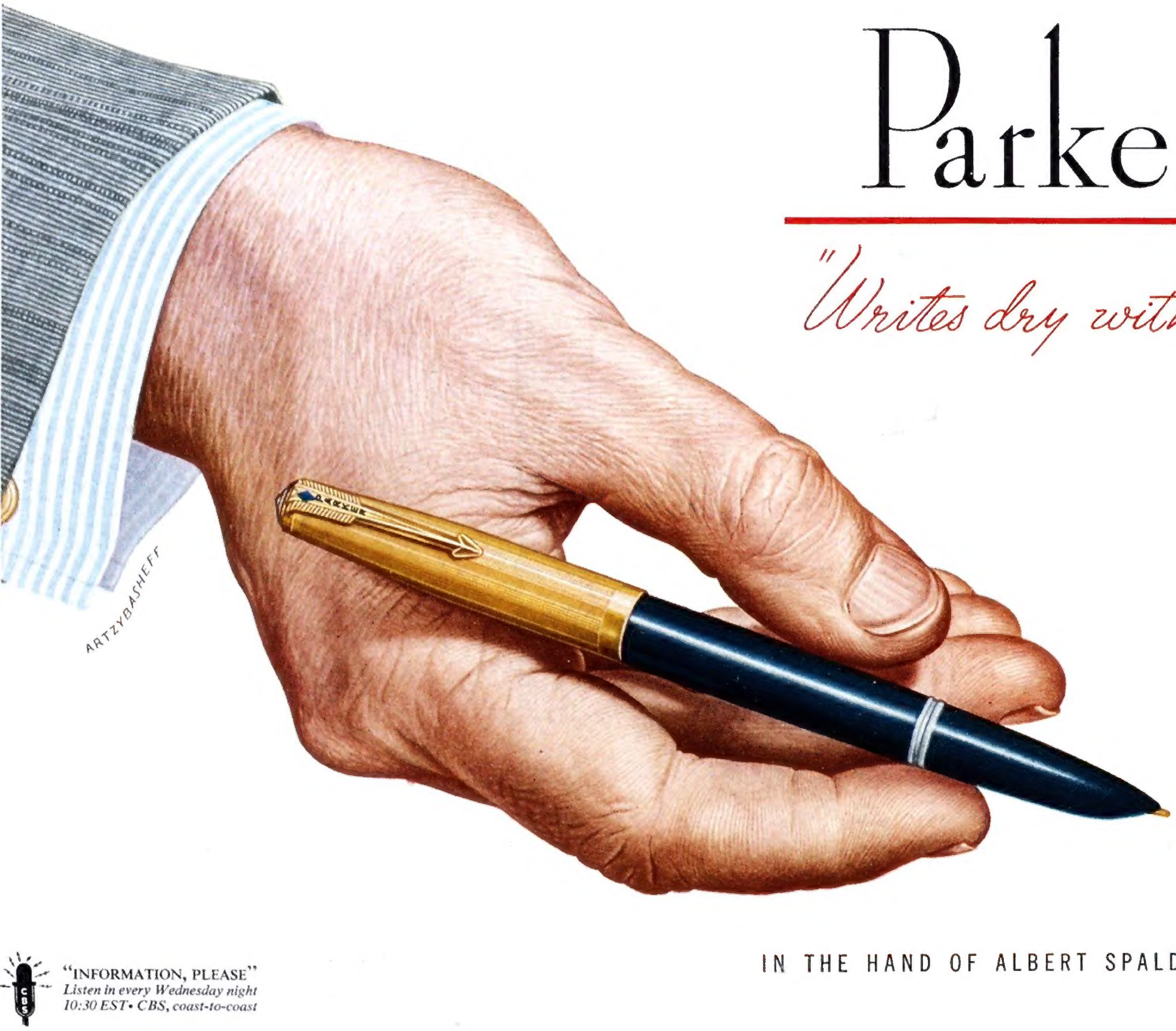

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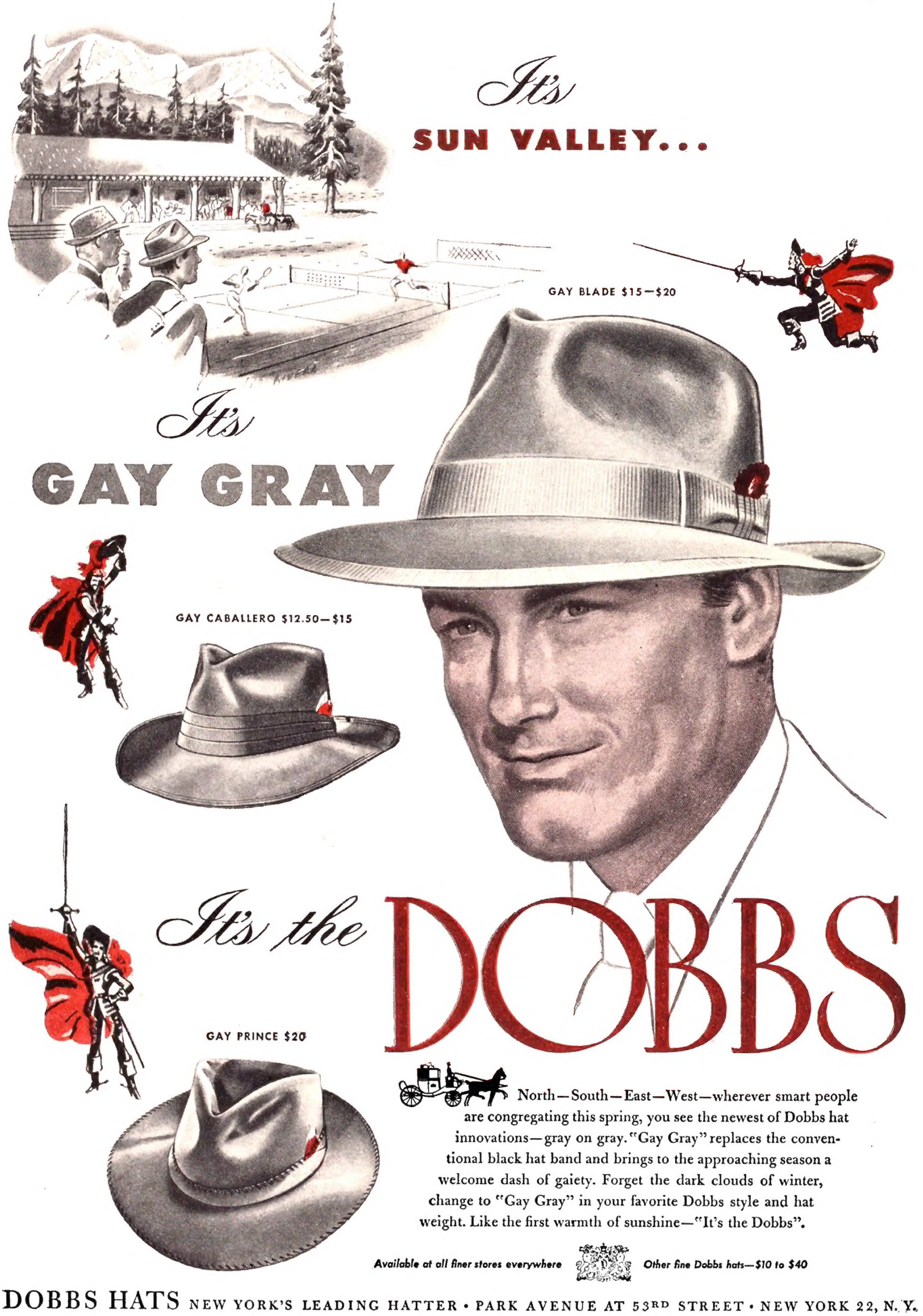
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Turn and Baste

A man can do worse than be a good cook, or at least have a few specialities of his own, as our friend Joe Pasternak proves so appetizingly in his cook's tour de force on page 91. In fact, not only the eating, but the preparation of the food itself can be a praiseworthy contribution to the arts of gracious living.

This brings to mind one of the minor —and therefore probably important— tragedies in the life of an otherwise happy and accomplished young lady. Anxious to impress her caustic friends with her cookery and her new hostess gown all in the space of the same few hours, she planned a tasty feast and skittered from the kitchen to the cocktail tray, scattering bons mots and hors d'oeuvres as she went. But in time, in spite of the expectation aroused by her announcement of the forthcoming roast, a certain dubious look crept over the faces of all the guests, starting with those nearest the kitchen. The reason was obvious, all too soon—the succulent odors of the roast suggested a glue factory in full blast, or perhaps a garbage scow burning at sea. Finally, one of the braver spirits solved the problem, and won the day, although the hostess will never be permitted to forget it . . . she had left the cookbook in the oven.

We think you'll enjoy the Pasternak opus, as well as our own *Look and Cook* inspiration on the facing page. So don your aprons, men, and sharpen your skillets. But—as a last word of warning —don't leave your Esquire in the oven.

—D.A.S.

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

contents for March, 1947

Vol. XXVII. No. 3 Whole No. 160

articles

PAGE

THE FEMALE FORM—AND WHAT OF IT . . . . Thomas R. Carskadon 42
SONATA OF SOUND SLEEPERS . . . . Herb Graffis 46
CROSSROADS OF THE WORLD 54
JOURNEY INTO SPACE . . . . John C. Ross 58
MEXICO—LAND OF CONTRASTS . . . . Richard Joseph 60
FOR SUNSHINE SEEKERS 61
THE REEL GLORY . . . . Dick Holdsworth 64
BLUEPRINTED IN SILVER . . . . Bill Weeks 70
OUR SOCIAL LIFE WITH A GENIUS . . . . Elise Bell 75
FOR MY HOBBY, I'LL TAKE COOKING . . . . Joe Pasternak 91
THE FLOWER OF OUR HEARTS . . . . Ed McNamara & Sidney Lewis 93
BATTLE OF THE ROYAL GORGE . . . . Scott Hart 94
CAMPUS PORTRAIT: STANFORD UNIVERSITY . . . . Ben Hirsh 100
IT'S A MAN'S WORLD 108
HOW'S YOUR FASHION QUOTIENT? . . . . O. E. Schoeffler 110

departments

Correspondence: THE SOUND AND THE FURY 8
Contributors: BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE 34
Comment: WHAT IN THE WORLD 39
Books: THE SUPERFLUOUS OBBLIGATO . . . . A. J. Liebling 48
Movies: THE BUSINESSMAN COMETH . . . . Jack Moffitt 57
Wearables: ASSAYING CASUAL CALIFORNIA . . . . O. E. Schoeffler 109
Book Reviews: BOOK BRIEFS 134

fiction

THE FLUTE PLAYER . . . . Liam O'Flaherty 41
THE BELATED RETURN OF SEAMAN SIMMS . . . . Joseph E. Shaner 45
FLESH AND GRASS . . . . Gerald Kersh 63
THE BEACHCOMBER OF MIAMI BEACH . . . . Harold Helfer 69
THE COST OF AN IRISH KISS . . . . W. A. S. Douglas 76
THE HORSE WITH THE BEAUTIFUL NAME . . . . Louis Sidran 78
WHERE ARE YOU, CANFIELD? . . . . Sidney B. Cutright, Jr. 82
WHO'LL BUY MY MINCEMEAT? . . . . T. W. Pape 96
THE RETURN OF HUGO STRAWLEY . . . . Glen F. Stillwell 112

semi-fiction

THE RAINBOW IN BLOOD ALLEY . . . . Gerritt J. Lloyd 65

personality

PORTRAIT OF A HOLLYWOOD AGENT . . . . Cameron Shipp 81

murder mystery

A MATTER OF MOTIVE . . . . Henry Kane 51

Esquire gallery

ETUDE . . . . Painting by Joe De Mers 43
CRISIS . . . . Painting by Fritz Willis 44
CROSSROADS OF THE WORLD—TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK . . . . Painting by Joe De Mers 54
THE RAINBOW IN BLOOD ALLEY . . . . . Pictorial Interpretations by J. Frederick Smith 65
ORNAMENT . . . . Painting by Bob Cassell 79
PATIENCE . . . . Painting by Mario Cooper 80

pictorial features

COVER ILLUSTRATION . . . . Painting by J. Frederick Smith
GRAND OLD MAN OF LETTERS . . . . Color photograph by Keystone Pictures 51
OH THE BEAT, BEAT, BEAT . . . . Color photograph by Acme 52
SUMMER HOLIDAY WITH SONGS . . . . Color photograph by Mickey Marigold 53
GINGER ROGERS: FIRST LADY . . . . Color photograph by Bert Anderson 56
MARCH'S CHILDREN . . . . Caricatures by Alan Jedla 68
SCOTTIES: GOOD COMPANY . . . . Painting by John Atherton 69
MELTON'S MOBILES . . . . Color photographs by Arnold Glantz & Jerry Saltsberg 71
CURE FOR WING FEVER . . . . Color photograph by Hans Groenhoff 72
SOLVEIG LUNDE: SHE CARRIES 88 KEYS . . . . Color photograph by William Stone 87
MECHANICAL PROPHECIES, NO. 10 . . . . Designs by Alexis de Sakhnoffsky 89
ESQUIRE'S LOOK AND COOK, RECIPE NO. 4 . . . . Sketches by Mina Gow 90
COOK'S TOUR: FRANK ROMERSA . . . . Color photograph by Arnold Glantz 91
SWEET ADELINE . . . . Painting by Tony Palazzo 92
FROM BOSTON TO BRADLEY'S TO YOU . . . . Color photograph by Arnold Glantz 99
STANFORD UNIVERSITY: A PROFILE . . . . Painting by Fred Eng 101
IDYLLING ABOUT BERMUDA . . . . Drawings by Richard Gangel 102
FRENCH RENAISSANCE . . . . Drawing by Leslie Saalburg 104

sports

THE FULTON FOLLY . . . . Bob Burrill 88
THE SPORTING SCENE: HARNESS HEADACHE . . . . Jim Crossett 99
HAGEN TREATMENT . . . . Wilson Hicks 141

briefs

JOE LEARNS THE LANGUAGE . . . . William Jacobson 72
MADAME'S TALL SON . . . . Beth Barnes 84
SHE KNEW ALL THE ANSWERS . . . . Robert C. Moore 87
THE UNDERSTUDY . . . . John Bancroft 196

credits

ILLUSTRATIONS ON PAGES 45, 58, 60, 69, 88 . . . . . . courtesy Associated American Artists

trends in dress

CLOTHING AND ACCESSORIES by Glantz, Runnette, and Milroy . . . . beginning on 105

T.M.REG.

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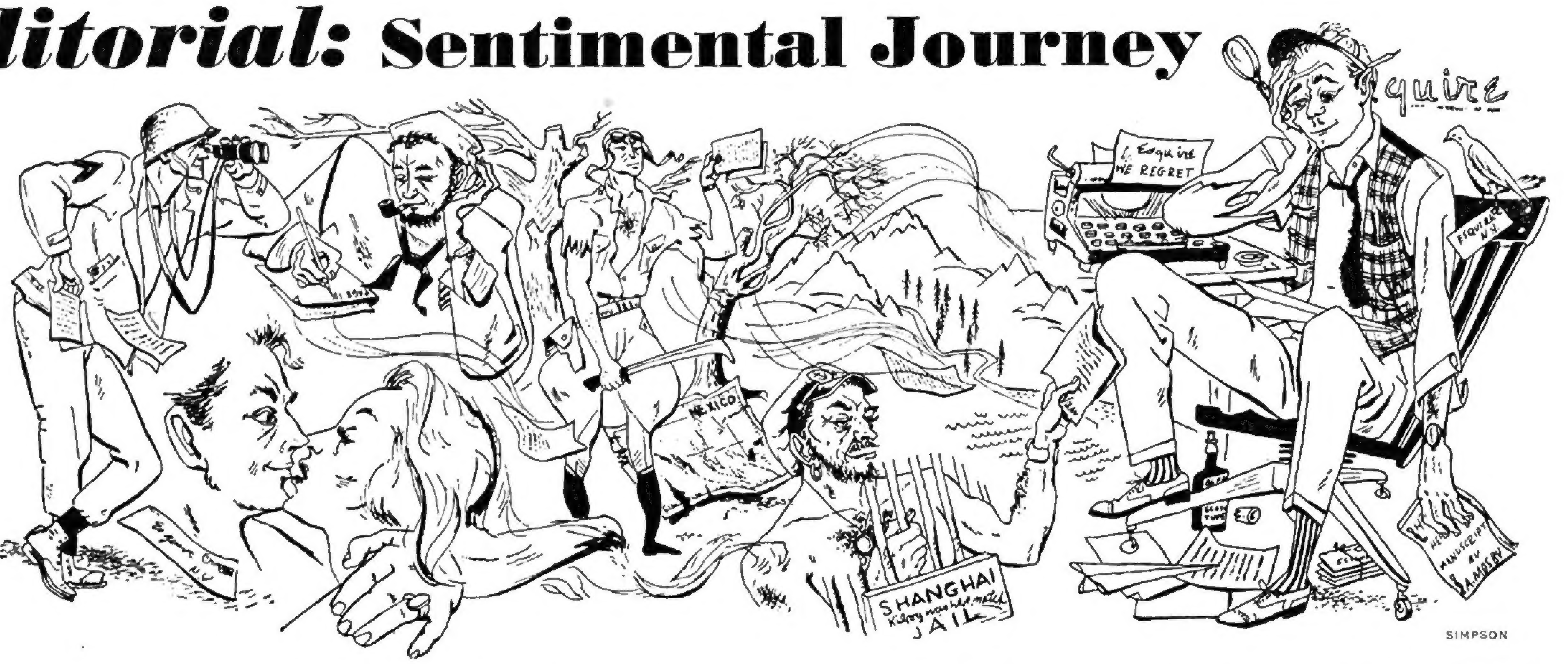
Editorial: Sentimental Journey



The life of this world, as viewed from a magazine office, is at best something seen through a reading glass darkly. But of late, feeling the pulse of the global patient in the flow of letters and manuscripts that pour into the Esquire offices, we are beginning to grow almost optimistic over the possibilities of an actual transition into a postwar phase, whether or not Mr. Truman has declared the emergency over. Not unaware of the lingering troubles and tragedies that still remain from the war, and in a certain sense will always remain, nevertheless we are cheered by certain unmistakable signs of revival.

An author who spun out his plots in a Japanese internment camp for the last four years or so writes us that he is so deliriously happy with his new freedom that his escapades are keeping him behind bars in a Shanghai jail most of the time.

Another warrior, considering the glum prospect of civilian existence after a turn in the Marines, requests information concerning "a complete wardrobe for a bachelor thirty years old, retired, and not physically able for any work harder than going to the horse races."

A large segment of the U. S. Army, minds freed from problems of immediate combat, commissioned one of their more literary buddies (a private, naturally) to inquire anxiously as to the number of ways a girl may be kissed, having discovered that fifty men in concert could only think up fourteen ways, nine short of the 23 techniques mentioned in our recent earth-shaking squib about Mr. Earl Graham, the Canadian kissing expert.

Another G. I., who delicately refers to the fact that he is "still employed by our Government," nevertheless has turned to sophisticated considerations that promise an early escape from the clippers of the Company barber. His problem: a suitable haircomb for one with a triangular face and curly hair which "protrudes slightly at the sides."

We happen to like servicemen, aside from the fact that they've told us so many times that Esquire is their favorite magazine. With our own service personnel returned 100% (an item we're very happy about, by the way) we had taken to worrying a bit about the others who didn't come back to Esquire literally, but who have been turning to us in a puzzled and searching way. Up until these recent worldly perplexities about kissing and parting the hair, our correspondence was not always so cheery. What do you do, we ask humbly, when it is necessary to reject a manuscript in which a boy tells about his days and nights at Salerno or Tarawa or Bougainville or Bastogne, and what do you say? You may think that the time will come, much later perhaps, when he may view his own writing dispassionately enough to see why it was no go back there in 1947, but what do you say now as you fumble with a letter of rejection, trying to find a way to tell him somehow that it is not a man which has been rejected, or his terrible experience, but only a manuscript? What do you do, when a deadline slides past and then along comes the expected manuscript and the author mentions in passing that it took him so long to rewrite because he happened to be in a service hospital for a few months and couldn't *move* during that time?

So many of them are "writers" now, born under fire. The one who had the sound of the mortars in his first story, turned out a few hours after Okinawa, is wondering, now, what is the civilian equivalent of such a topic. He can write, that much is clear. But he finds it a little difficult to get excited enough to write.

But these are the good signs we were talking about, the words—dull or no—tapped out by boys who beat their swords into typewriters. And fresh ideas are beginning to perc. A sailor we know never seems to run out of them. How come, we asked him, since he never was a professional writer before the war? Easy. The plots came to him as he stood watch on a DE on the Atlantic, and there are a lot of watches in four years. Give some of the credit to the Navy coffee that warmed me up, he says.

So the rush of autobiographical manuscripts is giving way to something certainly personal in origin, but somewhat more happily removed in substance from the field of death. Our Travel Editor, for example, came up with the thought that perhaps he should take a trip to Europe as a forerunner of the armies of civilians who might be going back to the beaches once again, not too far from now, but freed this time from the awful and permeating question that devours every man crouched in a landing craft.

Thinking with Laurence Sterne, the famous wayfarer of *A Sentimental Journey Through France and Italy*, that a man's travel is but "one step towards knowing himself," and thinking too of the *Croix de Guerre* our guy brought back from the Normandy landings, we thought that it might be well indeed for him and others to see that littered soil again.

The Travel Department reports breezily that there is much to see elsewhere in this postwar world. The mines have been fished out of the waters, and there are children gamboling in the sun who were born doubly innocent, after V-J Day. Our travel man, in fact, fresh from junkets to practically every place south of Michigan Avenue in the last few months, has just come back with an improbable tale, like any traveler, and a probable case of malaria, both of which he managed to pick up in Mexico.

Seems he was in an amphibian plane, winging from Ixtépexi to Mexico City, up the West Coast, when they ran out of gas and had to sit down on a little jungle lake. Soon enough they were surrounded by a great hubba-hubba as natives in dugout canoes, some in loincloths, but others only in a smile, milled about. Our man looked closely for Johnny Weissmuller as they were taken to a village of grass huts, and quite naturally glanced into the huge cauldron boiling in the middle of the clearing to see if the missionaries had come to a boil yet, but these appropriate props were the only things missing from an otherwise perfect Hollywood set.

Our hero, to borrow a phrase from William Bolitho, felt "like a child marooned while wide awake in the center of a nightmare." Conquering the suggestion that perhaps his mission might providentially solve the local meat shortage, he got to grunting with the chiefs and learned that his hosts were descendants of slave-ship Negroes wrecked on the Pacific coast of Mexico generations ago. Some had been assimilated by the native Mexicans, but others, as with this group, had kept pretty much to themselves, retained their African customs, and on the sensible philosophy that a jungle is a jungle no matter what the longitude may be, had done right well. The traveler, resisting the tendency to reach into his pocket for a handful of beads or trinkets with which to barter, and preparing a polite refusal to the expected invitation that he settle down with one of the village belles, finally made a deal for the loan of a few horses for his party, and they hacked their way through the jungle growth with swinging machetes, so help us. There was something about alligators, snakes and tigers (the local puma), but by this time we were wondering what the deadlines were for the March issue, and our vacant eye and tapping pencil returned him to civilization and rescue somewhat more speedily than native horses are accustomed to travel.

We'll never keep the lad home now, we realized, so he's off to Europe and the Normandy Beach. His sentimental journeys will be never done, and we hope you'll enjoy reading of them, month by month, perhaps to follow soon on a trek of your own. Slowly, possibly reluctantly, there's good emerging at least in a few places in this postwar world. ⧺

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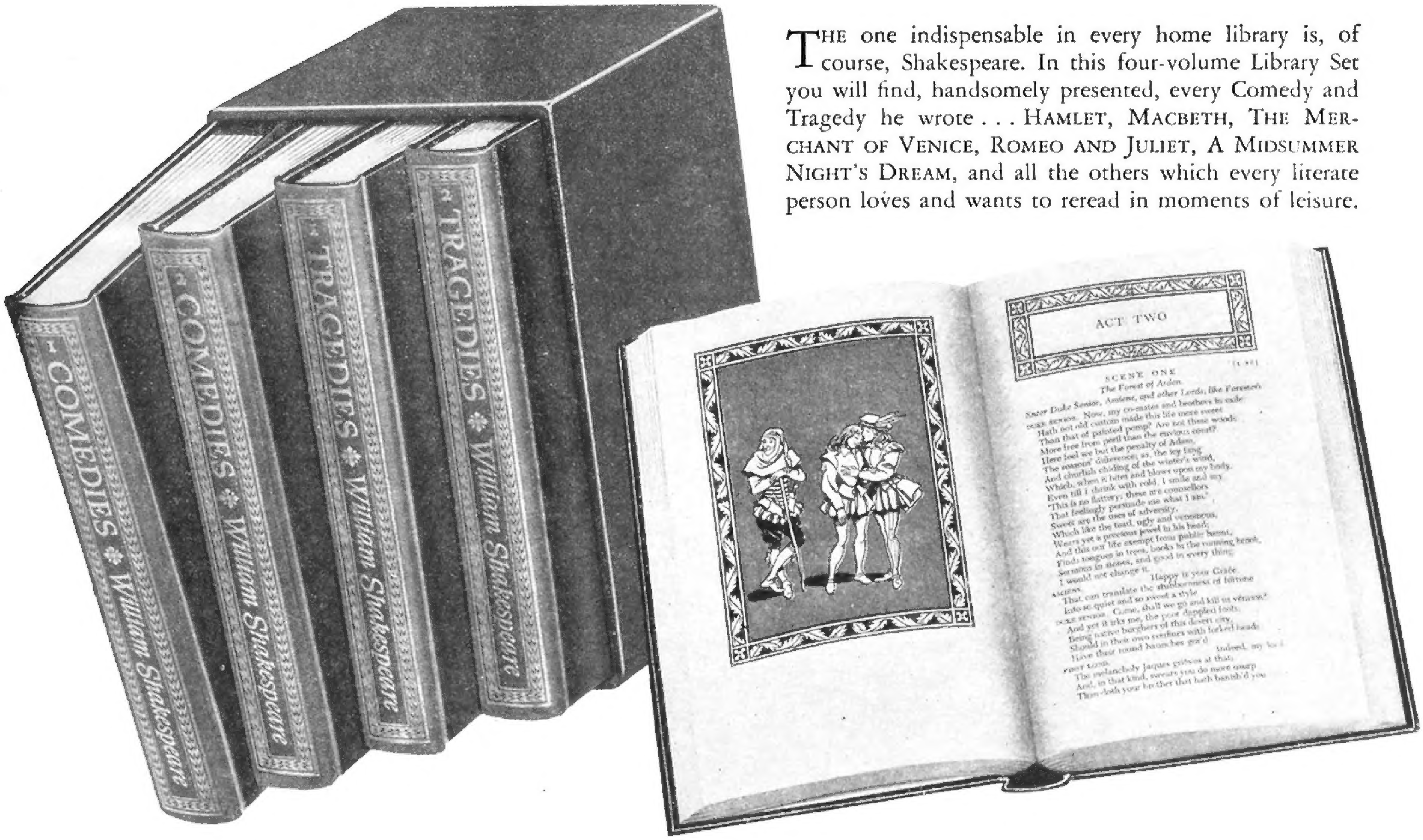
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The Sound and the Fury

Esky R.S.V.P.

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May we have your permission to put out such a souvenir program?

E. John Egan,
Chairman, Cornell Junior Week
Ithaca, New York

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critic of the month

While roaming through your November Esquire, my English war bride paused at *Strolling In Whitehall*, page 127, and found faults with Mr. Saalburg's drawing. Nora claims the two English gentlemen are wearing ties that are quite un-English. The bright wine coloured (please note the English spelling) tie is too loud and, Nora says, no "real" English gent would be seen with so glaring a social noose around his neck. In addition, the white polka dots are too many, Nora feels, they possess no rhythm and "hurt" the eye.

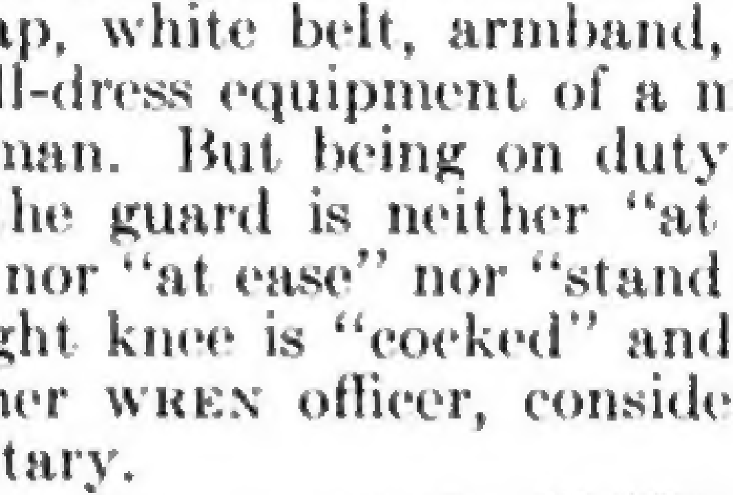
As to the tri-coloured cravat worn by the gentleman at the left, Nora observes that while the tie is neat and the colours in good taste, the stripes are too broad.

The British corporal, Nora assumes, is on duty since he wears his revolver, MP cap, white belt, armband, etc.—the full-dress equipment of a military policeman. But being on duty, Nora finds the guard is neither "at attention," nor "at ease" nor "stand easy." His right knee is "cocked" and Nora, a former WREN officer, considers this unmilitary.

Also, why cannot the "MP" letters be seen on the guard's armband when his stripes are visible on the same sleeve?

All things considered, she says, "Quite a good drawing. Excellent!"

Dan. S. Blumenthal
Brooklyn, N. Y.



personal

In the December edition of Esquire I came upon an article entitled *Occupational Sketches* mentioning the cabaret "Grand Cherry." When I saw this I thought my heart would stop. I was in Yokohama both in 1945 and '46 and frequented that place many times. Would like to know if it would be possible to locate a girl who worked there, for there is no mail service to Japanese civilians. She was the only person overseas I met that didn't try to take me to the cleaners; the last time I saw her was at the station in Haramachida, Japan. She had great big tears in her eyes and she said " 'Merican sailor please come back." Her name was Hotsue Watanabe and she lived in the city of Haramachida.

E. A. Nutt
Columbus, Ohio

look lively, Helen!

I have just read Helen Lawrenson's article, *Sailors Make Wonderful Husbands*, in your November issue, a sequel to her anonymous *Latins Are Lousy Lovers*.

I do not know how much of a Latin I am, but the reading of the first article gave me a very restful sensation (was she kidding?) and the last one awakened a latent feeling that it would have been a great pleasure to have known Miss Lawrenson at the time of her visit to Cuba, and see her "guinea pigs" as well.

So it took her 10 years to ascertain that sailors make wonderful husbands! Who does not know it? Why, the sailors! Is it not the same the world over for sailors, with a sweetheart in every port?

The articles are interesting, but Miss Lawrenson gets away with a good deal. She'll have the male population of the world joining the Merchant Marine, but will the rest of the girls like that?

Don Juan Tenorio Casanova
Miami, Fla.

the case for power

To Coleman Meyer I'd like to give bouquets of 100 octane gas and supercharged engines for his excellent *Sailor in Coveralls*. Sailboats are pretty and may require skill to make them win races, but give me powerboat speed, which requires skill of a different kind. Sailboats will probably always remain for those who enjoy the sport, like antiques for collectors. Working a throttle slowly open, however, a fraction of an inch at a time, and feeling the hull take on more and more speed, hearing the superchargers' high whine as they cut in, sensing the moment when the boat levels off and begins to plane, until the engines are wide open, to me is the greatest thrill that can be experienced.

Sincerely,
Joseph R. Pelletier
Salem, Mass.

finny friends

I notice Bert Claflin's fish story was challenged in Sound and Fury. I once caught a trout not more than one and one-half pounds. When he was opened I found a full-grown mole just starting to be digested.

Miles Scofield
Sacramento, Calif.

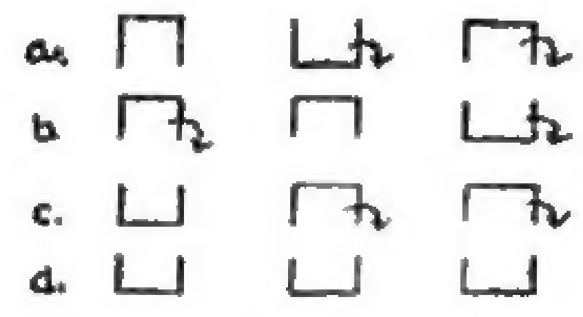
recognize, then run

Have just finished reading Peter Bowman's excellent article on *How to Recognize a W-o-m-a-n*. Congrats! However, he has dealt with her from more of a biological than chemical point of view. How's this?

Woman

Symbol: Wo.
Atomic Weight: 120.
Occurrences: Found wherever a man is found, seldom in a free state.
Physical Properties: Generally rounded in form. Boils at nothing and may freeze at any minute. Melts when treated properly. Very bitter if not used well.
Chemical Properties: Very active. Possesses great affinity for gold, silver, platinum and precious stones. Violent reactions when left alone. Able to absorb great amounts of food. Turns green when placed beside a better-looking specimen. Ages rapidly.
Uses: Highly ornamental. Useful as a tonic in acceleration of low spirits, etc. Equalizes the distribution of wealth. Is probably the most powerful income-reducing agent known.
Caution: Highly explosive when in inexperienced hands.

Phil Soller
Johannesburg, Transvaal,
South Africa



Leeds' open secret

Now for my turn. The object is to make three glasses all face the same way, in three moves, moving two glasses each time, and ending up with all three in one direction. The trick is to start the moves with two glasses inverted, one in the correct position. Then make the moves according to the diagram. When the participator begins, he invariably forgets to note the fact that you leave him with two glasses right side up and the middle one inverted, since, at the end of your sequence of moves, you leave all the glasses facing up, and merely invert the center one. Consequently, even if the "goat" makes the moves correctly, his glass order will be directly opposite to yours. Carry on, by showing him the correct order, merely inverting the center one again, for when your friend finishes, he will have left his glasses facing downward! This can go on indefinitely.

Arnold I. Leeds
New York, N. Y.

Hooton take heart

It was with consternation that I read in Jack Stenbuck's excellent article on *Harvard's Hooton* that Dr. Hooton considers his "best speech," which he delivered to the Alpha Omegas last December, his greatest "flop." His speech treated with the paleontological aspects of teeth from the shark, through the so-called higher animals and finally through man, up to and including dentures. It was brilliantly witty, and if Dr. Hooton saw an occasional listener holding his sides, it was due, not to the after-effects of a fine dinner, but to his clever innuendoes in matters pertaining to our profession. The "fifteen-course dinner" could total that only if you counted each pea on your plate as a course.

We want Earnest Albert Hooton to know that Alpha Omega considers his name one of the brightest on our roster of Achievement Medalists and his response not a "flop," but "tops."

Leon A. Katzin, D. D. S.
Detroit, Mich.

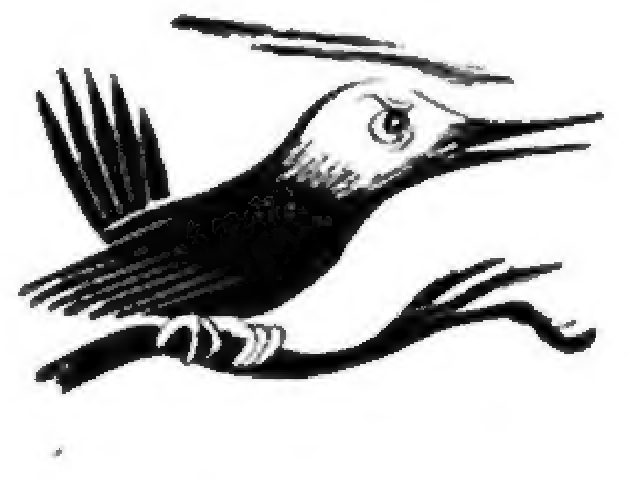
ex-Wren as clay pigeon

The ex-Wren's comments about American women in service being poorly groomed is an obvious display of jealousy. American women do not find it necessary to expound on deficiencies of the opposing team since there has been no danger of our being defeated.

Possibly we didn't make the "sacrifice" Mrs. Pugh did, in that we didn't give up lipstick, nail polish and oranges, nor did we live under the strain of a bombed-out civilization. But to the million families in our country who gave husbands, brothers and sons the "sacrifice" was great. Our men lost limbs and lives on the very invasion she so glibly speaks about. In North Africa, the English were doing a bit of running when we arrived on the scene.

An ex-member of Uncle Sam's Navy,
Ruth Lewis
Santa Barbara, Calif.

P.S. I imagine some American boy thanks God Mrs. Pugh *did* marry the most wonderful man in His Majesty's Royal Navy.



feathered fans

I have the pleasure to inform you that out of one of the old Esquires I took a double-page picture representing a resting girl with orchid-flower (*Cattleya Laelicae*) in violet color; and framed it on the veranda.

The reproduction of the orchid is so perfect that honey birds are coming flying to suckle it, and only later on they find out their mistake.

Please take my congratulations for the perfect work for which Esquire is so famous.

Milos Cerveny
E do Rio, Brazil

riddle for St. Agnes

Our interest has been greatly aroused by the statement made by Virginia Mayo in the October issue, and Lincoln Kuntz' reply in November issue.

Did Virginia Mayo meet Lincoln Kuntz on St. Agnes' Eve at the corner of Hollywood and Vine?

If she did meet him, how does she like the honest rather than handsome, and sincere rather than smooth type?

It would be nice if men were honest and handsome, as well as sincere and smooth, but then we realize that is like trying to eat your cake and have it too.

Mary Keith and Suzy Smith
Vancouver, Wash.

Continued on page 10

Jazz event of the Year!

At last, a Jazzbook to end all Jazzbooks! Here are pages packed with the life and beat of jazz itself as told by jazz immortals. Personal reminiscences by your favorites. Anecdotes and behind-the-scenes color revealed for the first time by men who have lived with jazz all their lives. Whether you're a 2-beat or a 4-beat fan, your copy will be a treasure worth keeping under lock and key—not just a year book, but a book for all years!

***EXTRA FEATURES:* A COMPLETE ORIGINAL SONG WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR THE 1947 ESQUIRE JAZZBOOK, MUSIC BY JOE BUSHKIN; LYRICS BY JOHNNIE DE VRIES. (This is being recorded by Benny Goodman and B. G. takes the vocal himself.) ANNOUNCEMENT OF 1947 ESQUIRE JAZZ AWARDS.**

A book about jazz written by the men who know it best..

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Louis Armstrong
Count Basie
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Frank Sinatra
Gene Krupa
Jimmy Durante
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Jimmy Lunceford
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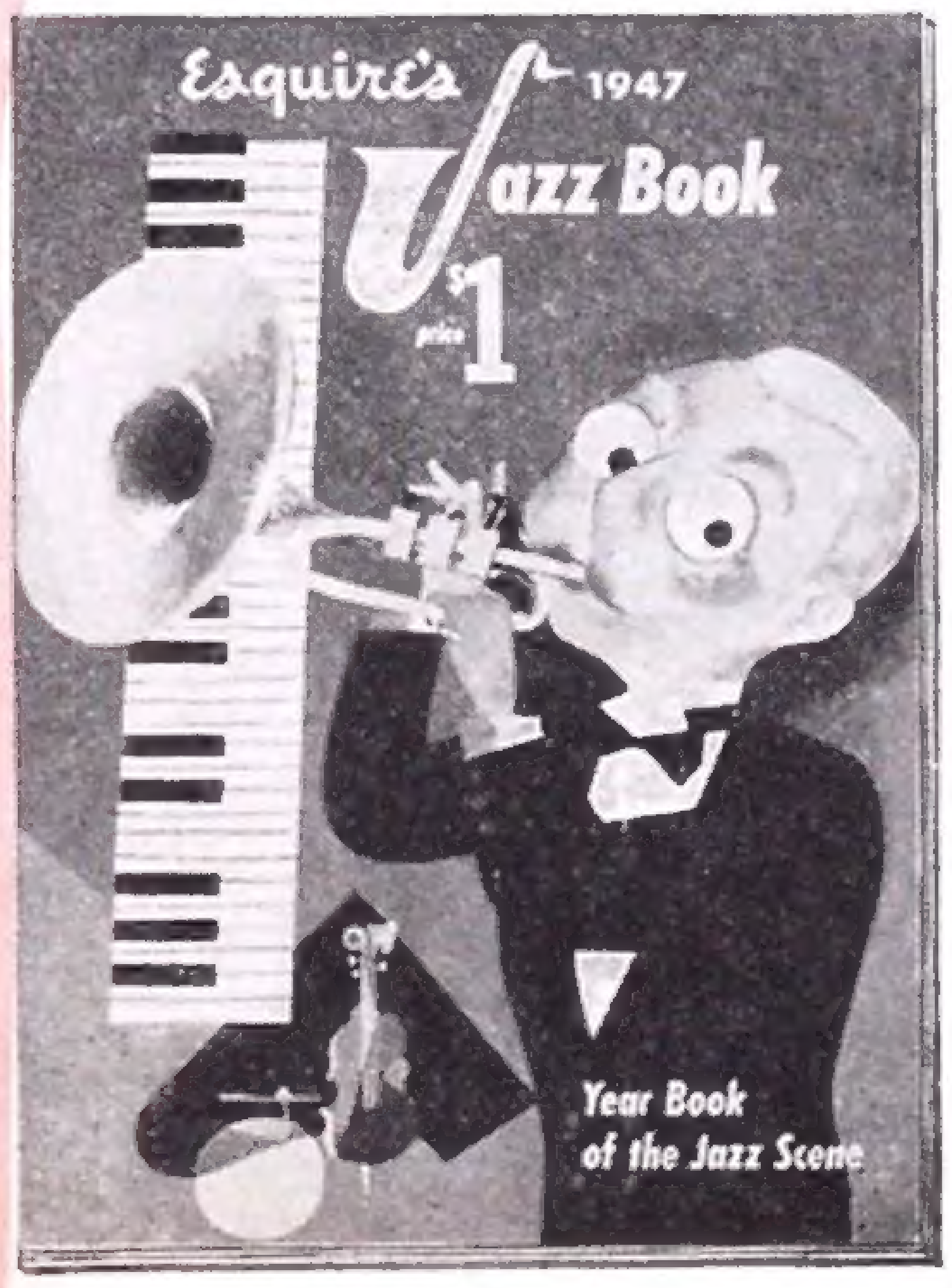

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The Sound and the Fury

cable

CONGRATS ON YOUR NUMBER ONE LOOK AND COOK BUT WHAT DOES ONE DO WITH THE WHITE OF EGG.

GEORGE HAY

BLANTYRE NYASALAND
AFRICA

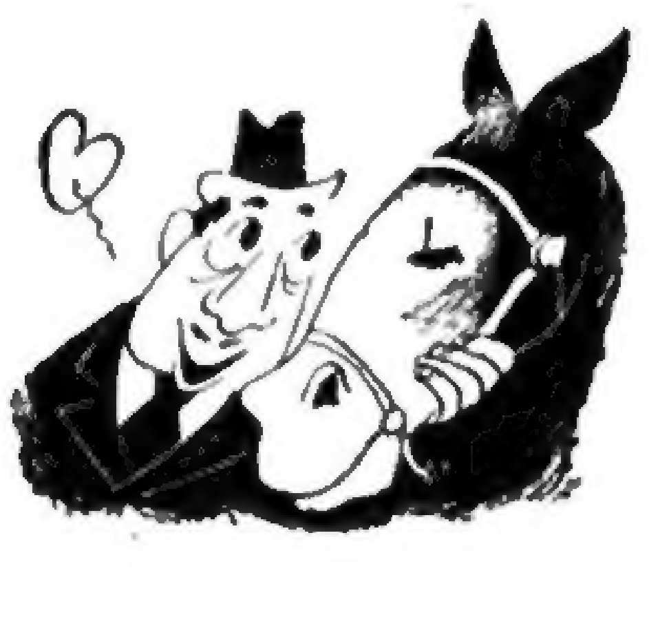
Editor's Note: *Our Look and Cook editor, whose policy is* lesser faire, *says it's strictly up to the individual reader, whether to use the leftover albumen in a silver fizz, a hard sauce or a shampoo.*

Esky as firefighter

Several weeks ago I picked up some 1945 copies of Esquire. I have been wanting to tell you ever since how much I have enjoyed a picture in it of the San Francisco earthquake and fire. I was in that catastrophe myself, and I was impressed with the pictured details that I remember so well in reality.

This past year we have had an investigation of conditions in our theatres in regard to fire hazard. There were letters of protest referring to the Iroquois Theatre disaster; then the press took up the matter. Safety precautions are resulting. When I saw the picture of Eddie Foy in that fire and read the stirring account, I suspected that was the source of our aroused perception of the peril.

LUCY A. MARSHALL
Santa Ana, Calif.



playing las carreras

Anent Walter Steigleman's illuminating articles on the ponies, I recently taxied out to "El Nacional Hipodromo" just outside Panama City. I picked a horse for the first and second races; and then was talked into playing them for the "Doubla Dupleta." And just to cover myself, I bet No. 5 to place in the First.

Okay! Number FOUR and number FIVE come in 1st and 2nd, respectively, in the *primero carrera.* (We're making money already! No?) If the next horse in the line-up came in SECOND, then the next horse in the line-up in the second race should come in second, too!

We bet number THREE to place in the *segundo carrera.* Right? Right! So number TWO and number THREE come in 1st and 2nd respectively—in the second race!

Now we are the great *arbitrador en las carreras ciegas*—handicapper, to you! The Daily Double—$23.70; $3.20 and $3.80 for the placers. Subtract six dollars worth of bets; a dollar tip for the man who showed me the "ganador" and "pagador" windows, the buck I "lent" to a young caballero; subtract a few centavos for a couple of fortifying bottles of Cerveza and we still have twenty-two dollars.

Thus, we commence an afternoon of studying the program, figuring the jockeys, going by the color and gender of the horses, the size of the betting pools, or what combination of numbers hadn't shown up in the winning three of each race. How did we make out?

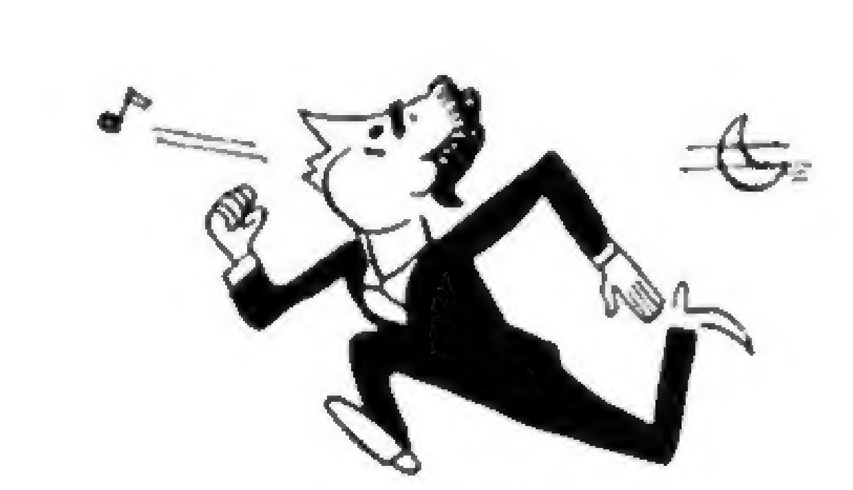
I told my friends "My Love" would win the 8th, which it did, but I had to bet on "Post Road." Well, we paid for the afternoon's expenses.

PAUL F. MILHOLLAN
Panama Canal Zone

horse chestnut

Just came from the barbershop where I read the story about the horse on the escalator. My barber thought it was a funny story too. He told me the one about the traveling salesman who stopped at the farmhouse overnight. After dinner the farmer brought a horse and a goat into the living room. The horse sat down at the piano and played while the goat sang. The astounded salesman offered the farmer $1500 per week for the right to exploit them on the radio and stage. The farmer said he couldn't take that kind of money. "You think that goat is singing, don't you? Well he isn't—that horse is a ventriloquist."

OWEN M. GILES
Dallas 5, Tex.



ragtime flickers

Music for the Movies reminded me of the old days when I played a tinny piano at a picture theatre in Fort Worth. Billy Anderson, No. 1 cowboy, galloped across the screen to *Pony Boy.* Francis X. Bushman and Beverley Bayne were popular screen lovers; Flora Finch and John Bunny laid the customers in aisles. Our manager had a friend who liked *Il Trovatore,* and when he came to the show, would whisper in my ear "Play that Eyetalian piece for Mr. Godwin." If the boss wanted Indian battles fought to the tune of *The Anvil Chorus,* who was I to disobey? Many a dying cowboy dragged himself to his wounded pony to the strains of *Sweet Lenora, Fare-Thee-Well.* Everyone died to *Hearts and Flowers. Ride of the Valkyries,* or *The Dance of the Demons* accompanied a fast chase sequence. Those were good old days. I rode home from work at eleven p.m., perched precariously on the door of an open jitney; got off and ran four blocks in the dark. No thug who hadn't trained for track could have caught me. I was a fast runner and fear doubled my speed.

KAY

Esky-aesthetics

What textual space you deny the dames you make up for handsomely in the picture section. Fred Smith, especially, catches that peculiarly beautiful iridescence of flesh tones like no artist before—with a freshness like no other freshness and more the impact of fragrance almost, than of vision. His dewy lovelies are a welcome relief from the late photographs of movie stars, with the weary nose, mouth ajar, and eyelids like a wet awning at half-mast.

ERNEST BUCKLER
Bridgetown, Nova Scotia

voice of little women

Why doesn't someone wise to the fact there should be a magazine, probably called Esquirette, for the Womanette? We are human too.

ANONYMOUS
Wichita, Kan.

good-bye to mouse mites

This is to add to your story about Mr. Chas. Pomerantz, the subject of *What Makes a Bug Man Tick,* in the December issue of Esquire.

Last summer a mysterious new disease appeared in Kew Gardens, Queens. Over 200 patients were afflicted with a fever and a rash never before seen. This condition subsequently spread to other places in New York City.

It aroused a great deal of interest and research and our friend Mr. Pomerantz was very helpful in solving the riddle. In the cellars and homes of these patients he discovered a mouse mite which subsequently proved to be the insect vector of the disease. I cannot refrain from letting you know that the name of the new disease is "The Rickettesial Pox" and the name of the mite is "Allodermanyssus Sanguineus."

A. A. FISHER, M. D.
Woodside, L. I., N. Y.

power of a pin-up

While I was in a rest camp in southern France, I found a picture of a very beautiful girl in your magazine. I tore out the picture and put it in my steel hat. The next time I went up to the front I was hit in the legs and taken prisoner. Little by little I was taken into Germany until I reached Eppenhime and a hospital. It was there I found I still had the picture—the only pin-up in my section of the hospital. I am happy to say that just the picture of an American girl helped to build up the hope of all of us. In some cases this picture helped to give men who were hit bad the will to live to see their own wives and girls.

ROBERT J. SMITH
Monarch, Mont.

Locke's logic

In respect to "Hornaday's hidrotic," in December, leave us have no more of such kindergarten jawbreakers.

An initial computation shows us that there will be three boards for each 11 feet of the circumference of the square ranch or one board for each 3⅔ feet.

It follows that there will be 1440 boards for each mile of circumference. In a square mile, there will be four times as many or 5760 boards. And a square mile contains 640 acres.

It is well known that in the expansion of a surface equally in all directions, the area increases by the *square* of the increase in circumference. Hence, we need only find that point of increase where the number of acres catches up with the number of the boards. Letting y represent that increase, we have the equation:

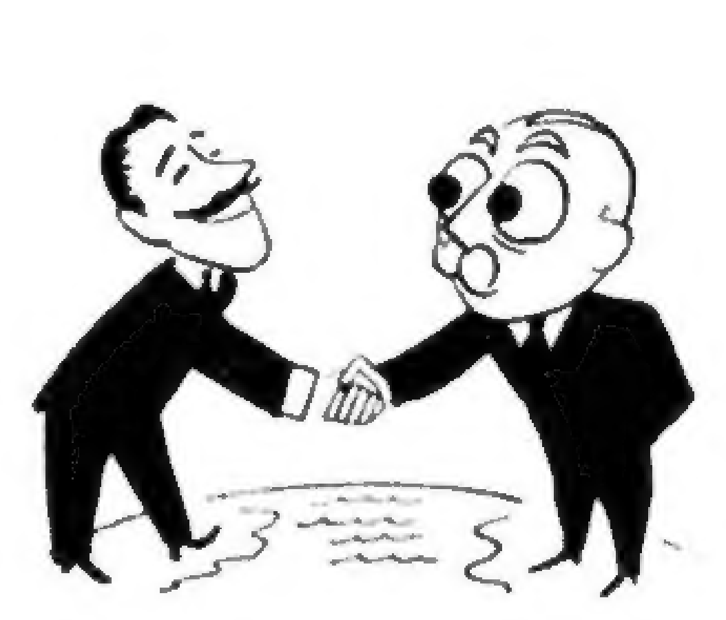
$$5760y = 640y^2$$

Resolving into: $5760 = 640y$

And: $y = 9$

Increasing the circumference by 9 gives us 51,840 boards. And increasing the area by 9 squared or 81 gives us 51, 840 acres, the answer.

BOB LOCKE
Chicago, Ill.



¡ ole!

Mine is another Latin look at Esq., the magazine I read monthly trying to establish my own dialogue with the world around.

Sidney Carroll's article about Irving Hoffman as a critic, a public relations counsel, a leader of the paste pot-and-shears school of gag men and a columnist, is the most vivid picture of a human being I've ever read.

Finally, please keep Raymond E. Banks, the November Discovery of the Month, on the staff. His story, *The Sad Room,* is the kind that lasts. Who has not filed a dream at some time?

A. JOVER TRISTA
St. Clara, Cuba

show actors, attention!

In case that members of your family are in foreign countrys and you has never seen these last 8 years, you shall seek your folk so quick as you can do it. Right what I said? I think so.

I seek my folk since 1938 but from that time it was impossible because that creazy war startet.

May be you will find my styl and letter full of mistakes, but it is 15 years ago I learned that difficuld language in shool. Now I shall give you the dates:

1.) Franklin d'Amore (Italian born)
2.) Anita d'Amore (Maiden name—A. Knauer, born at Hamburg, Germany)

Both are show-acter and residing in Los Angeles, U.S.A. but I have not knowledge what street and number.

If you can help me to find them, do it, I will been very happy for an good answer.

RICHARD P. PFEIFER
Germany

on sharing Esky

I have been a patient in this Tuberculosis Hospital for the past two years.

My only recreation is reading; magazines of all kinds are scarce here and the few American ones that penetrate are beyond my means, with the heavy tax on them.

I am appealing to you to publish this letter, hoping some of your readers would kindly send me a few magazines.

JAMES J. LALLY
Pigeon House Hospital
Pigeon House Road
Dublin, Eire

We thought you'd ask that!

We *thought* you'd be wondering why we put this Four Roses Hot Toddy on a toboggan in the snow.

We did it to remind you that there's no other drink half so heart-warming, half so magnificent as a Hot Toddy—especially when it's made with that matchless whiskey, Four Roses.

For the Four Roses you get today is the finest Four Roses we have ever bottled. And, to us, that means it's the very finest whiskey on the market!

RECIPE: Put a piece of sugar in glass and dissolve with hot water. Add a twist of lemon peel (*bruise it firmly*)... 4 cloves, and a stick of cinnamon. Pour in a generous jigger of Four Roses and fill the glass with steaming hot water.

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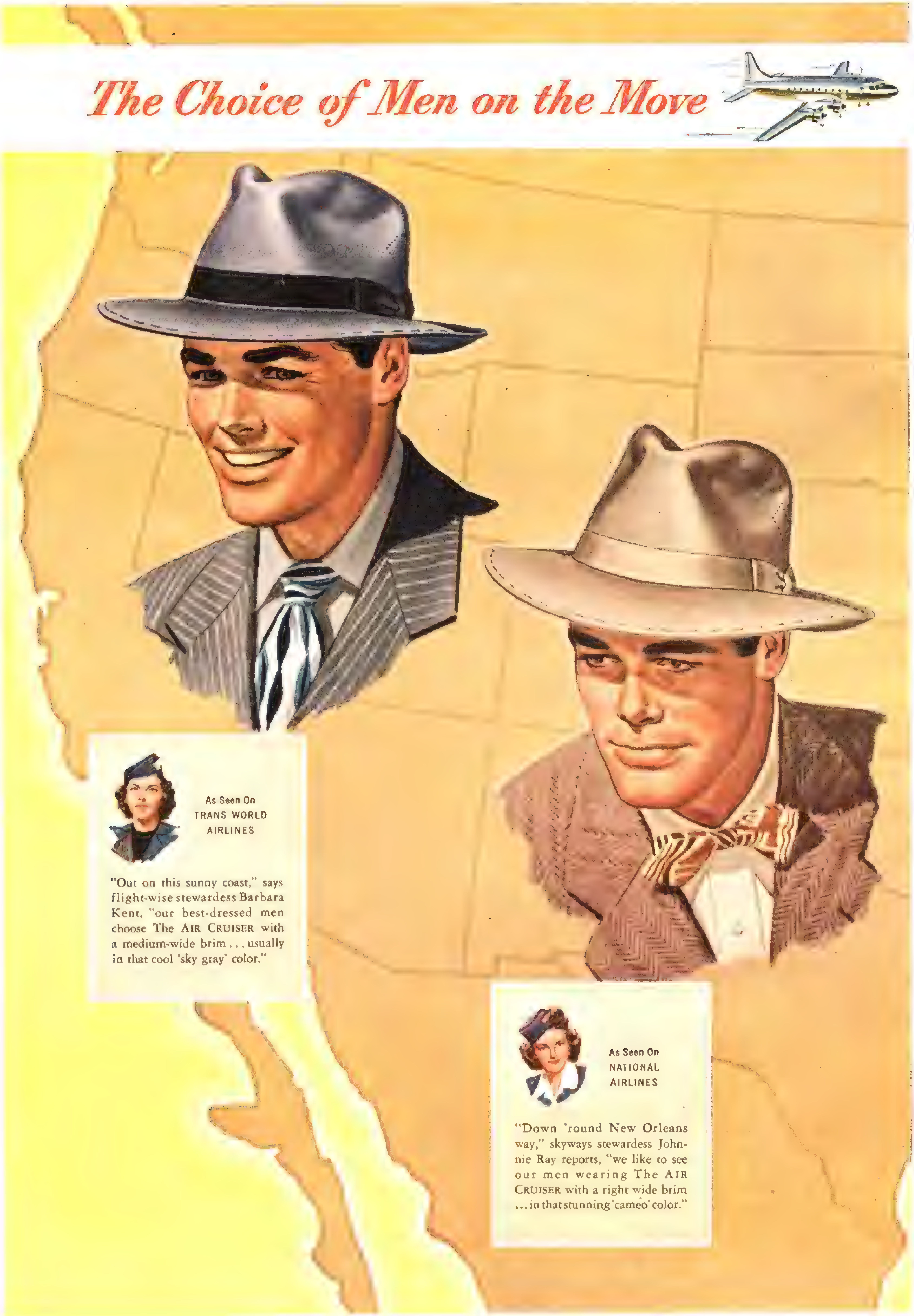

The Choice of Men on the Move

As Seen On
TRANS WORLD
AIRLINES

"Out on this sunny coast," says flight-wise stewardess Barbara Kent, "our best-dressed men choose The AIR CRUISER with a medium-wide brim . . . usually in that cool 'sky gray' color."

As Seen On
NATIONAL
AIRLINES

"Down 'round New Orleans way," skyways stewardess Johnnie Ray reports, "we like to see our men wearing The AIR CRUISER with a right wide brim . . . in that stunning 'cameo' color."

The Air Cruiser by MALLORY *in Cravenette*

As Seen On
UNITED AIR LINES

"Here in the East," reports high-flying hostess Sabina Joswick, "our best-dressed passengers prefer The Air Cruiser with a medium-narrow brim. That lovely rich tan 'oak' color is 'tops'."

As Seen On
NORTHWEST AIRLINES

"Out in Chicago The Air Cruiser that catches *my* eye," says airline hostess Elaine Lund, "is that soft green 'willow' color, with a medium brim."

From La Guardia Field to all points west, The Air Cruiser is an overwhelming favorite with Americans on the move. Designed especially for air travelers, The Air Cruiser is a comfortable, companionable hat with streamlined good looks that take the hard knocks of travel in stride. This lightweight felt is a practical year-round choice for any climate . . . thanks to Mallory's exclusive *Cravenette* process that makes its sleek lines showerproof.

Your Mallory dealer will gladly help you choose The Air Cruiser that adds the most to your good appearance.

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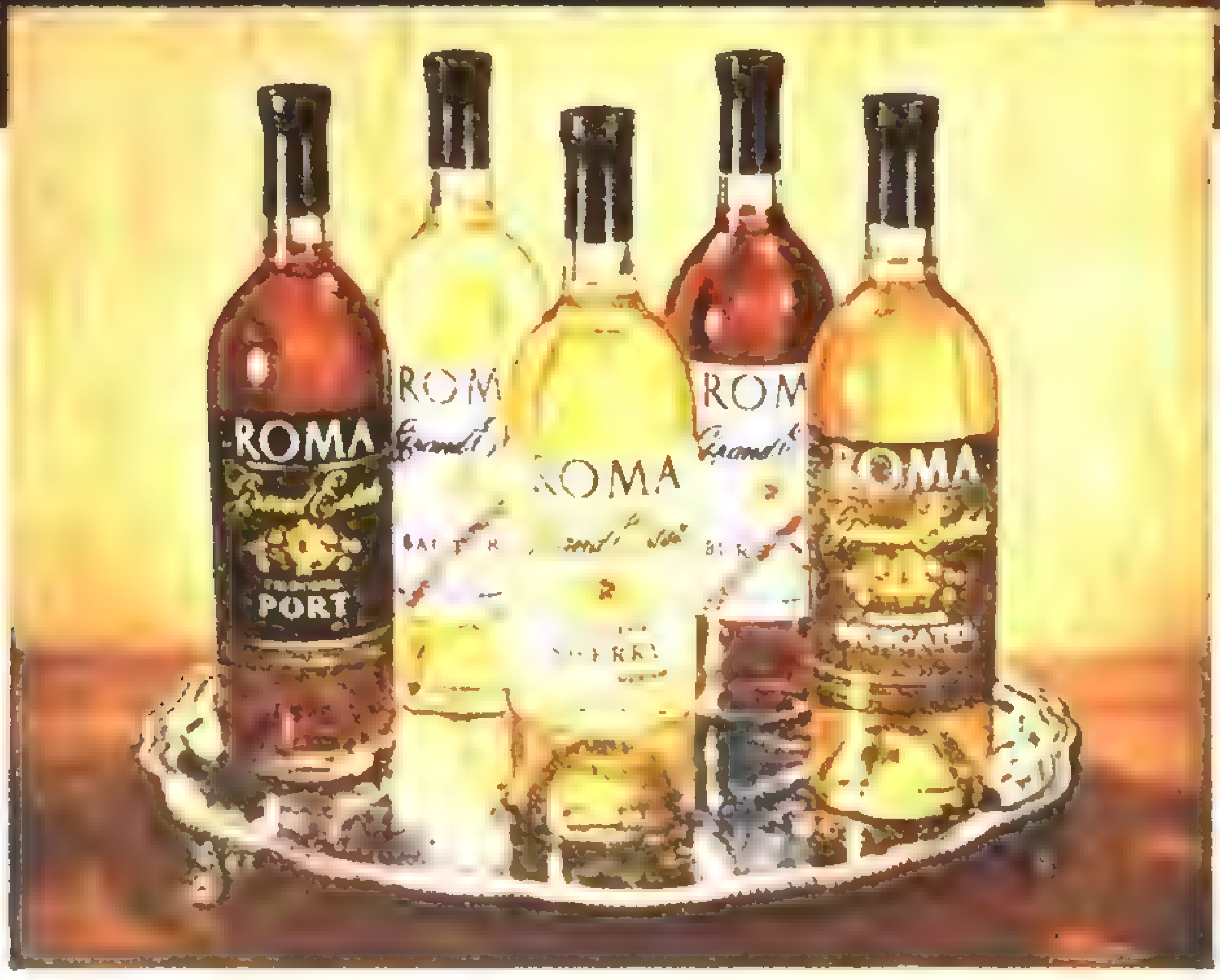
To bring you the ultimate in wine enjoyment, America's greatest vintner has skillfully created, from California's finest vineyards and unmatched winemaking resources, magnificent GRAND ESTATE Wines—bright promise of rare pleasure for the knowing tongue!

ROMA
Grand Estate
CALIFORNIA
BURGUNDY



Pleasing *all* tastes at all times is an easy art of the host who possesses all five delicious GRAND ESTATE Wines. Whatever the occasion... party, casual call, or formal dinner...you're prepared *magnificently* with these outstandingly popular wines. Let these truly distinguished California cuvées answer *your* every entertaining and dining need: Medium Sherry, Ruby Port, Golden Muscatel, Burgundy, Sauterne.

TUNE IN SUSPENSE EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT OVER CBS

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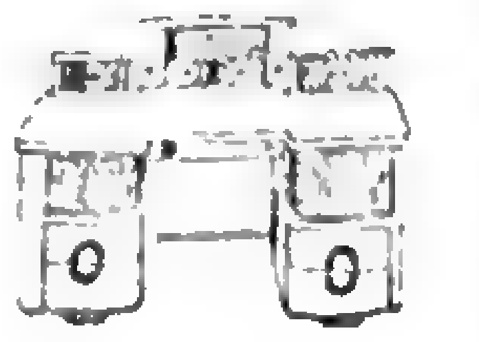
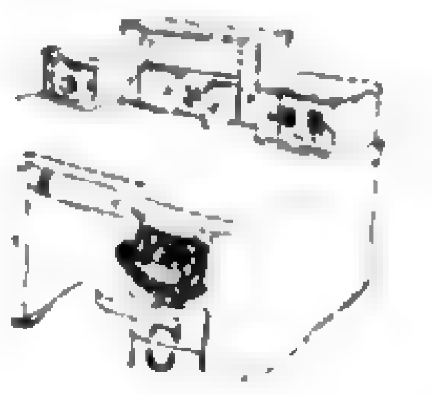
Talking Shop with Esquire

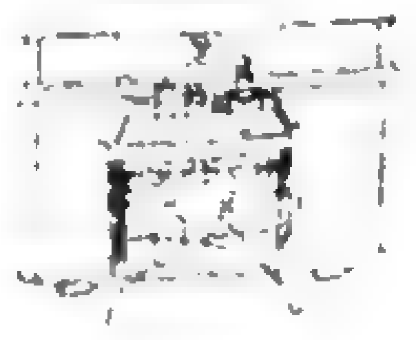
ALAS, POOR ROLLTOP. Gramp's cluttered old rolltop desk is nominated for oblivion . . . and in its place comes the desk of tomorrow. This mammoth baby is a PRODUCTION, in the best Hollywood tradition, except that it stems from Grand Rapids. Designed for the Big Boys who spend most of their waking hours chained to the desk behind a battery of push buttons. Picture a streamlined affair in light wood, 72″ long, 36″ wide and 29″ high. On the top of the desk toward the rear, is a "setback" super structure which contains: concealed fluorescent lights with directional louvres, providing shielded illumination for the desk top; two electric clocks, one facing the occupant, the other the visitor; a 6-tube radio; a 12-station master unit for inter-office communication; a recessed desk set equipped with twin life-time pens; an electric razor complete with door mirror.



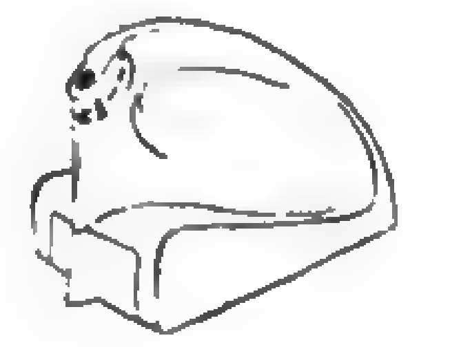
MORE GADGETS. The upper portion of the left pedestal of the desk is provided with a pull-out telephone slide, and with its automatic index for quick number reference. On the other side is an electric dictation machine, and between the two a push-in cigarette lighter and another outlet for other electrical equipment.



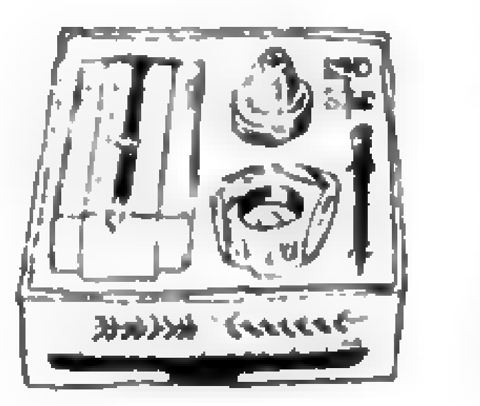
DOWN THE HATCH. The rear face of the desk appears to consist of conventional panels. With a tycoon's touch, however, panels open up to reveal a custom-built refrigerator of stainless steel and lucite, with ice cube trays, etc. Two other panels conceal a pull-out mixing bar, lined with stainless steel, beneath which is a bar rack holding a dozen crystal cut tumblers and a pair of decanters. The fourth panel conceals a fire-tested personal safe. That's all, folks . . . yours for a price said to run well into four figures!



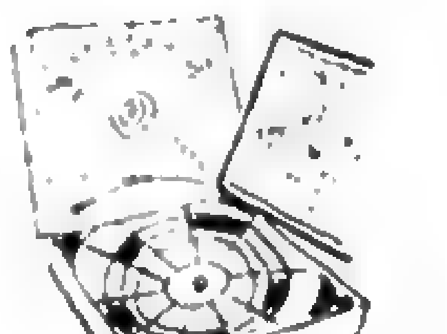
NEWS FOR WHITTLERS. Ever stop to think the amount of time you spend sharpening pencils? Up to date offices are installing electric sharpeners. No buttons to press, no switches to turn, no crank to grind . . . the sharpener operates automatically. Sharpens pencils of various sizes almost instantly without chewing up lead or wood. Executes sharp or blunt points alike. One office manager told us he figures it has saved his office as much as $100 per machine, per year, in time and pencil waste.



DESK EFFICIENCY. Remember those telephone indexes where you move an arrow, press a button, and, pop, there's the very page with the very number you wanted! The telephone index now has a desk-mate, a pen and pen-holder ink receptacle. It's made with a right-side-up-well, which mechanically controls the amount of ink on the pen . . . which should write pages on a single dip. The ink doesn't evaporate, spill or thicken, and the pen can't corrode. One model, with chain attached, is ideal for use in banks or other public use.



RADAR APPEARS IN A GAME. Ingredients: one spectroscopic radar scope, one double nautical chart, one instruction booklet containing the story of radar, eight plastic ships, two penlight batteries, one penlight bulb. Put them all together and they incorporate the principles of radar into an entertaining and educational electro-mechanical game for father and son alike. Through means of the radar scope, players are able to competitively maneuver their plastic ships across nautical charts, safely to their selected destination. The radar scope outlines and indicates any obstacles such as fogs, storms and ships that may be in the path of player's ships. Toy manufacturers are sure on the beam on this one.



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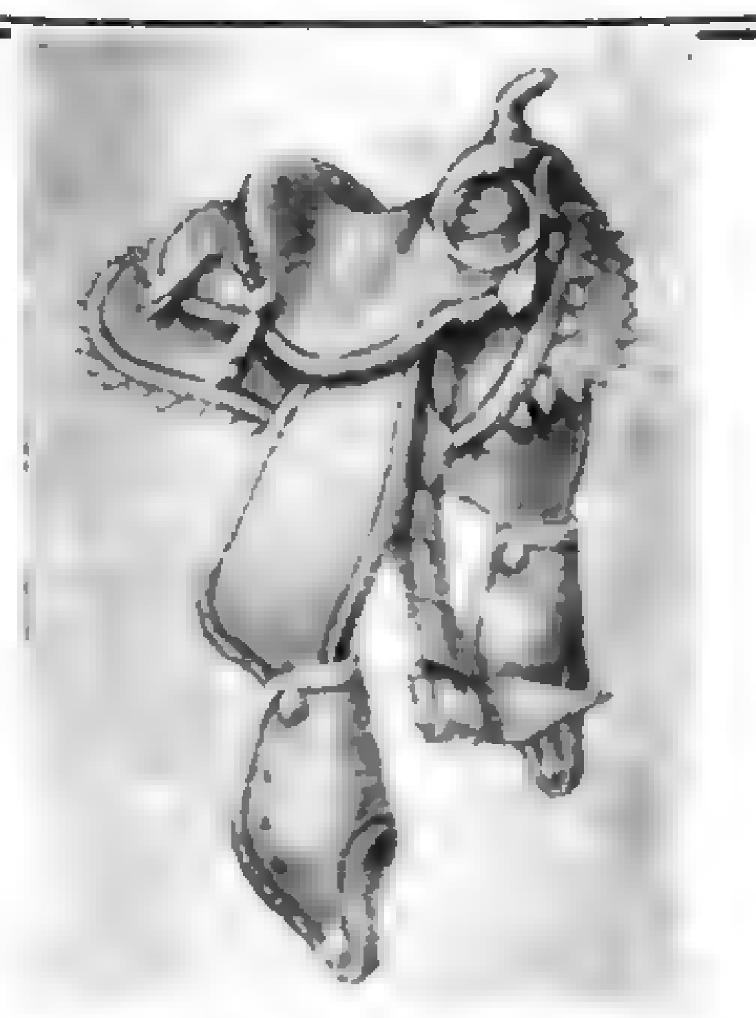

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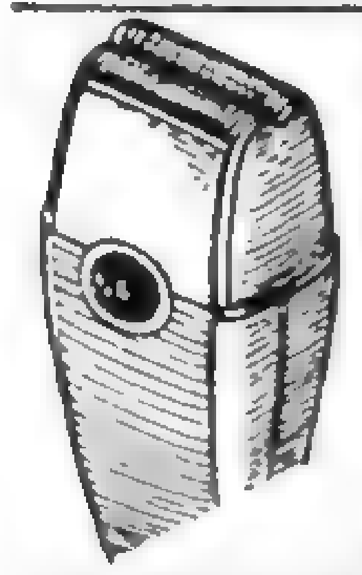

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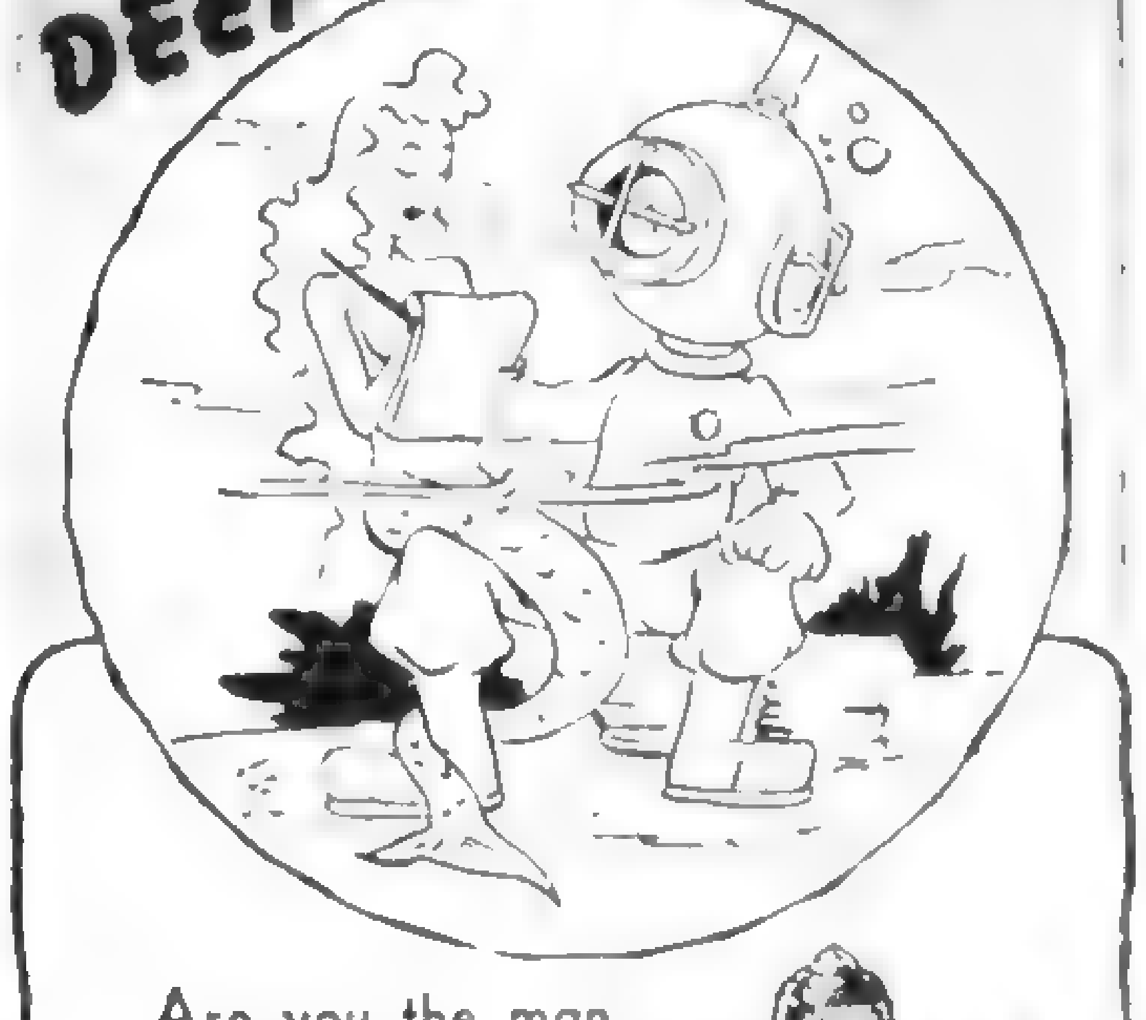

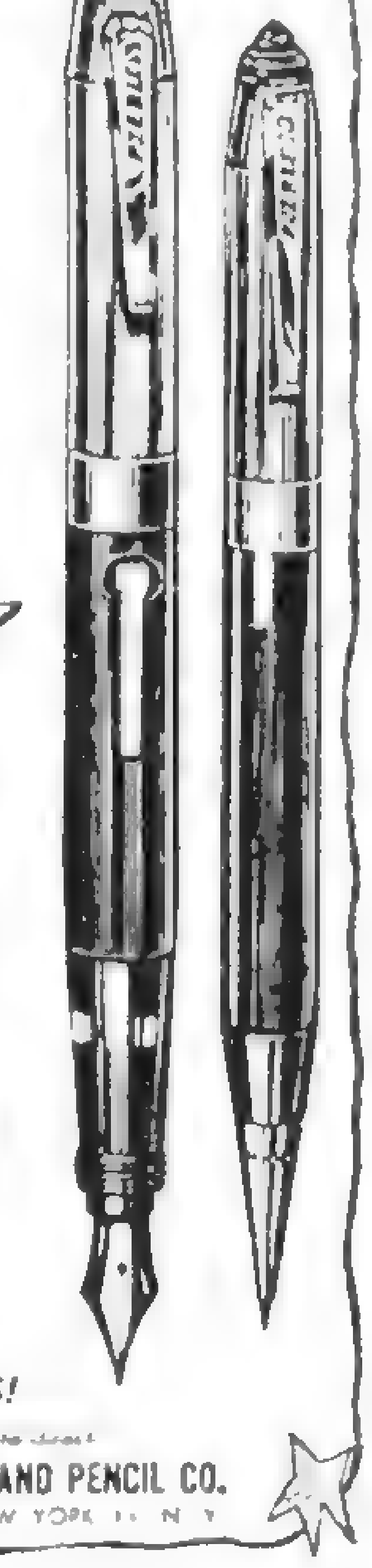

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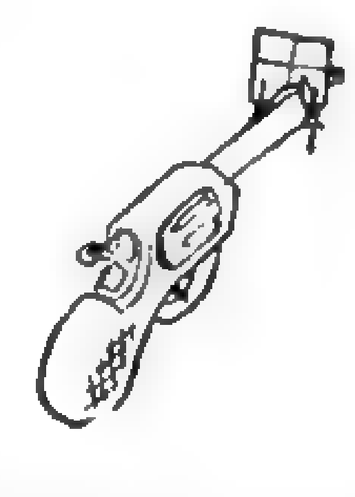
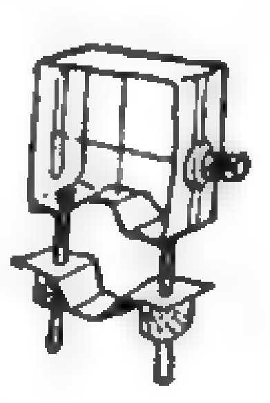
Talking Shop with Esquire

25 MILLION SPORTSMEN can't be wrong. Fishermen and hunters, that is. We hereby give out with a few remarks on a new type of gun sight, designed as an aid for better shooting. This instrument clamps on the barrel of almost any firearm, and is used in connection with the conventional front and rear sights. Can also be used as a substitute for a front sight, as it is actually a scope without magnification.



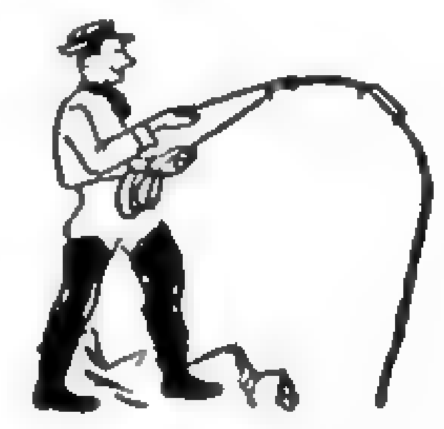
HELPS YOU TO AIM. Manufacturer claims that it gives the shooter the perfect sight alignment. Instead of instructing the shooter to imagine a vertical line through the center of the front sight and horizontal line across the top of the rear sight, the crosswires give the shooter the actual imaginary lines. By the use of this new sight, a shooter can actually visualize the true relation of the front and rear sights of all firearms.

•

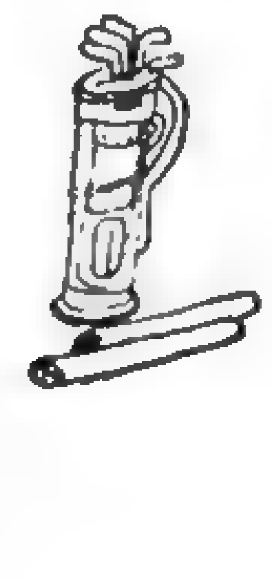


HOW IT IS USED. The instrument has a square frame containing two crosswires. The vertical wire, which is permanently fixed, is adjusted to exactly bisect the front sight. The horizontal wire is movable up and down and is secured when it crosses the top of the front sight. Looking through the sights of a gun, the shooter holds the horizontal part of his rear sight exactly level with the horizontal crosswire of the instrument. It warns the shooter of a "cant" or "flinch", and assists in co-ordinating the elements of good marksmanship. For game shooting, the front sight can be lowered or removed, then it is an invaluable aid in estimating lead, because the shooter can raise gun barrel above or ahead of target, allowing him to hold over game without covering it up, as he is guided in holding aim with the crosswires.

GAME CARRIER. Here's a gift any huntsman will go for. A new featherweight game carrier, harness type, to give you new shooting freedom. Worn right over your ordinary hunting clothing, it permits carrying full bag in perfect balance without cramming or binding. There are two shell pouches, a snap on game pouch with washable rubberized lining; two sturdy metal game carriers. The carrier is adjustable, so that it will fit bantam or heavyweights.



BELT REEL. Here's a casting or fly reel, different in design in that it is firmly supported by a belt worn around the waist, leaving only the weight of the rod for your hand to hold. Anglers tell us that you can enjoy the thrills of landing a big fighting steelhead, muskies, bass, trout or salmon . . . ON A FLY ROD! As the fighting progresses, the reel goes to work and takes the punishment. They tell us that some of the fine points are as follows: the rod eliminates backlash on casts of any distance up to 150 feet with lightweight lures. For greater distances, increase weight of lure and rod. Gives you the true feel of your fly rod while casting or playing fish. Your reel is where it should be—on your belt and out of the way where it cannot foul your line. There's a minimum of friction and drag—no spools to set in motion. Reel remains stationary while casting and the line flows out in a long arc, settling well after your lure has reached its destination.



GOLF BAG LIGHTER. Give your golfing friend a table lighter shaped like a golf bag and sticks. Touch the putter and strike the light! In bronzed metal, 5" high.

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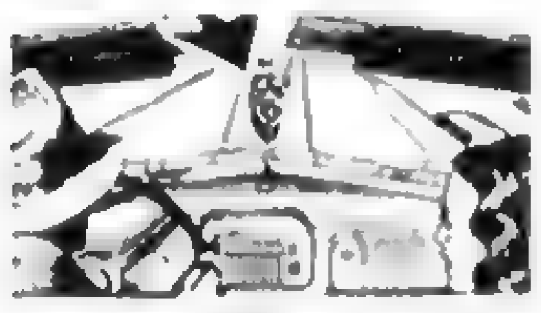

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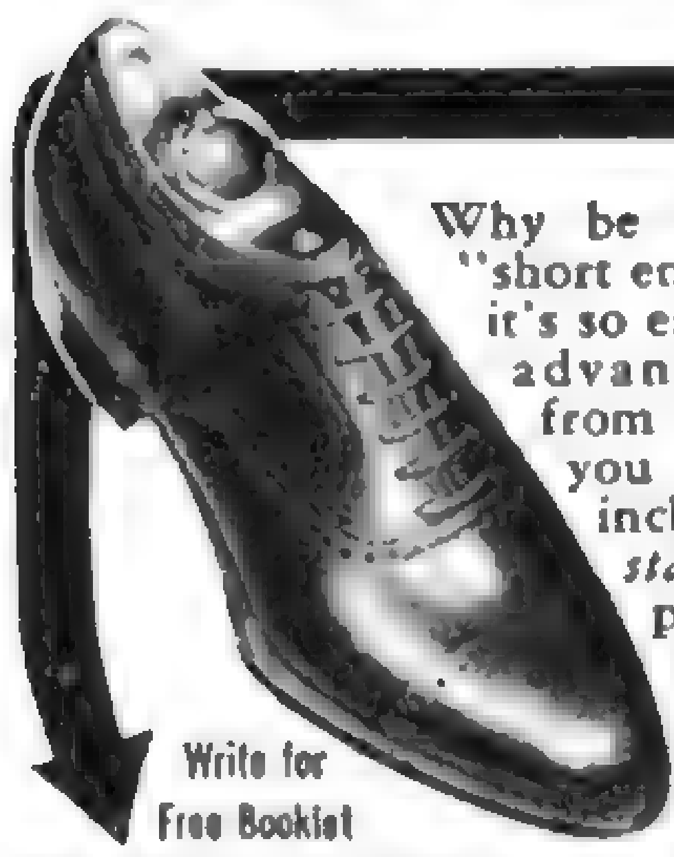

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Talking Shop with Esquire

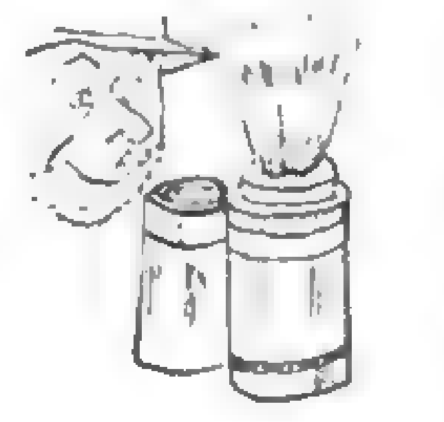
ELECTRIC RAZOR CONVERTER. If you're using alternating current for your electric razor, you can convert it to DC current by means of a new electronic device destined to increase power and smoothness of electric shavers. They say it shortens the time required in shaving, and the added power obtained from the inverter eliminates pulling and slowdown encountered by tough beards. The direct current supplied by inverter is electronically stabilized at a constant voltage. What won't they think of next?

7.45 A. M. What d' ya know . . . a toiletry firm puts out a leather travel kit filled with good grooming necessities to keep in your desk drawer during biz. hours. You know . . . for that cocktail date with the Dream when you want to look your best? Just slip into the lavabo and go to work. There's an after shave lotion, a deodorant (stainless liquid that can be slapped on in a hurry) even a hand and foot lotion with a camphor base. Kits are very small, compact and neat. Good for overnight trips in a briefcase, too. Another concern has a travel kit with 3 grooming essentials, after shave, eau de cologne and talc in neat 4-oz. sizes . . . replicas of their handsome full size square bottles with mammoth bleached-wood stoppers.

BALANCED BOTTLES. A Chicago firm comes up with what they call "balanced" toiletry bottles. General shape and flatness to fit a man's hand. Containers have square, non-tip bottoms for stability, and graceful, curved sides for safety grip and sureness in handling. Flat to pack or to store on overcrowded bathroom shelves. Pretty pampered stuff, huh?

NEW ANGLE IN GARTERS. Even gentlemen's garters are subject to postwar improvements. Latest model to come to our attention, is constructed to fit the leg at a cocked angle . . . the stud being placed off center in order to provide adequate support with more comfort. Theory being the garter can be worn much looser without slipping. The new construction is designed to eliminate the pad, and the cocked angle to reduce strain on the elastic. We've tried and found it good.

CHARLES ATLAS SHOULDERS. Your tailor obligingly produces a pair of brawny shoulders for you in your suits via skillful padding, but to date, nothing has been done to help nature's deficiencies when you wear a shirt. Now, however, you can buy sports shirts constructed with a removable, built up shoulder pad; warranted to give you that broad shoulder look when you go without a jacket. Pads are buttoned in, fit smoothly even under a coat, are easy to remove for washing or cleaning. The shirts come in various fabrics ranging from cottons to wools. We have it that the entire cast of the New York musical "Call Me Mister" has been outfitted with these shirts . . . and a fine looking set of physiques these ex-GI's would seem to have!



NO MUSS OR FUSS. Have you seen the new shaving brushes which feature built-in reservoirs for the shave cream? You just turn the knob in the handle and start lathering. No tubes, no mugs, no caps to unscrew or replace. Good thing if you're short on shelf space in your family bathroom.

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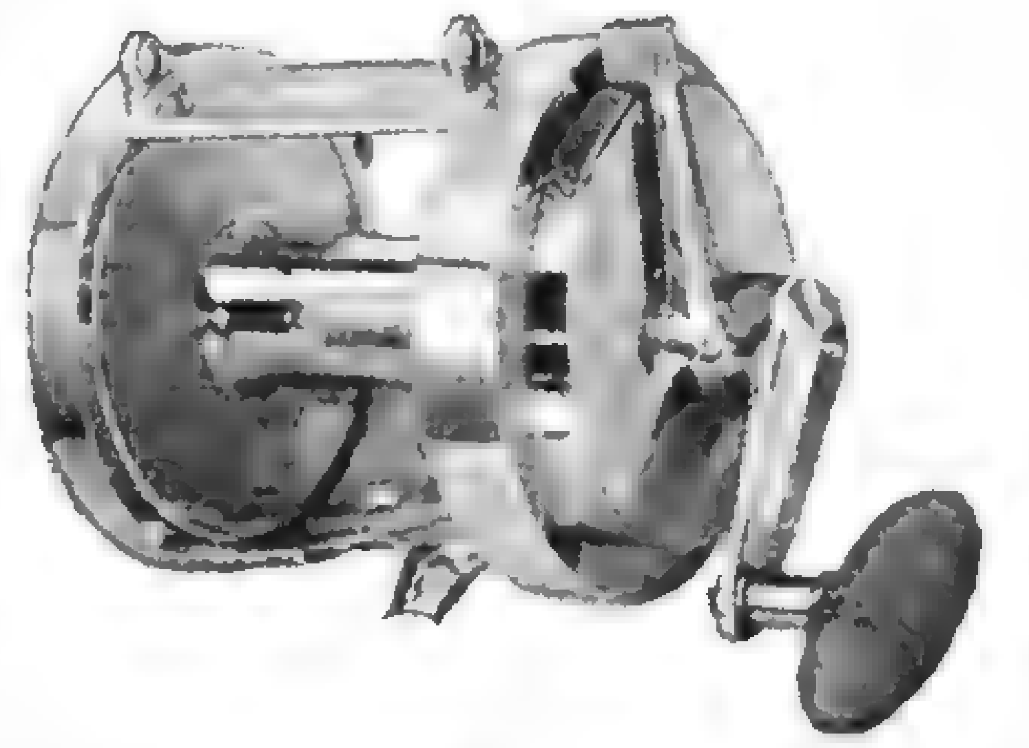

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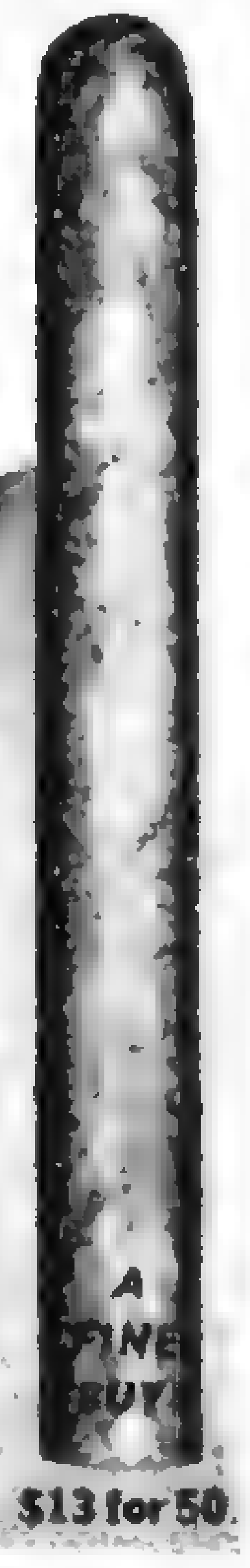

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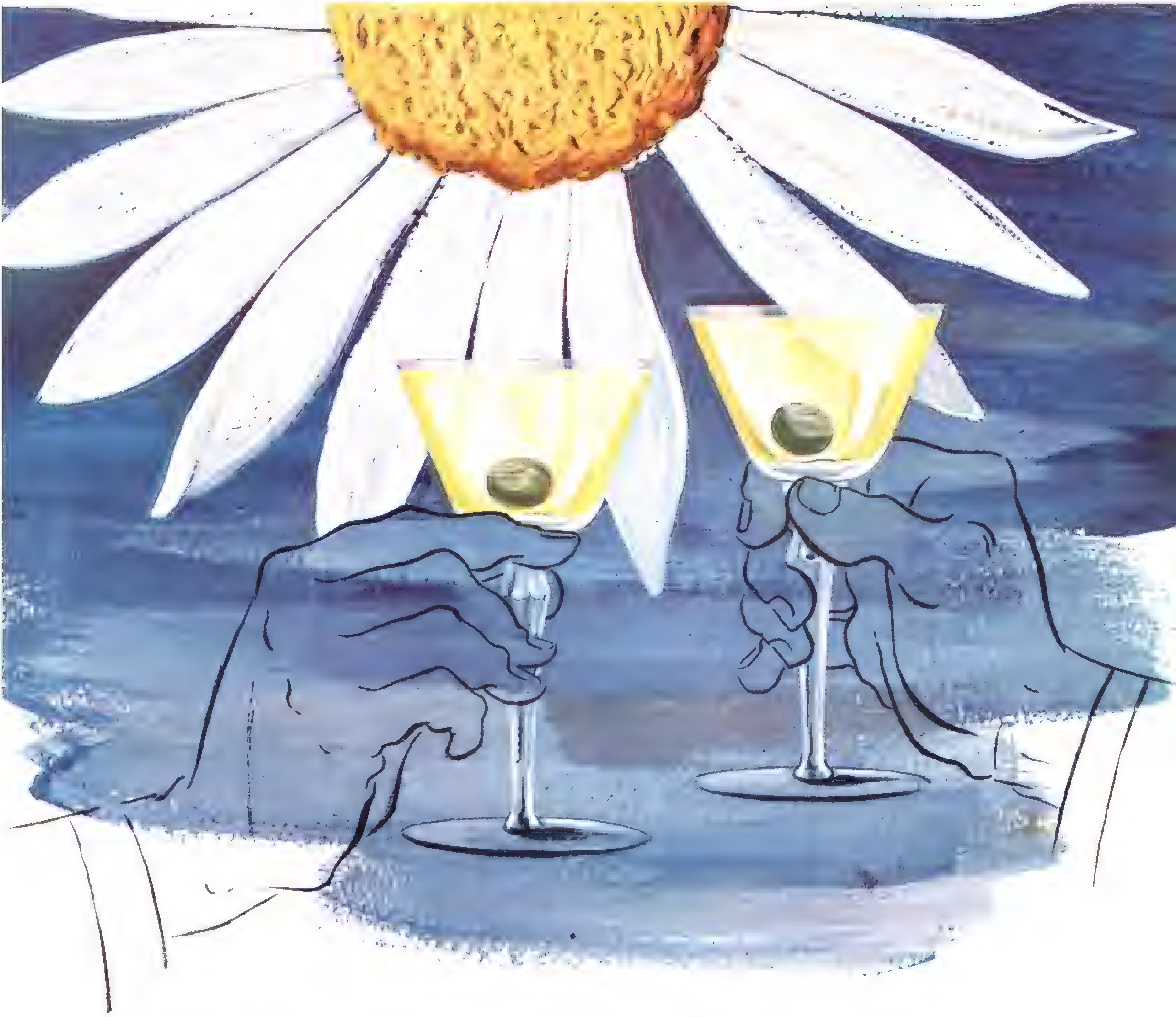

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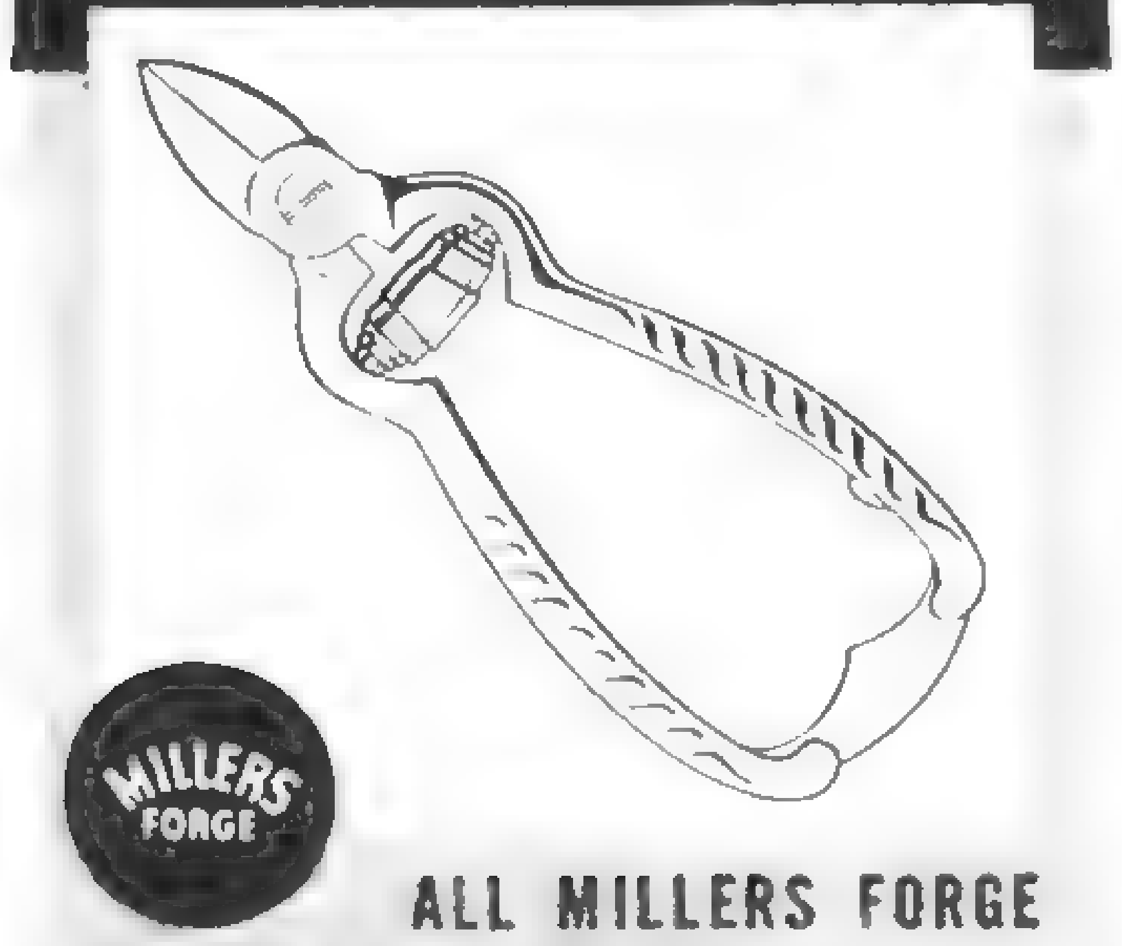

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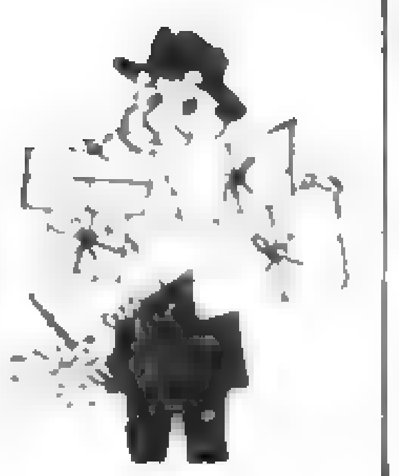
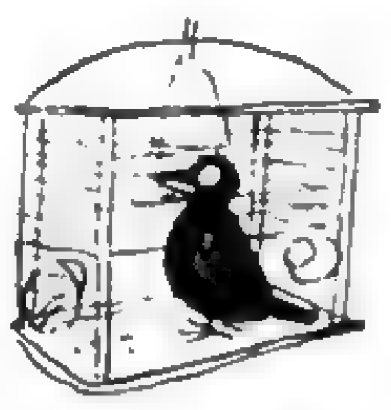
Talking Shop with Esquire

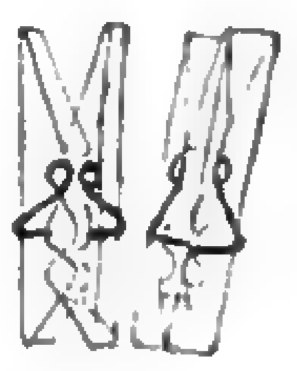


FLOWER HOLDER. If you are in the habit of giving your favorite female corsages from time to time (and we hope you are) you might be interested in a new flower pin contrived by a florist we know. Looks like a metal bar pin, complete with metal loop and some elastic. Just insert the flower stems, fasten with elastic and corsage is held firmly, flowers do not ruin feminine attire, and you don't get impaled on the end of a murderous stick-pin.

JUST A BIRD IN A PLEXIGLAS CAGE. The famous song of the nineties must needs be revised to fit into this post-war age. Newest homes for birds are made of shatter-resistant Plexiglas, while four acrylic rods support a bubble-like top. The usual wooden perches, swings and glass feeding receptacles are provided. The base of cage is also Plexiglas; a low wooden perch is supported by a plastic stand. Canaries will look elegant in this new bower of crystal.

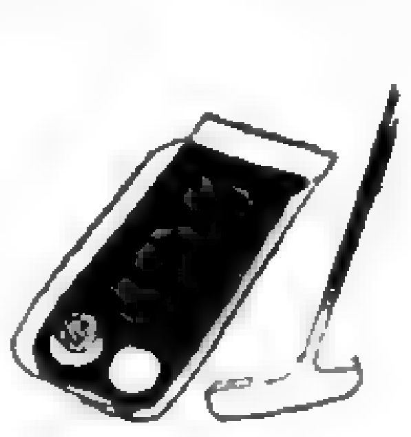


PLASTIC KIT. Plastic is invading the laundry. Clothes lines are now made in tough vinyl-coated line, unaffected by snow, heat or cold. Hangs taut, won't sag, stretch or knot. Clothes pins appear in crystal clear plastic . . . non-splinter, of course. Clothes basket liners snap into the clothes basket and keep clothes clean, protect them from snagging or tearing. Waterproof and mildew-proof. Last two items in this kit are a plastic ironing board cover and a cover up apron for the laundress.

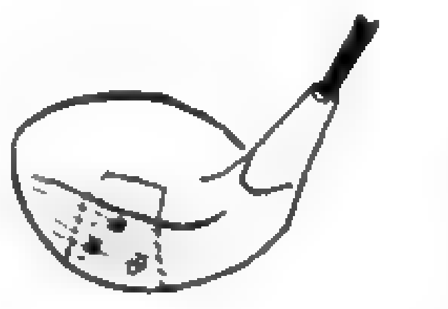


CAMERA CANE. A unique camera steadying device makes its appearance...a combination walking stick and camera support, made for photographers faced with the decision of taking a heavy tripod along on trips, or setting it up in places where crowded conditions forbid the spreading of tripod legs. The device is made of lightweight sturdy aluminum alloy, can be carried by its strong buckskin loop, or used as a walking cane. The threaded screw top will fit all standard tripod sockets, and when not in use, it is covered with an aluminum crackle-finished cap. Size, 36" when closed, 5' 8" when fully extended.

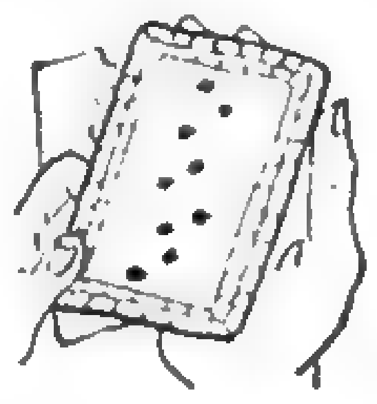
PRACTICE THAT PUTT. Three balls and a putter is all you need, plus 6 to 10 feet of space on your living room rug. Putt the two balls into the cups provided in the putting device, then hit the trip bar in the center and the balls will be returned to you. You score a point for each ball in the cup, and five points for tripping the bar and returning all three balls. Player making the highest score in twelve strokes, takes the jackpot.



PLEXIGLAS FACE INSETS in your wooden clubs! The self-same rugged, transparent plastic developed during the war to replace glass in combat airplanes. Although Plexiglas is extremely hard, it doesn't become brittle. It's weatherproof, water-proof and won't chip, crack or break. Gives the striking surface of a wood golf club an extremely hard surface which adds new "crispness" to shots. At the same time, the lines tooled into the surface of the inset keep their sharp edges longer so that accurate control of the ball is retained indefinitely.



PLASTIC SCORE KEEPER. A small plastic device upon which scores are totted up by moving small green tenite knobs to the proper numbers in the nine grooves on each side of the card. At the end of 18 holes, the knobs are returned to zero, and the card is ready for use in the next game. A convenient pointer slides around the numbered edge of the card enabling the player to see his score at a glance.



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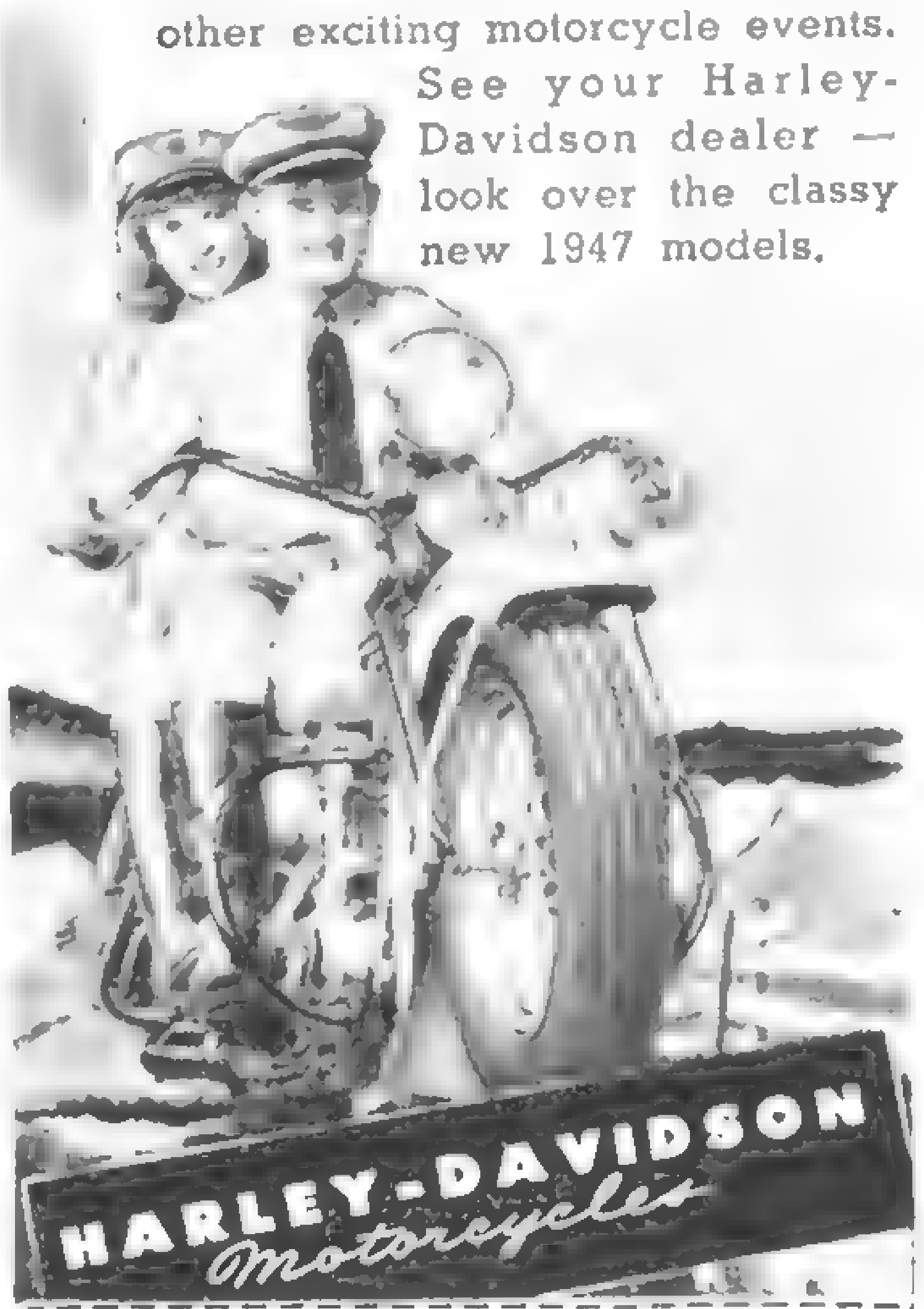

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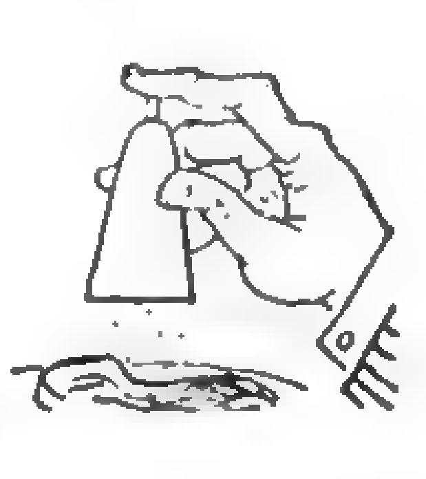
Talking Shop with Esquire

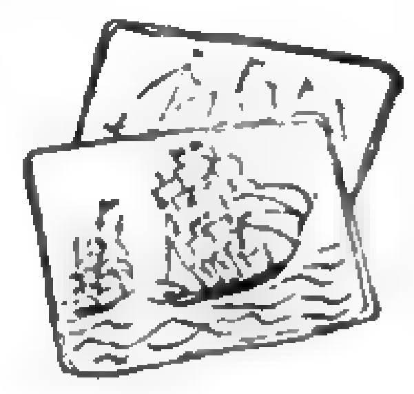
IT'S ALL IN THE TIMING. We got a pressure cooker for Christmas, and ever since, have been playing a game of relativity . . . the time formerly consumed in cooking a meal versus the quick-timing of the pressure cooker. We found that if we followed the time-chart, which is a vital part of the procedure, we saved up to 75% of cooking time. A great boon to the chap who rushes in from work at 6:30 p.m. and starts rustling up chow for guests arriving at 7 or so. Just toss meat or fish into one of these aluminum beauties, seal 'em in with a simple flick of the heat-resistant handles, and in around 30 minutes or so, the whole shebang is ready. Vegetables "do" in a coupla minutes; a 4 lb. roast in about 35 minutes.

JUST A FLICK OF THE FINGER works the new streamlined salt and pepper shakers which eliminate the usual shaking motion. Just push a plastic button on top . . . a light tap for ordinary seasoning, a slight pressure for faster flow. Sealed mechanism protects the working parts which are moisture-proof and sanitary. You can buy a set of these in various colored plastic (to prove their durability, the manufacturer, a hefty 200 lb. gent, jumped up and down on the salt dispenser which remained impervious to stress and strain). The shakers also come in gold rhodium and silver.

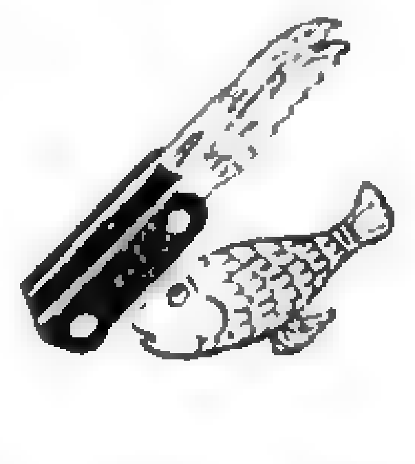


HALF SHOTS. Now they're selling empty bottles! To wit . . . a box of 5 empty leak-proof bottles to scatter in your hunting or fishing clothes for use in emergencies. (We mustn't forget to say that you are supposed to fill same with bourbon, Scotch or brandy, first.)

FINE ART AT THE TABLE. You can now eat on art. Leading American artists have now lent their genius to place-mat designs. Your stainproof, heat-resistant place mat can now bear one of Ettinger's famous sports prints: a water color of rural scenes by Adolf Dehn, colorful floral designs by Grant Wood, prints of sailboats by Currier and Ives, and so forth. And speaking of tables . . . have you seen the new salt-shaker spoons? Small sterling silver spoons with a scoop tip which is perforated to allow salt to shake out evenly in a controlled manner instead of in lumps. Tiny sterling cocktail forks can be had to match. Nice little trifles for a hostess gift.



WHAT'S NEW? A fish boner and scaler . . . a nifty knife with twin blades designed to make the unpleasant job of cleaning fish a pleasant task . . . if possible. Scaler keeps scales from flying, and the two knife blades clean and bone quickly and easily. The item is made of stainless steel, with bakelite handle. Overall size, 7". Can be taken apart for cleaning.



ALARM CLOCKS GET GLAMOR TREATMENT. Those color addicts, the decorators, have put their magic touch to that mundane, but necessary object: the kitchen or bedroom alarm clock. Your mechanical reveille now appears in such restful shades as forest green, sapphire blue or maroon to harmonize with almost any room decor. Plus, of course, a chromium base, radium painted hands, a muffled tick, precision movement and the ability to run 40 hours on a single winding.

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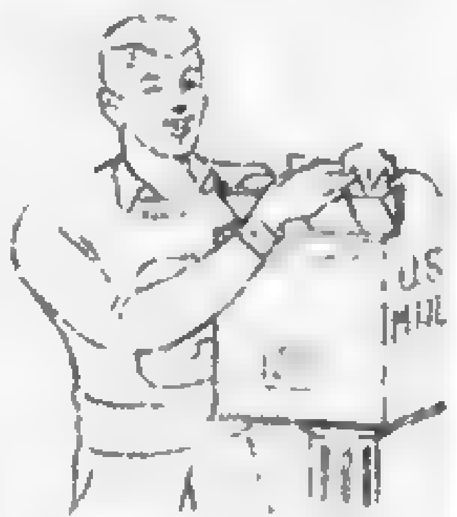

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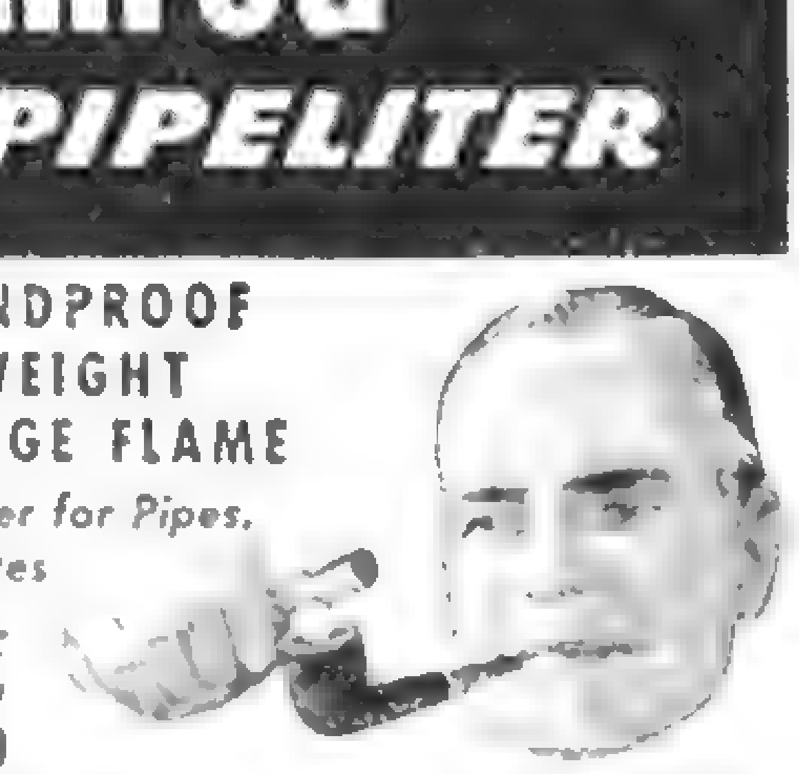

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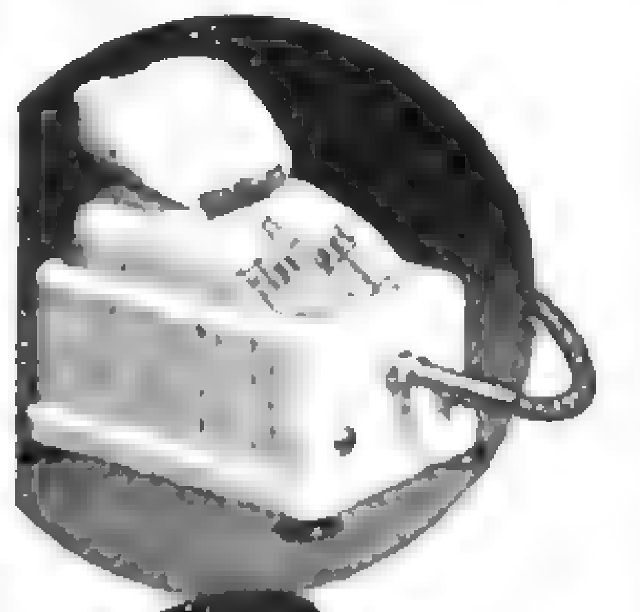

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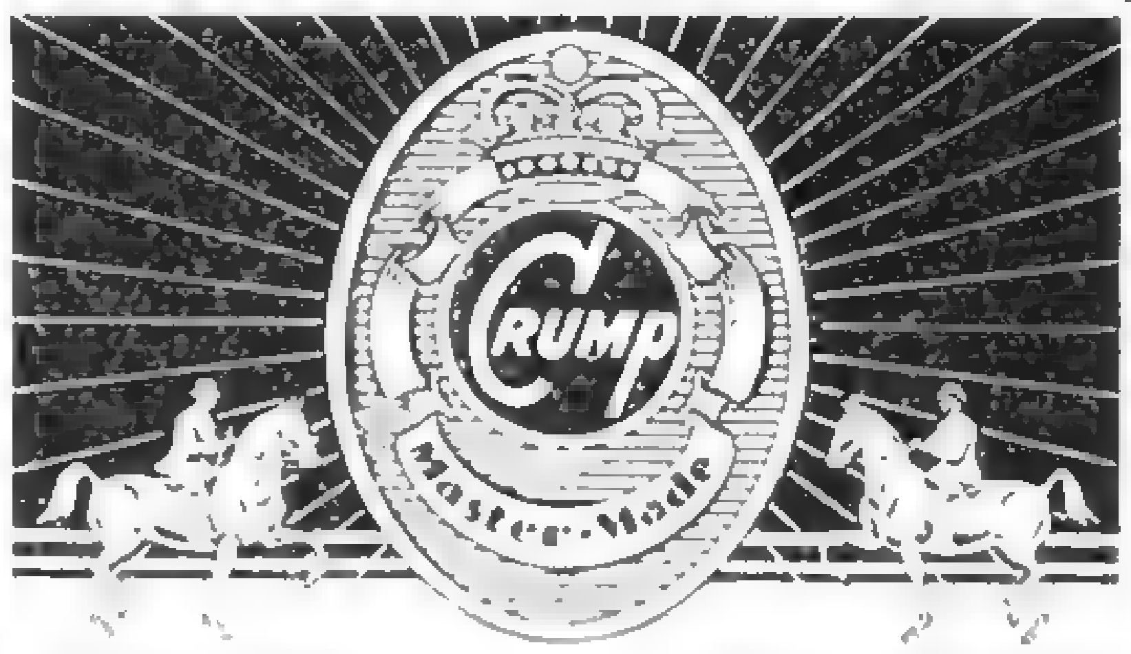

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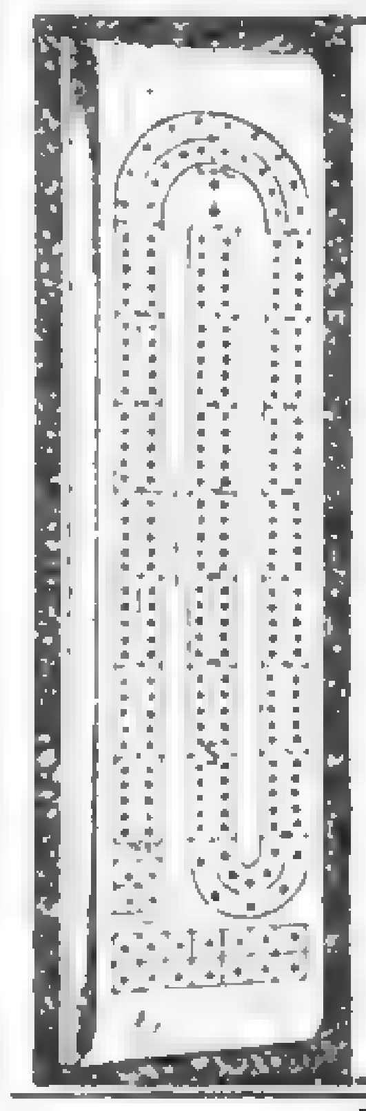

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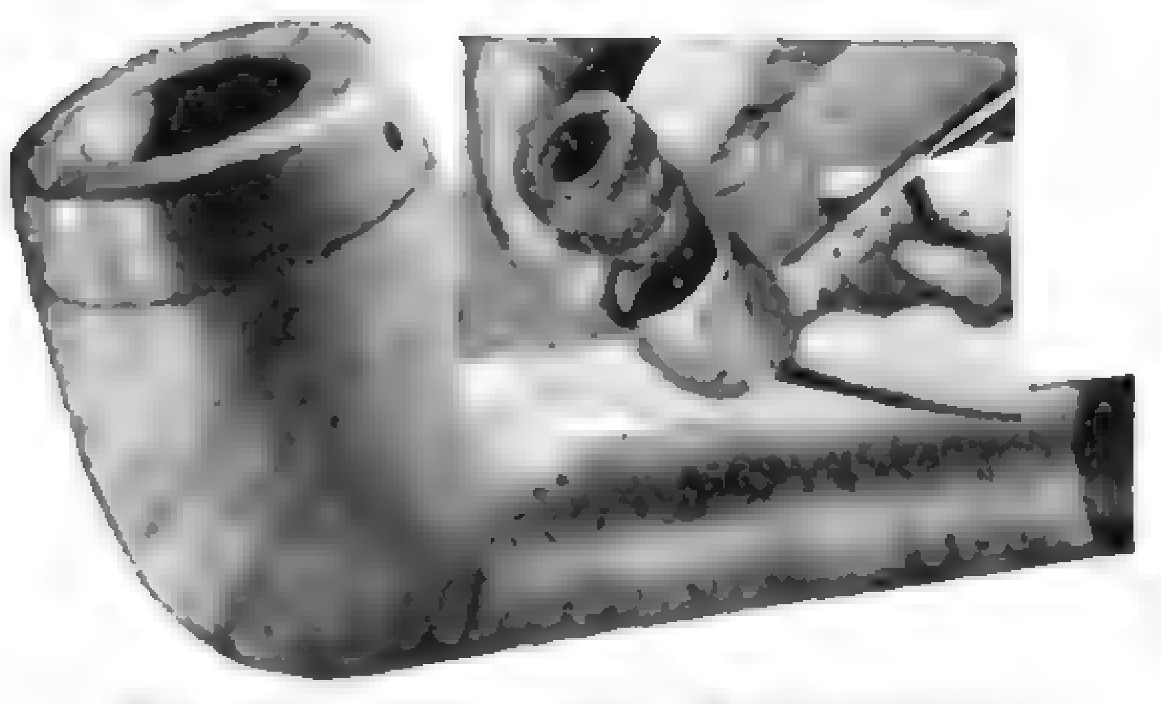

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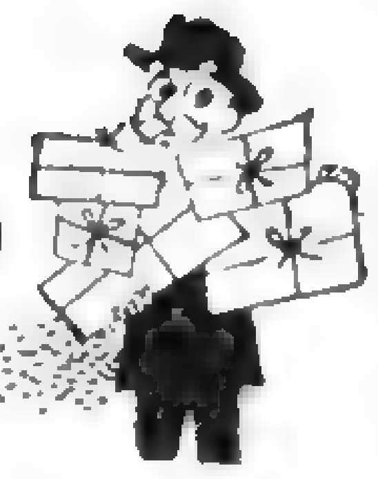
Talking Shop with Esquire

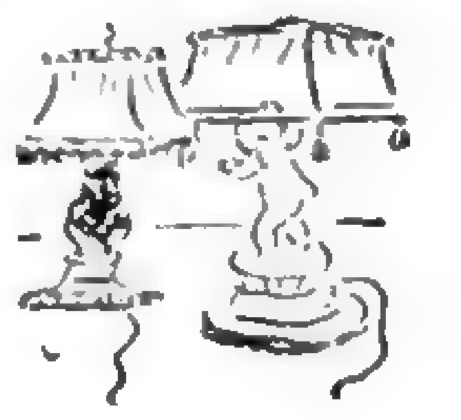


CRIBBAGE IN THE AIR. If you've ever sat for hours in a plane, ten to one you've become pretty bored with the whole thing. As an entertainment feature for its passengers, one of the overseas airlines has equipped all its aircraft with cribbage boards. Airline hostesses are trained to teach the game to beginners, and the line provides Sidney Lenz' new instruction book on the grand old game of cribbage. The new cribbage boards speed the play, simplify scoring and add new zest to the game.

CIGARS BY MAIL. For over a generation, many discriminating cigar smokers have been ordering choice smokes from a certain mail order shop. The flavor and aroma of every cigar is carefully protected in huge, scientific, twin-motored, thermostatically controlled, cedar lined humidors. Every box of cigars is carefully inspected by the Boss Man himself, for texture, firmness, moisture content and proper seasoning. For new customers, the House puts out an introductory package of five cigars in five sizes (no more than five packages to a customer, please).

POTTERS' TERMS. Right here we might explain the difference between china and pottery. Porcelain, or its synonym, china, signifies a vitreous and translucent ware. Bone china, or artificial porcelain, is composed of calcined bone in combination with kaolin and feldspar. Pottery, or earthenware, is a term applied to all opaque wares as distinguished from translucent porcelain china.

A MAN'S LAMP. Look around you . . . that table lamp with gold volutes and busy china cupids; that fragile number dripping with crystals, or that be-flowered job with a dizzy ruffled taffeta shade; Let's face it . . . not one lamp in a hundred appeals to the taste of a he-man. The other day we unearthed a new collection of lamps that are suitably masculine and extremely handsome. Designed by the makers of a famous brand of fine American china.



WHO DAT? In these lawless days of larceny and homicide, timid housewives might do well to protect themselves by means of a new gadget to be installed on the front door. It's a small peep-hole . . . a remarkable two-way glass which affords the tenant a clear view of the caller, yet presents only a clear mirrored surface to the visitor. Eliminates door chains and can be installed on any steel or wood door in a short time. Size of "interviewer", 3½" x 3¾". Just knock three times and ask for Joe.

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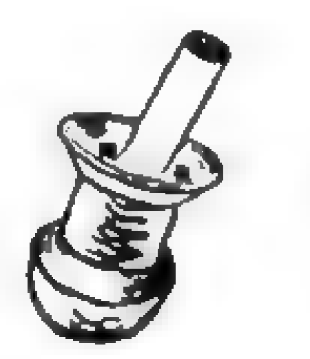

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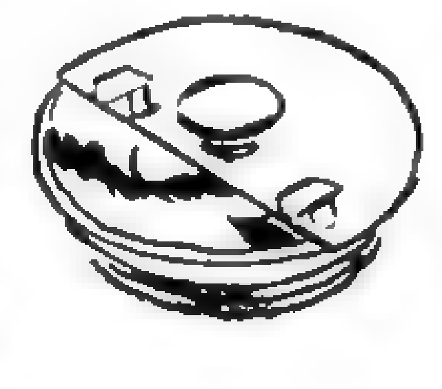

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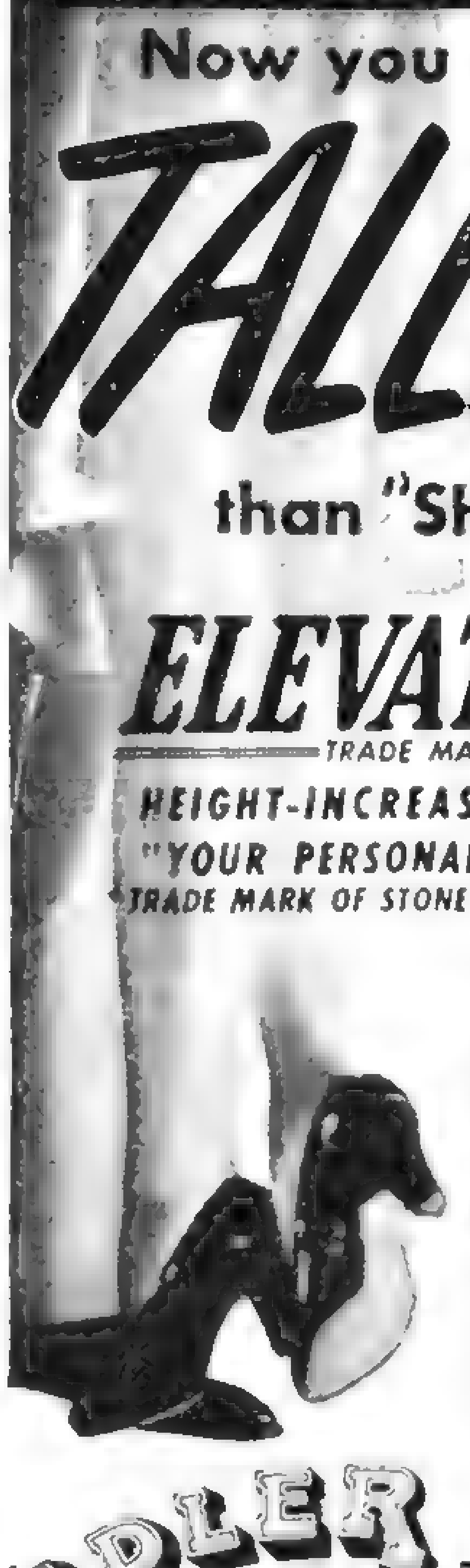

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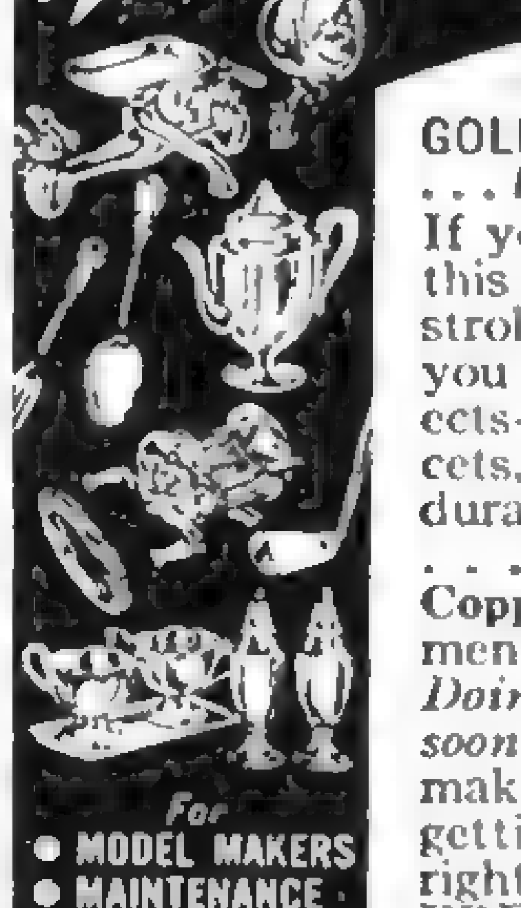

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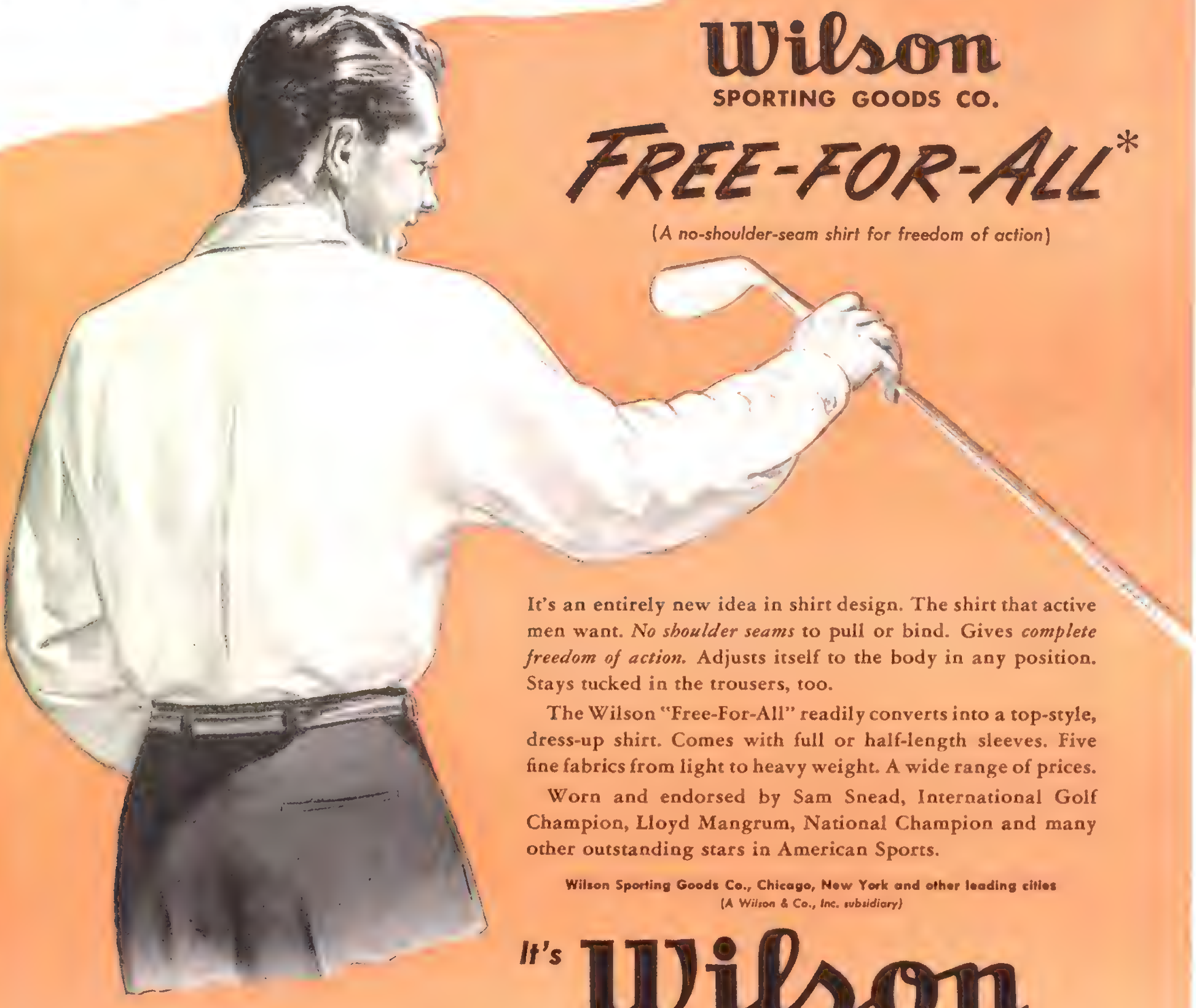

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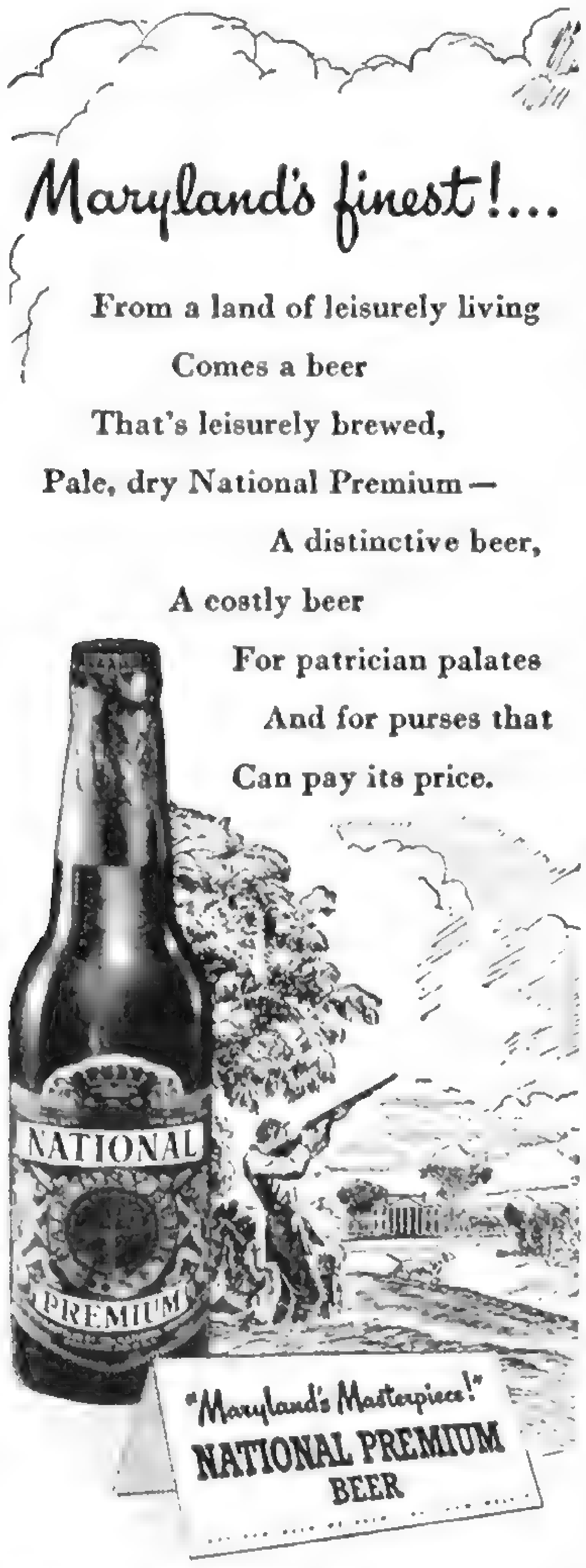

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Painting the Town with Esquire

LAVISHNESS at Lou Walters' Latin Quarter is headed by droll fellow Henny (never laid an egg yet) Youngman quipping under the strain of finding himself surrounded by twenty Wally Wanger beautifuls. The Craddocks score merrily with batty acrobatics, George Tapps is in spinning-top form with music in his soles, the Arnaut Bros. beguile in their individual style, and Chick Grabke leaps and bounds with ballet-jeebies. Customers climb aboard the stage to the summony music of Irving Kostel alternating with that of Buddy Harlow. The Latin quarter sustenance these good time havers stow is all right too.

PANCHO'S SOCIALLY approved rhythms are served to festive savorers and sippers in the chartreuse-and-dark-wooded Casino-on-the-Park of the Essex House . . . Singularly gobbleworthy are the hot cheese delights that start your meal at the Swiss Pavilion Restaurant, 38 East 50th . . . The red ball is up at the Hotel New Yorker's Terrace Room to the tune of a revue starring skate queen June Arnold, who has never graced this roll-out rink before, and featuring the Bissele & Farley duo (popular returners), and rocket-paced Bob Turk, plus an active batch of lookers. Instead of the conventional chanteyman, there's a songstress of ceremonies—Marion Spelman, snared from Cincinnati.

POMPANO is in the bag at a new fodder parlor called Fish Story, 114 West 45th St., hosted by one Nicholas Nicholson, who has copped himself a clever shrimp gumbo concocter from New Orleans, and a special lobster currier named Abdul Samad. Bouillabaisse is contrived in the Marseille manner. Frogs' legs are sautéed à la sunny Provence. Half-shell oysters are bedded on rock salt to attain Rockefellership. Mussels are stuffed with flavors devised in Ancient Greece. Tasty salads are tossed together, and fresh-roasted coffee for your demitasse is ground while you watch, sitting under one of the green umbrellas with which this room (designed by a yacht-architect) makes like you are dining al fresco.

CASES of after-dinner thirst at sundry plush places are being doctored with Cordial Médoc—one of France's oldies in the liqueur line . . . The sumptuously-schemed Century Room of the Commodore Hotel has Eddy Howard and his band emitting melodies that lure nyloned gams out from under tables . . . Madison Avenue chow sleuths, catching whiffs of fragrant stews, chops, and roasts, have stormed into a side garden door on the N. E. corner of 63rd Street by the name of Art Colony Restaurant. Two bright gals are its conductresses; their chef is sepian and sagacious . . . How to reduce your waistline: squeeze into the sidewalk level Bar of the Hotel Astor. Less rugged people get their exercise to the music of Sande Williams in the Columbian Room mezzanined off the main floor, and glide at apéritif time to the hoof calls of Lenny Herman in the Broadway Cocktail Lounge.

SANDWICH SULTAN Arnold Reuben, shamefaced over the idle life he was leading as host and operator of the well-known Reuben's Restaurant at 6 East 58th which hums 24 hours a day, 365 days per year, has opened up a second and bigger place on the West Side, 212-218 West 57th, between Seventh Ave. and Broadway. Shyly termed "A City in Itself," this new layout, likewise running around the clock, comprises an ample oval bar, cocktail gab accommodations, extensive feeding facilities, and a mart department made up of shops that sell fruits, pastries (including the famous Reuben's cheese cake), delicatessen, flowers, frosted goods, cigars, theatre tickets, and tonsorial artistry. Should gargantuan ambition come upon you in the wee hours, pit it against the grandiosity of a Reuben's sandwich. If *that* doesn't hold you, your appetite is just plain evasive.

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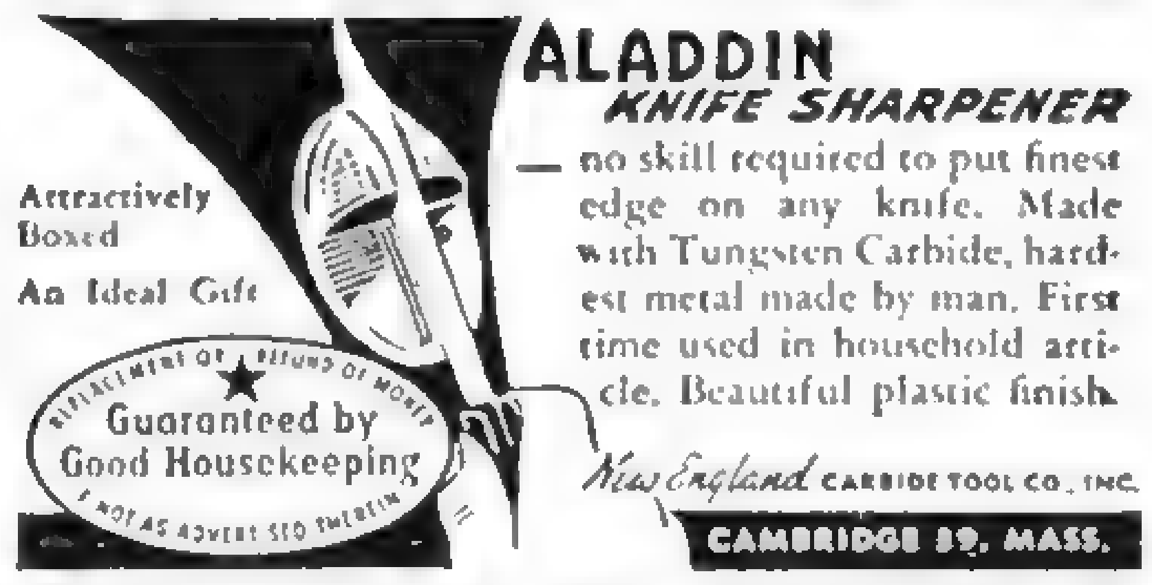

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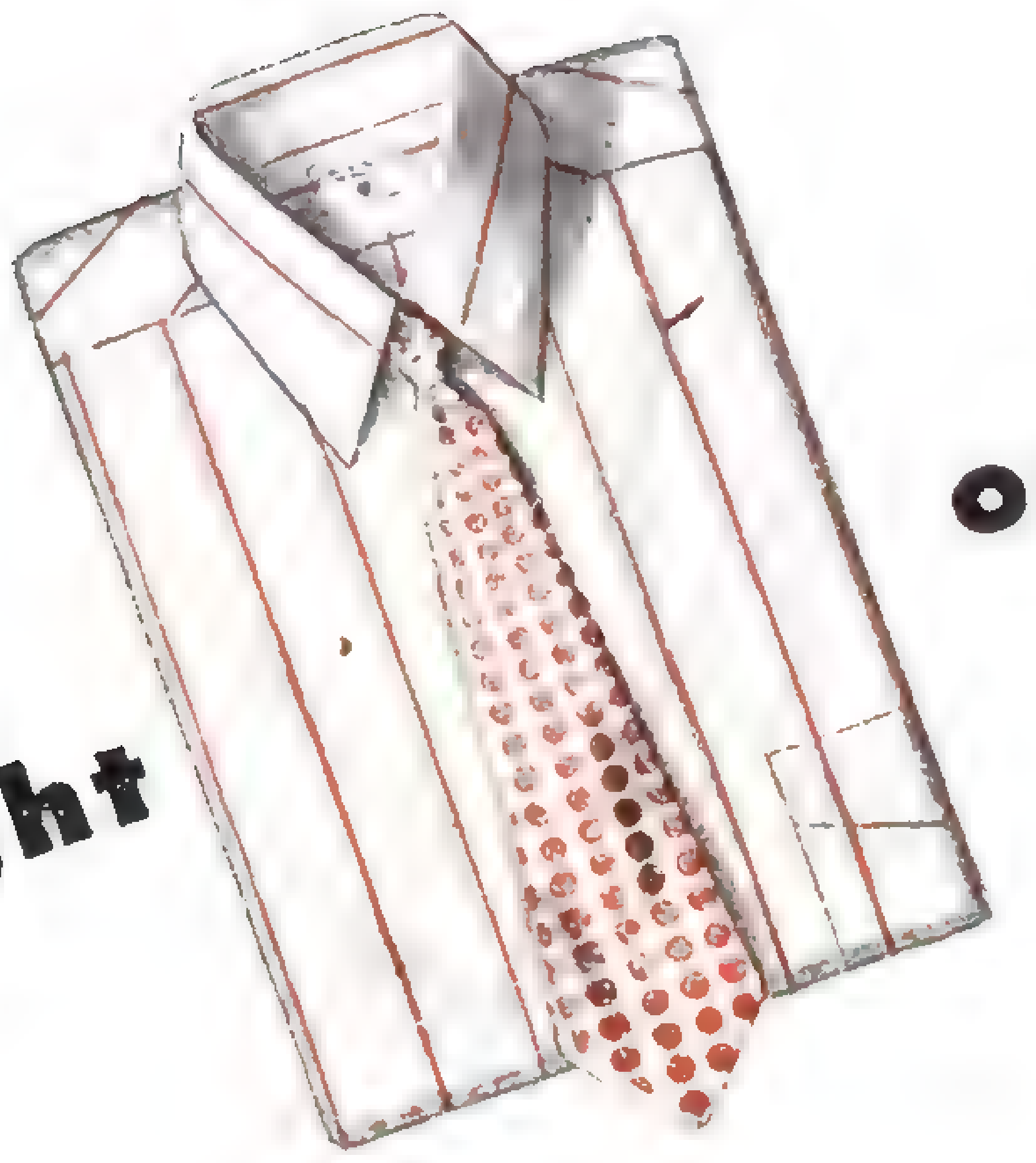

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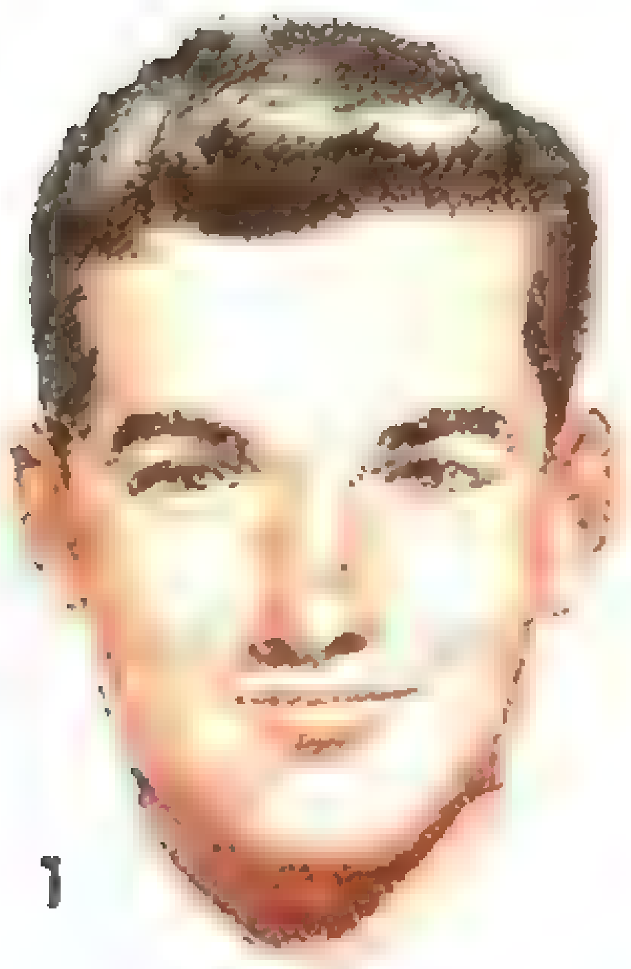

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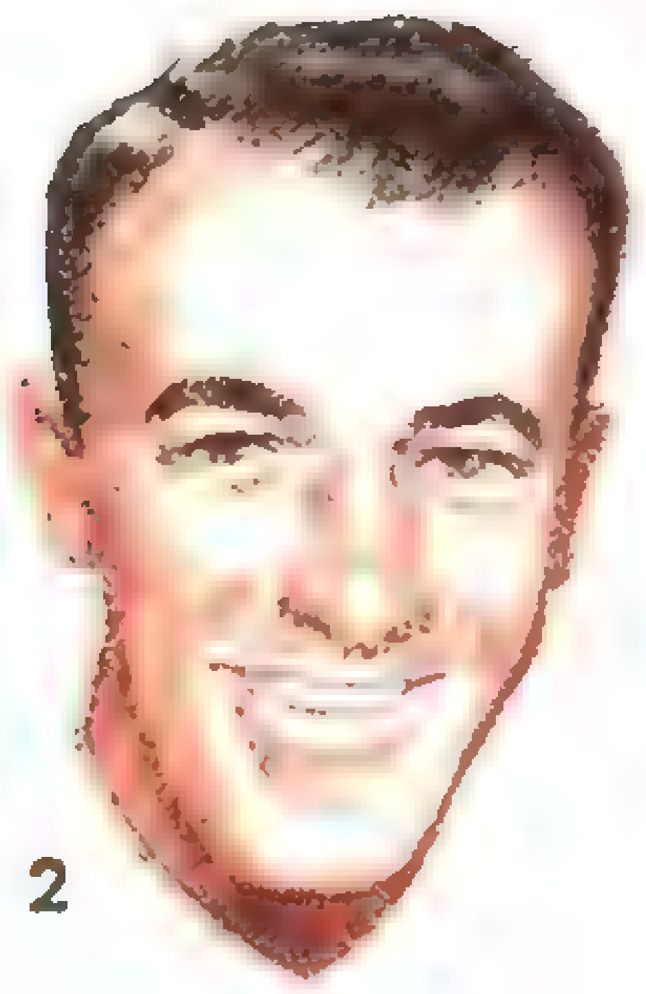

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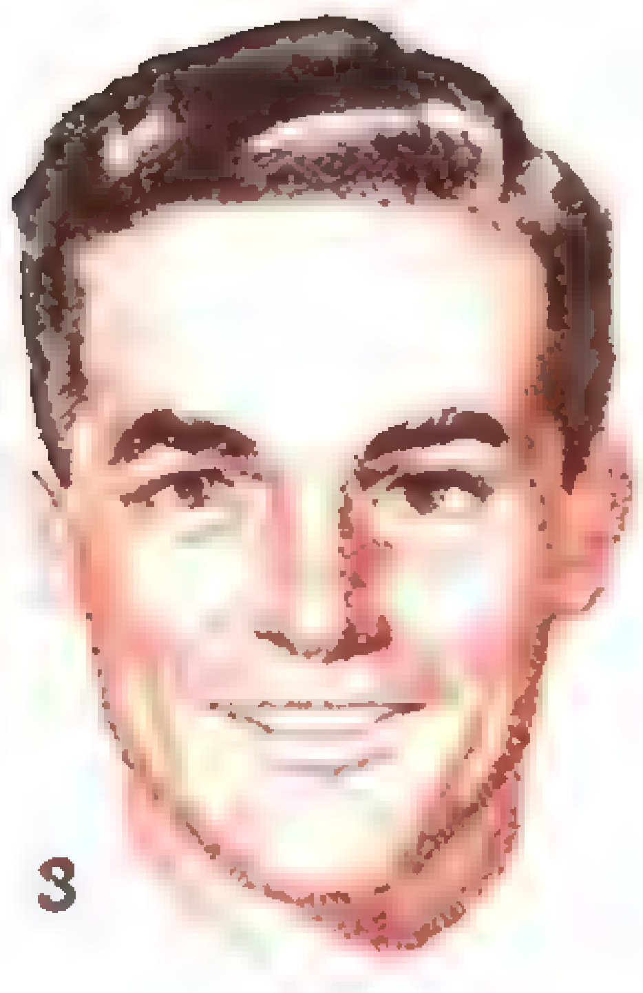

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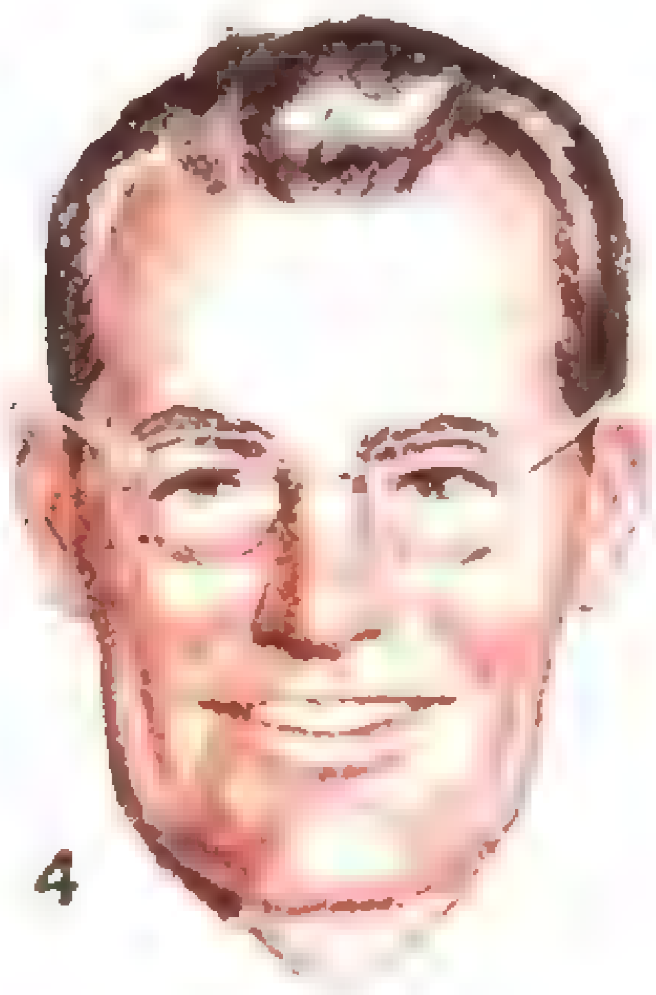

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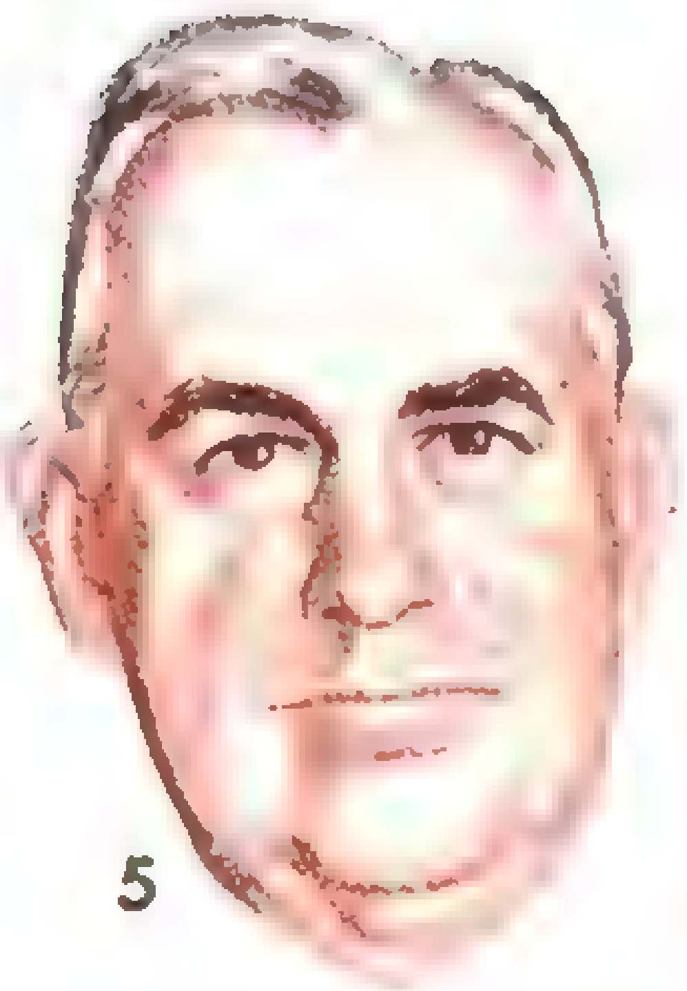

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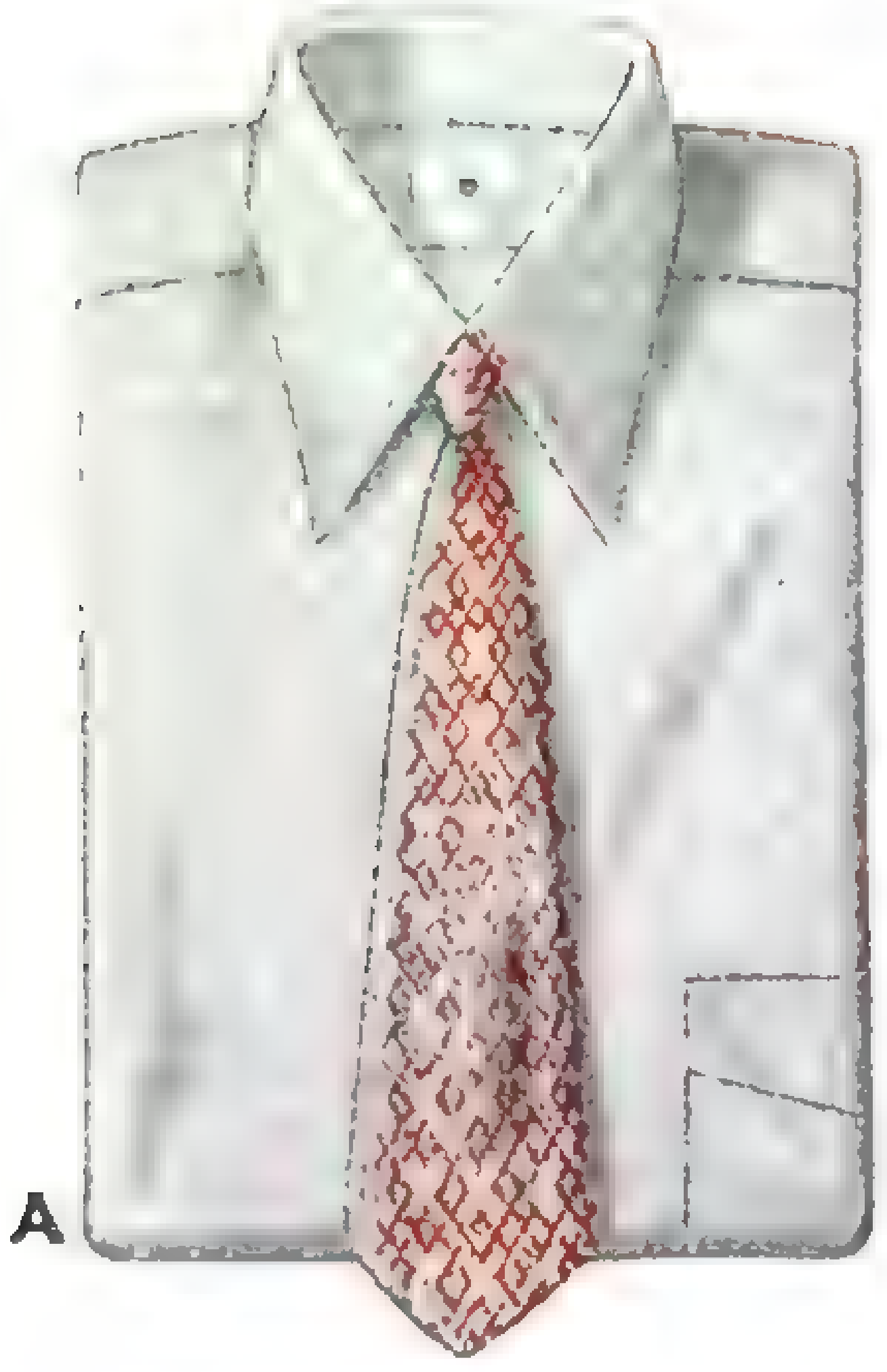

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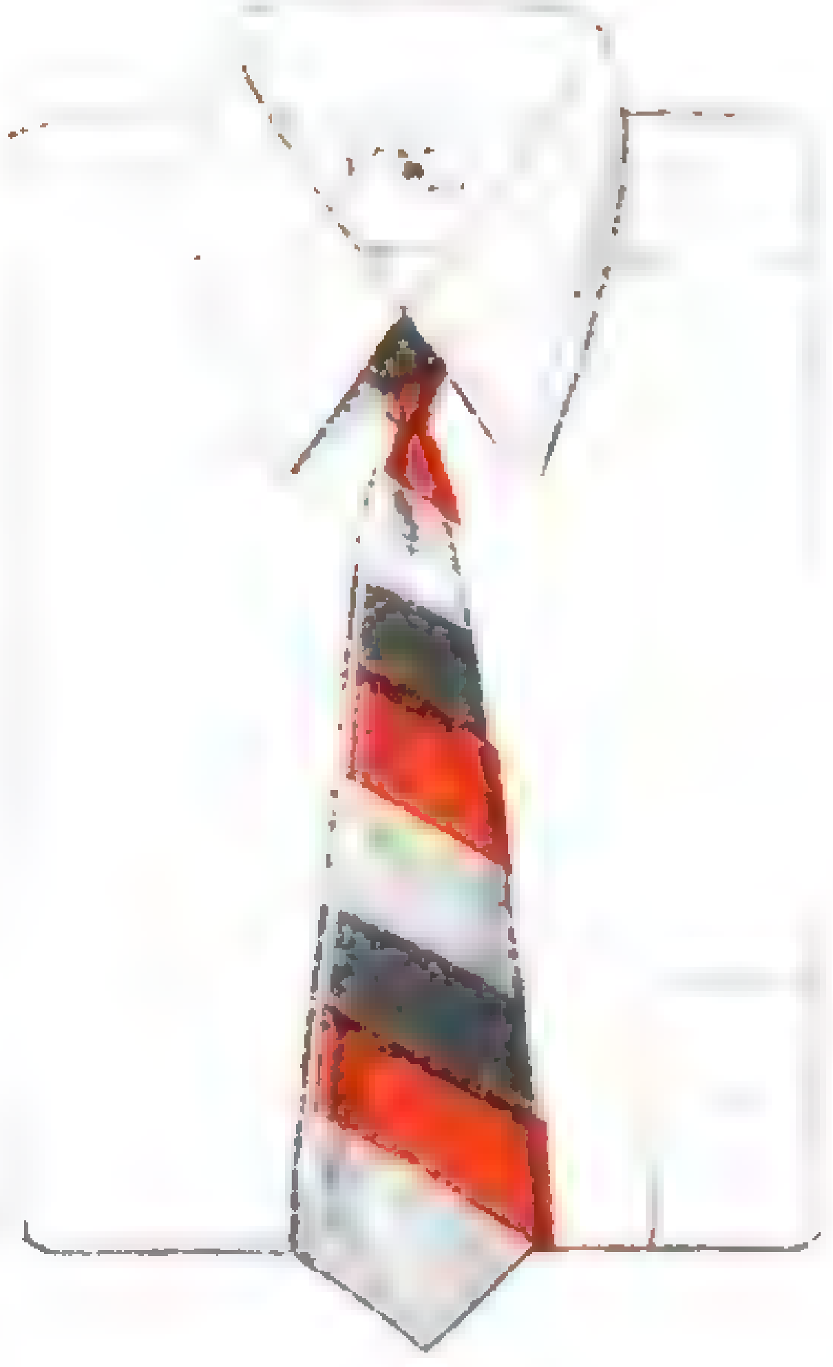

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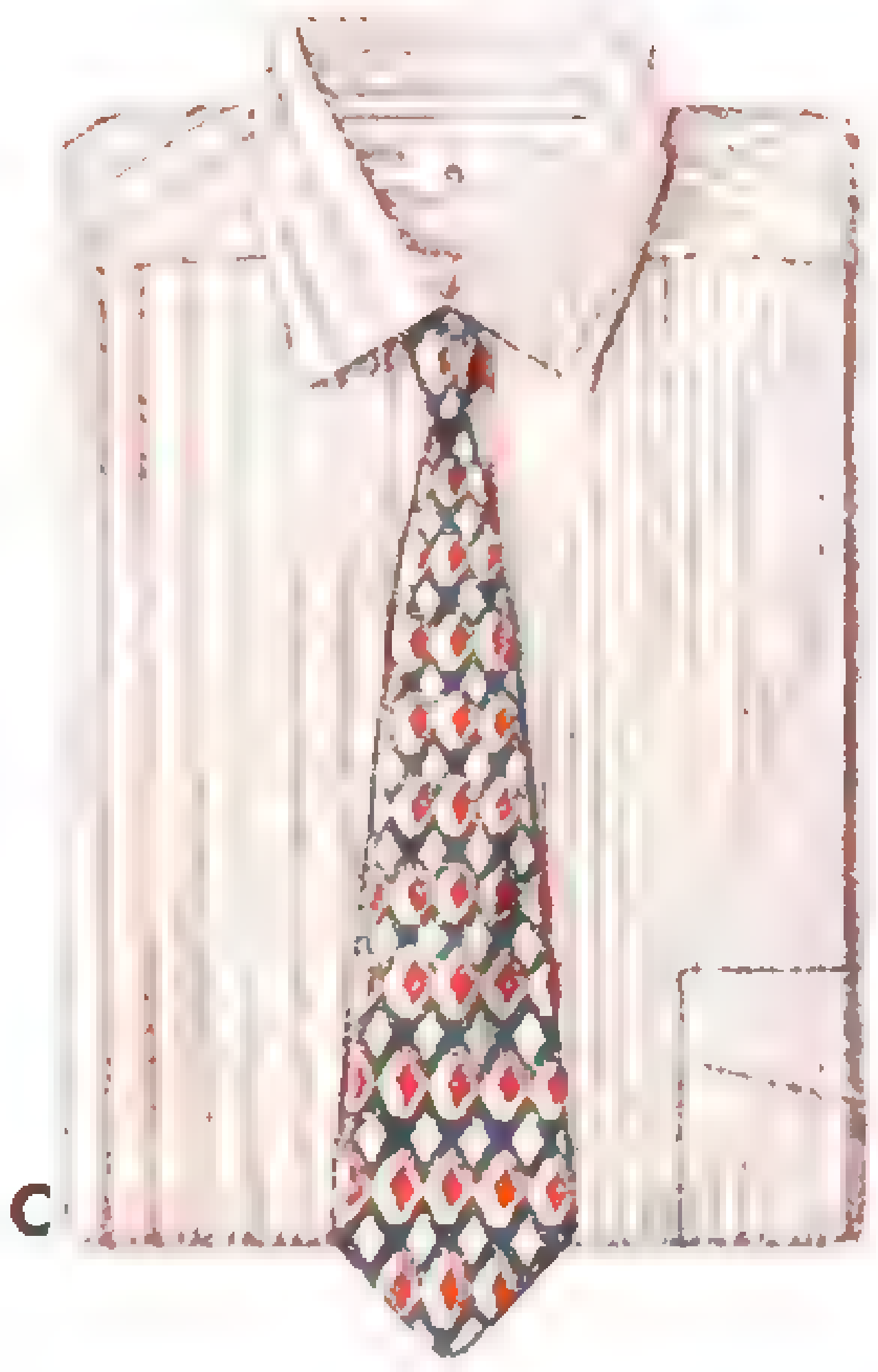

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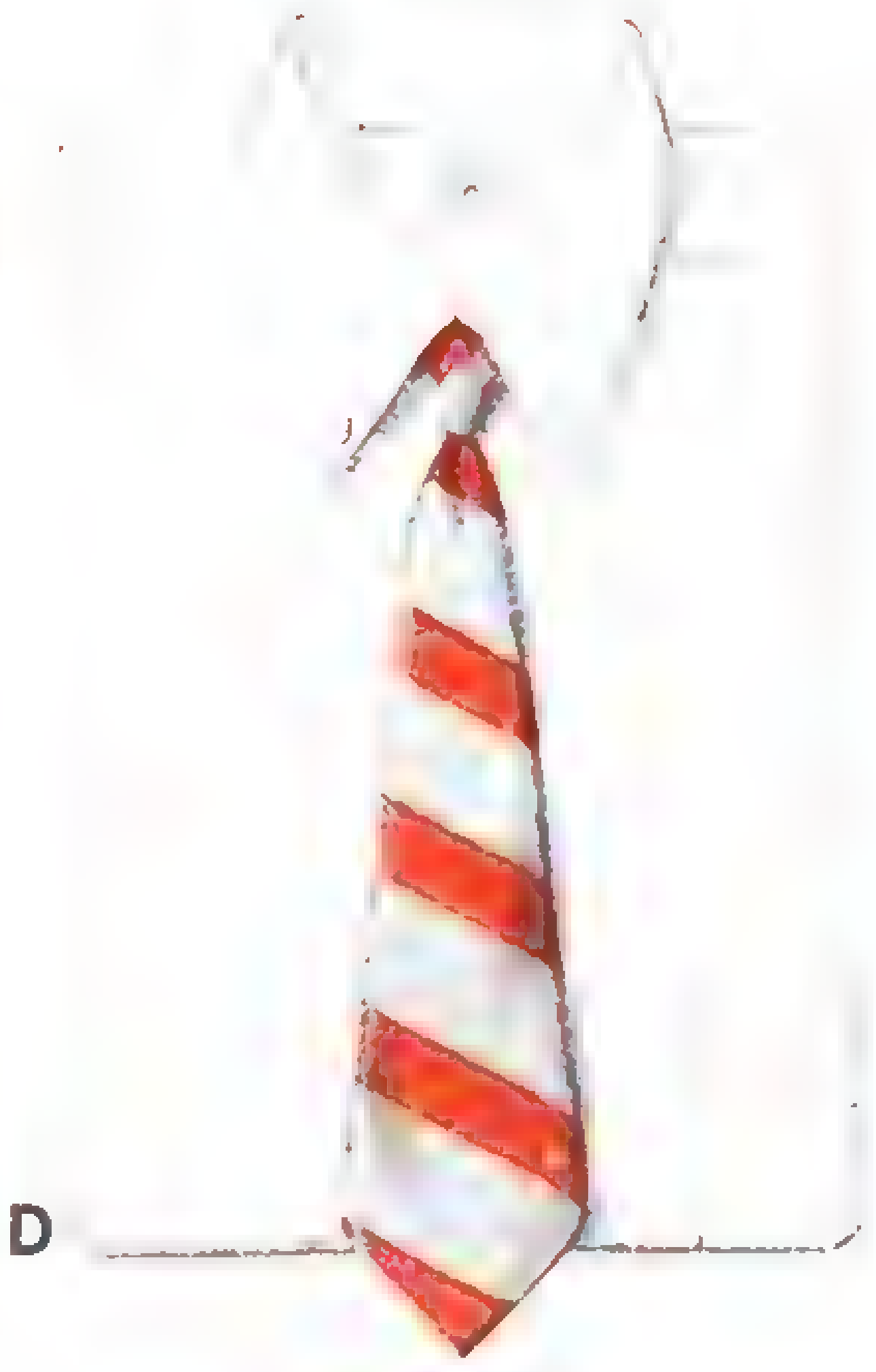

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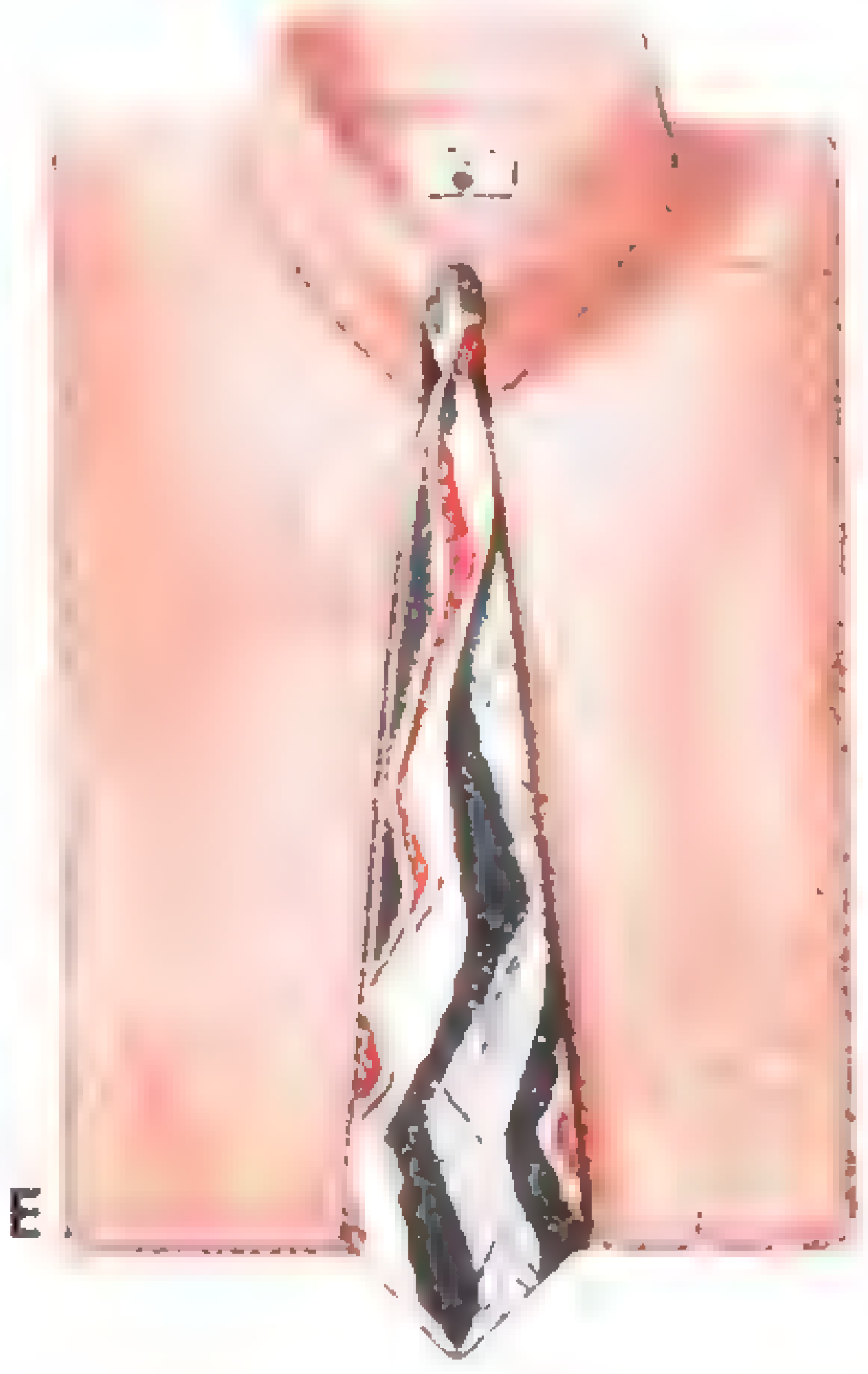

E

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Painting the Town with Esquire

VINCENT ASTOR'S not too squalid Hotel St. Regis, bonifaced by Pierre Bultinck, is priming the pomp in its Iridium Room with the tidy tempos of Paul Sparr & Co. and Hammond organ virtuosa Theodora and her trained tunesters. To offer lorgnettes and monocles something to focus upon, there's an ice ado starring Carol Lynne and her limbs. Down below in the Maisonette (likewise calling for black tie or better), the orchestra of George Koch swaps off with that of The Laszlos and Pepito. Mondays, only the Iridium is functioning; Sundays, only the Maisonette.

TOWN ROUNDSMEN, dipping a bill here and there, are happy to renew acquaintance with Cherry Heering, Denmark's celebrated contribution to cordialdom. George Washington wouldn't have dreamed of hatcheting a tree that could bear such fruit for the human hatch . . . On goes the hula hoopla at the Hotel Lexington's Hawaiian Room to the moonlight croonata of Johnny Pineapple and his guitar caressers . . . Jimmy Kelly's (181 Sullivan St.) is a bit inconveniently located for Texans, Oklahomans, and Oregonians to get to, but when they gander the revue, they don't begrudge the mileage.

GOOD NEIGHBORLY El Chico (80 Grove St., Greenwich Village), where maracas haven't muffed a beat in twenty years, is keeping in shake to the clickwork of Don De Vodi's orchestra, which can also play North American way. Show brings on exotic songsie Rosita Rios, castanet cutie Trinita Reyes, the fine-furied stomp team of Muget and Albaicin, and the pep-popping Trio Don Q., caroling, clowning around, and riding herd on their guitars. El Chico's immaculate kitchen (visitors welcome) turns out Hispanic tradition - dishes you can assault unhesitatingly.

SWEET RIOTS, those celebrity nights, every Sunday, at Leon & Eddie's with Eddie Davis as master of unceremoniousness. Since it might tax Eddie to sing on West 52nd St. and in Florida at the same time, even if he had a split lip, and since there is only one song comedian Eddie Davis in the cosmos, he and partner Leon are conducting the Palm Beach Leon & Eddie's (211 Ponciana Way) on a revue-less basis. It's lush in a baroque manner, the orchestras of Ernie Holst and Ralph Melendez purvey glide-stuff, and eats run opulent, but no ditties are dispensed. If your ears are wilting for lack of a load of Eddie, you'll have to hop a plane back to Manhattan.

RAVIOLI HUNTSMEN spear their prey at Gino's, 780 Lexington Ave., where all the nifties of the Neapolitan cuisine are à la carted . . . Next most fun to twisting a lion's tail is had by Gypsy Csiga Bela when he hammers the cymbalon to a frenzy at Zimmerman's Hungaria, 163 West 46th . . . Strain our brain as we may, we can't decide whether pint-sized Semon, dynamo of affability of Semon's, 216 East 58th, is the Brazilian Barney Gallant; or whether Barney Gallant, welcoming cronies at Barney Gallant's, 86 University Place (where he greets all comely incomers with, "Good evening, Mrs. Gallant!") is the Greenwich Village Semon . . . Not content with preserving the spirit of pre-war Paris of gay-awninged cafès, Johnny Hourclès' Bal Tabarin (225 West 46th) cancans it. If you crave food as well as mood, monsieur le chef de cuisine will broil you a *bifteck*.

CHAMPAGNE magnums and jeroboams have coolers to fit them at Jack and Charlie's "21" . . . Roly-poly yockster Jackie Gleason is general manager of guffaws at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe, where "Venus on the Half Shell" is served at dinner and supper, and thrice Saturdays. Even the assorted lovelies are a far from depressing sight to scrutinize. It seems foolish for this place to brew the excellent coffee it does—patrons would keep awake anyhow.

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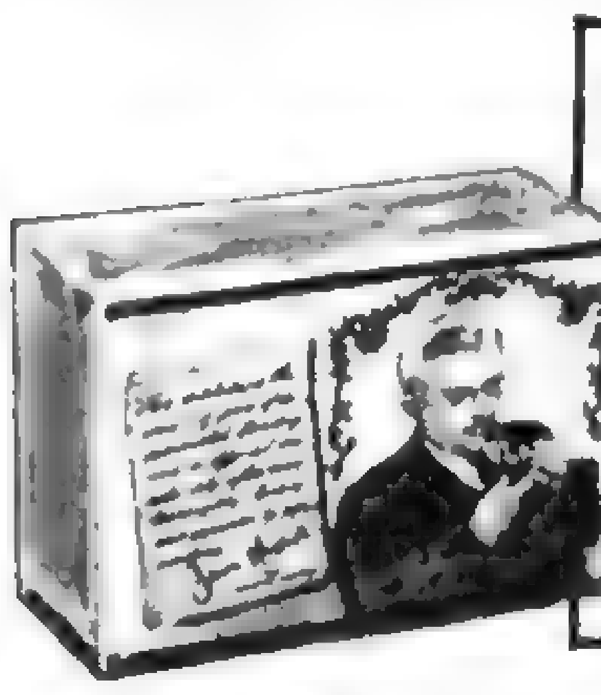

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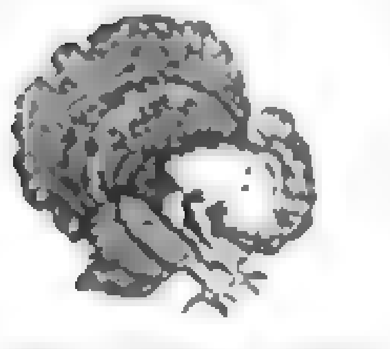

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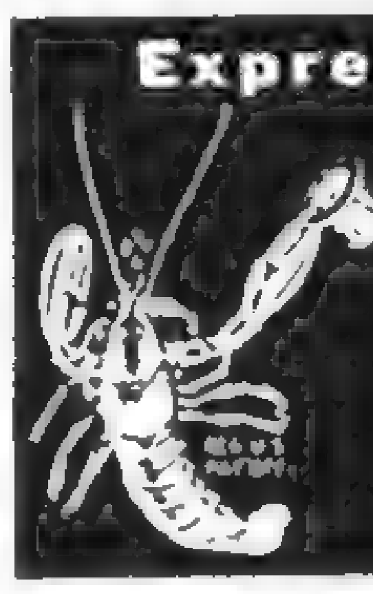

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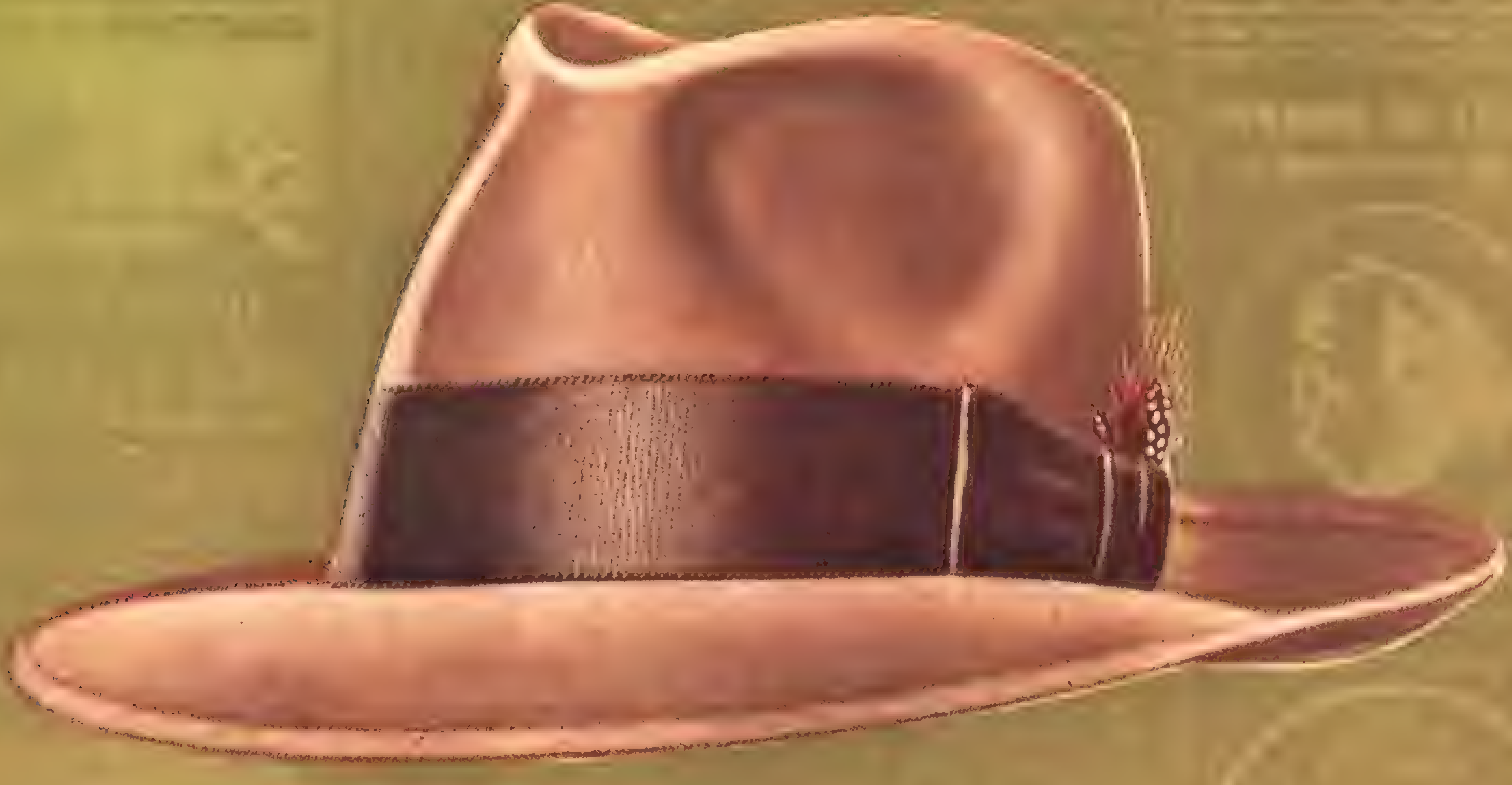

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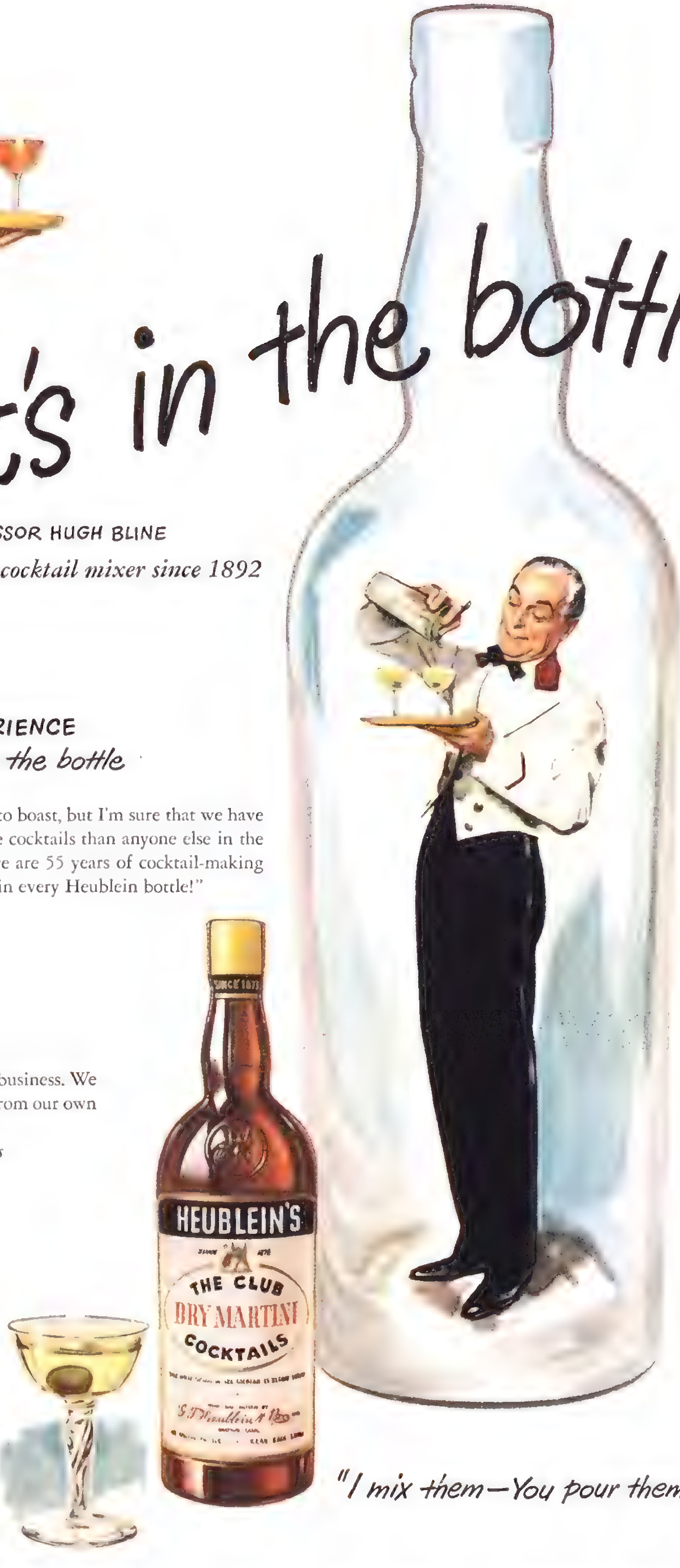

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Painting the Town with Esquire

DAME-SLAYER Charles Trenet is songful chargé d'affaires at the Embassy (149 East 57th), plenty plushy scene of his first furore in America. For dancing, there's Ralph Font's Latin band (with Candi Cortez wiggling the vocals) on the Latin side, and Arthur Ravel's orchestra on the American. Fang whims accommodated, whatever they be . . . Besides debs, diplomats, and dowagers, the Wedgwood Room of the Waldorf-Astoria has the music of Emil Coleman with Mischa Borr as his able alternate . . . Ever notice how the Ludwig Bemelmans wackydoodlings over the walls of Hapsburg House (313 East 55th) goad appetite? And what they do to thirst? Give us the feeling we've entered a situation which is drinks and drinks ahead of us. There's simply no catching up.

S. GREGORY TAYLOR'S gift to good living, the tall, multi-penthoused Hotel St. Moritz, has great fave Ford Harrison podiumed again in its Club Continental. This smooth maestro's previous stance here, amounting to forty weeks, was broken off by his joining the armed forces. Harrison snazzology, originally acquired through engagements at London's Hotel Savoy and at top spots in Paris, Monte Carlo, Cannes, and Biarritz, brought in orders to play for crowned heads. He and this continentally clubby room are a team.

THE VOUVRAY (132 East 61st), named for one of France's most esteemed wines, is gaining steadily in distinction on its own account as a small, chipper spot which takes its cookery seriously and is fastidious about its drinks. Dishes of the day include: mackerel with white wine, Cassoulet Toulousain (intricate meat stew with beans), seafood in shell dish, tripe à la mode de Caen (Normandy's passion — 24 hours to prepare), and hot fritters-and-soufflé dessert, light as helium. But host John isn't daunted by any palate's command. The other evening when we dropped in, a special party at the next table were splurging on caviar and blinis, and washing down partridges with classic French Burgundy of a great year.

FERTILE-BEANED Nicky Quattrociocchi of El Borracho (53 East 55th) has plastered the back of his bar with signs inviting you to try a Nicky Finn. On the advice of our physician, Dr. Quattrociocchi, we ordered one and found it surprisingly salubrious. Now we're wondering if those alluring red lip imprints that adorn the ceiling of El Borracho's Kiss Room are as dangerous as they are painted. We've gone so far as to consult Tommy the mynah bird, but all we get from him is double talk, raucous shrieks, and whistles that sound like "Yoo-hoo, sucker!" — which is no way to treat an earnest inquirer who has just bought a drink and, with a little encouragement, might buy more. So, if anyone falls for the challenging suggestion on the menu, "Mynah bird sauté Madère $4,127.82," we shan't feel sorry. That bird has it coming to him. Meanwhile, Nicky Finny originality has hooked a prize—tailless Siamese fish with a head on each end—so rare it is bill-of-fared at $6,283.75.

SELDOM has a restaurant scored a hit as pronto as did the Red Coach Grill, 7 East 58th, whose headwaiter Ernest (formerly of the Stork and other good places) has had to play Horatius at the Rope ever since opening day. Evidently New Yorkers had encountered, or had heard tell of, the four Red Coach Grills in Massachusetts (4 Stanhope St., Boston; Traffic Circle, Middleboro; Post Road, Wayland; Route 3-A, Hingham) or maybe the one on Biscayne Boulevard in Miami—all founded and operated by New Englander Jack Larkin, who believes in clam chowder with cream and no tomato. Main course options range from chopped sirloin wearing onion ringlets, and charcoal broiled filet mignon with fresh mushroom sauce, to calf's liver, double lamb chop, fried fresh Cape Cod oysters, broiled lobster, and fresh Maine shrimps (large) fried in delectably light batter. The room, paneled in knotty pine, pretends it's a barn and has stall accommodations for 400, and a monster bar. You don't check your hat and coat, you hang them up on a hook-tree that grows near at hand.

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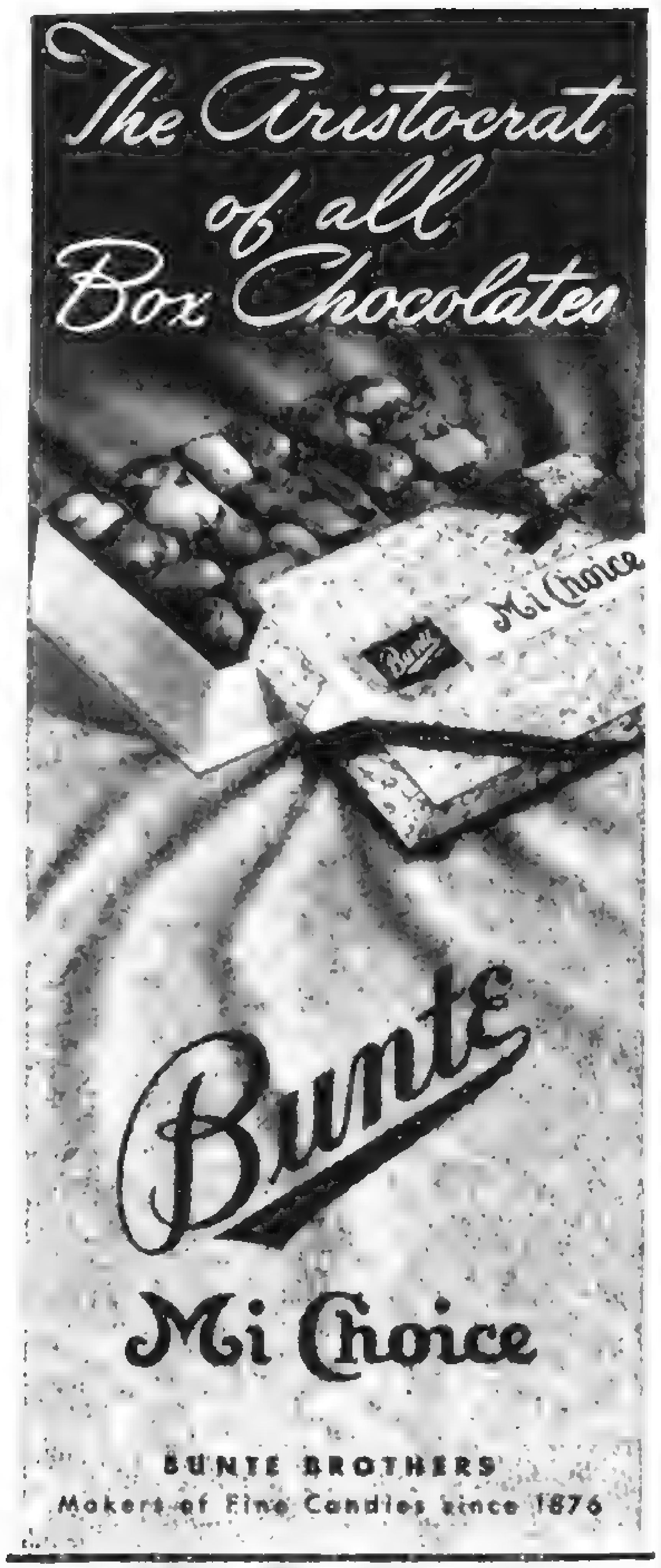

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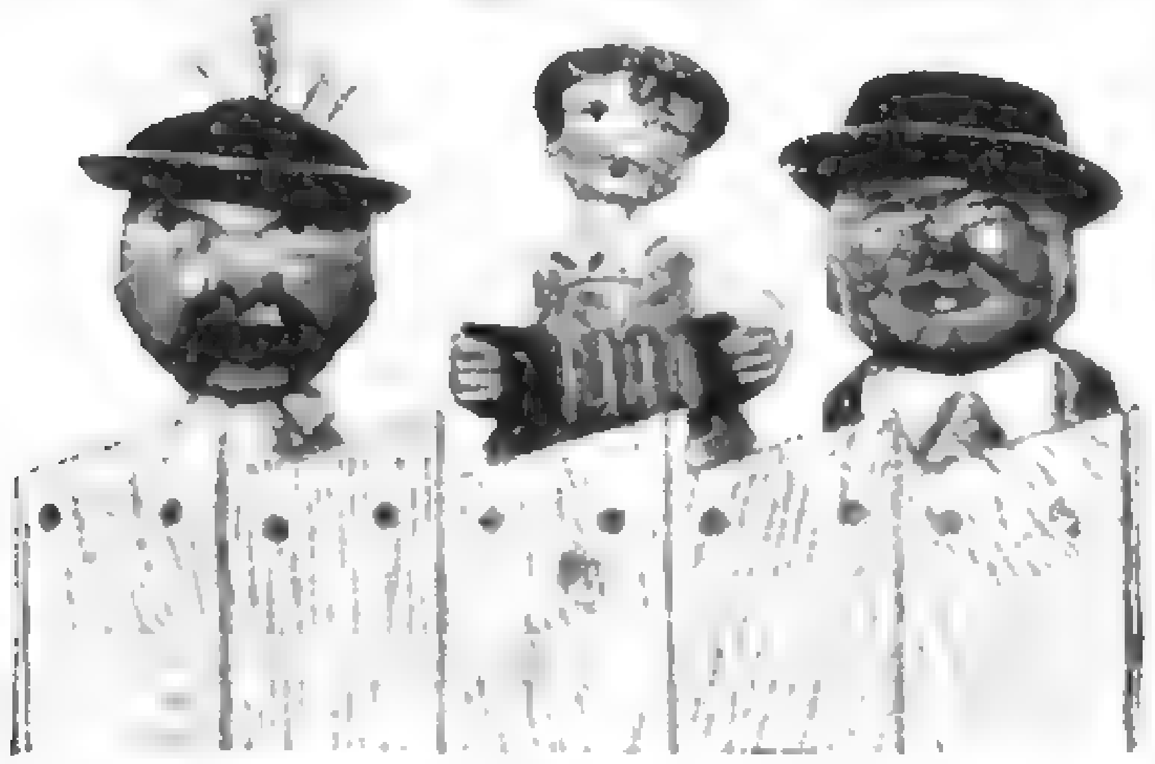

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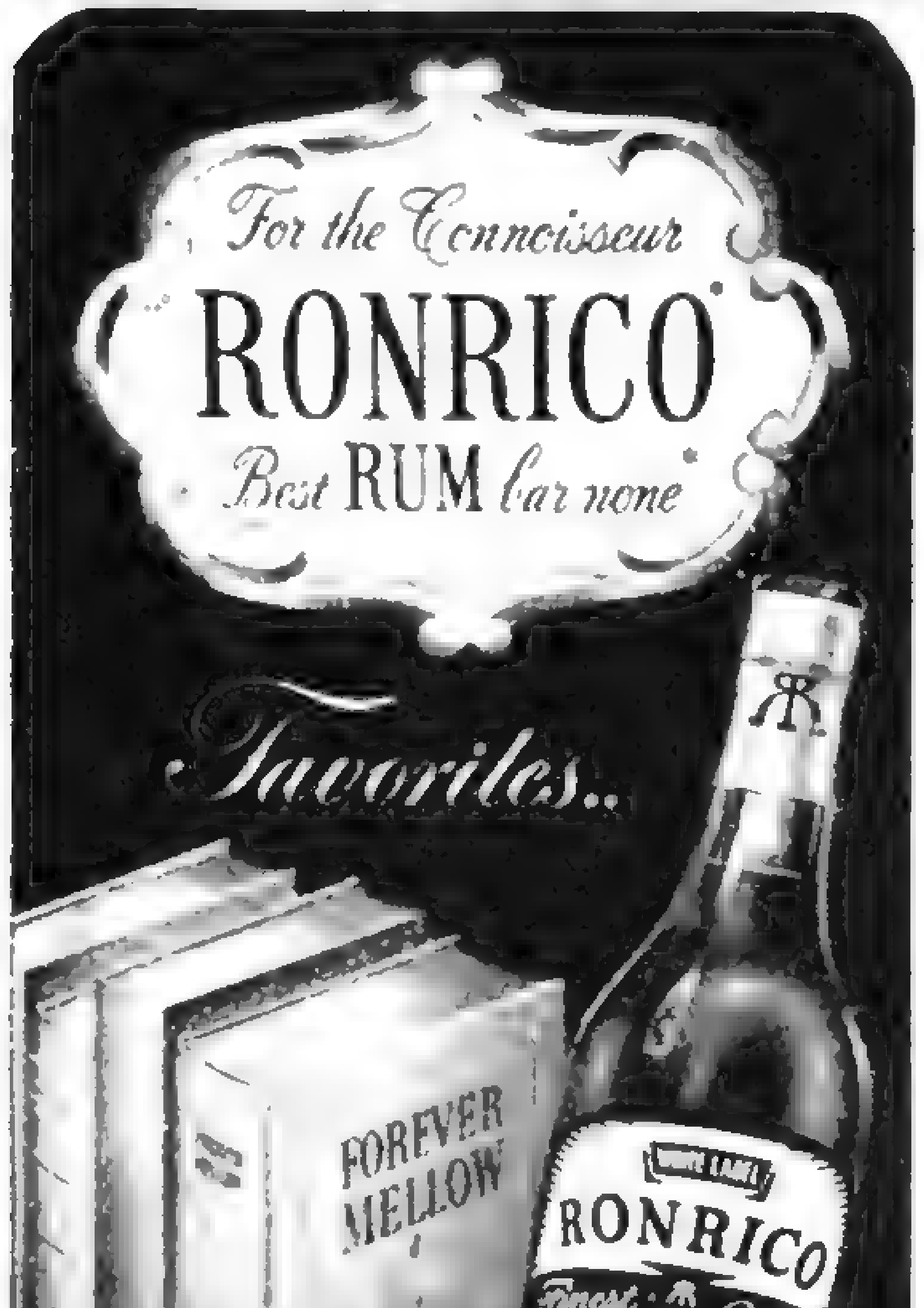

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Painting the Town with Esquire

EXCEPT that it would affront the dignity of that hostelry, a thriving snack business could be done in the corridor of The Biltmore, where reservationless applicants for admission to the Carmen Cavallaro-packed Bowman Room mill and mope at the rope . . . Paco Reyes, terp tutor of Carmen Amaya and "Seville Kids" Rosario and Antonio, is flaunting his finesse at Broadway's Havana-Madrid (51st St), assisted by two snappy señoritas . . . "One Thousand and One Nights" are picayune to the Three Suns at the Piccadilly Circus Bar, whose consecutive score so far is two and one-quarter thousand musical soirées here.

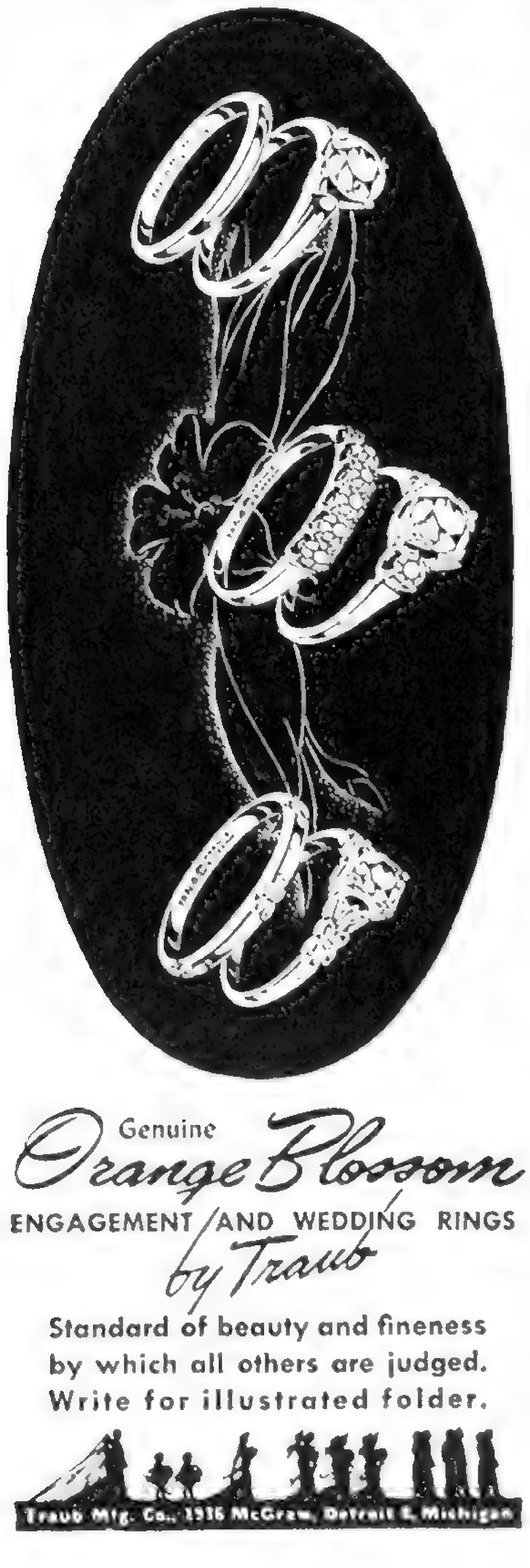
THE SUBLIME is numb from being hit so consistently by the cookery and service at the Versailles. For *divertissment* this splurgeous-gorgeous spot now has the hilarious Bernard Brothers on the loose in their mad mimicry. Two orchestras—Emile Petti's (society) and Panchito's (shaky) . . . As though his Café Trouville (112 East 52nd) weren't magnetic enough already to Park Avenuers, host Tony Gardella has had the entrance portal redone with enticing decorations by glass artiste Titta Vaubel, from Holland . . . Impresario-maestro Charles Reader's latest offerings at the Hotel Pierre's Cotillion Room include the distingué dance team of Noble and King and the scintillant tap work of Jerry McMahon, new to New York. Music for the show and for dancing is sparkled forth by Charles Reader's own orchestra, which was for years a favorite of gilded gadders to the Bahamas. Rumbas by Basil Fomeen and his crew.

LUCIENNE BOYER, darling of French boîte habitués, has been imported into Barney Josephson's Café Society Uptown, to give New Yorkers and United Nations' notables that One World feeling, with the accent on *amour* . . . Monte Proser's samba-sirened Copacabana is showcasing the blonde allure of Hollywood's Gail Robbins, who wouldn't need to sing, but does, effectively. Comes March 7th, Tony Martin arrives here, accelerating femme heart thumps . . . Kaye Ballard is an eye and ear item at the glitterous Blue Angel . . . Montmartre history maker Joe Zelli, whose oasis on the Rue Fontaine was bee-lined to by every American off a transatlantic liner in the roaring Twenties, is now in our midst, greeting old acquaintances as presiding personality of the Park Central's Mermaid Room. It's "Whatta ya know! Joe!" while trio leader Angie Bond slaps her bull fiddle.

JIVE APPRAISERS are regular attenders of the solid sessions at Nick's (170 West 10th), partaking of steaks, chops, and slake wares as they hearken . . . Tempting little haven for the fish hungry: Captain of the Sea, 19 East 49th St., whose destinies are piloted by three Erin-born Sain sistren. They're to Neptune what the Soong Sisters are to China . . . Epicures are in their element at the exotic décored Singapore (Broadway at 50th) where caged birds chirp and trill and obsequious servitors pad among the tables with delights such as barbecued young spareribs, crisp-armored egg rolls, subtly spiced fried lobster with soft egg sauce, duck steamed in Oriental wines and aromatics and then browned, sliced beef tenderloin with piquant sauce—all cooked to order. Drinks: tall, fruity, intricate, and palate pampering . . . Why rush off to tropical race tracks? Sitting in the grandstand of New York's Village Barn (52 West 8th St.) you can cheer hobby-horses cavorting down the home stretch jockeyed by lady patrons.

For information about any hotels, restaurants, or night clubs, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y., enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.

Old Fitzgerald
OLD FITZGERALD
100 PROOF
OLD FASHIONED but still in style
Bottled in Bond
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
STITZEL-WELLER DISTILLERY, INC. SHIVELY, KENTUCKY



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by Traub
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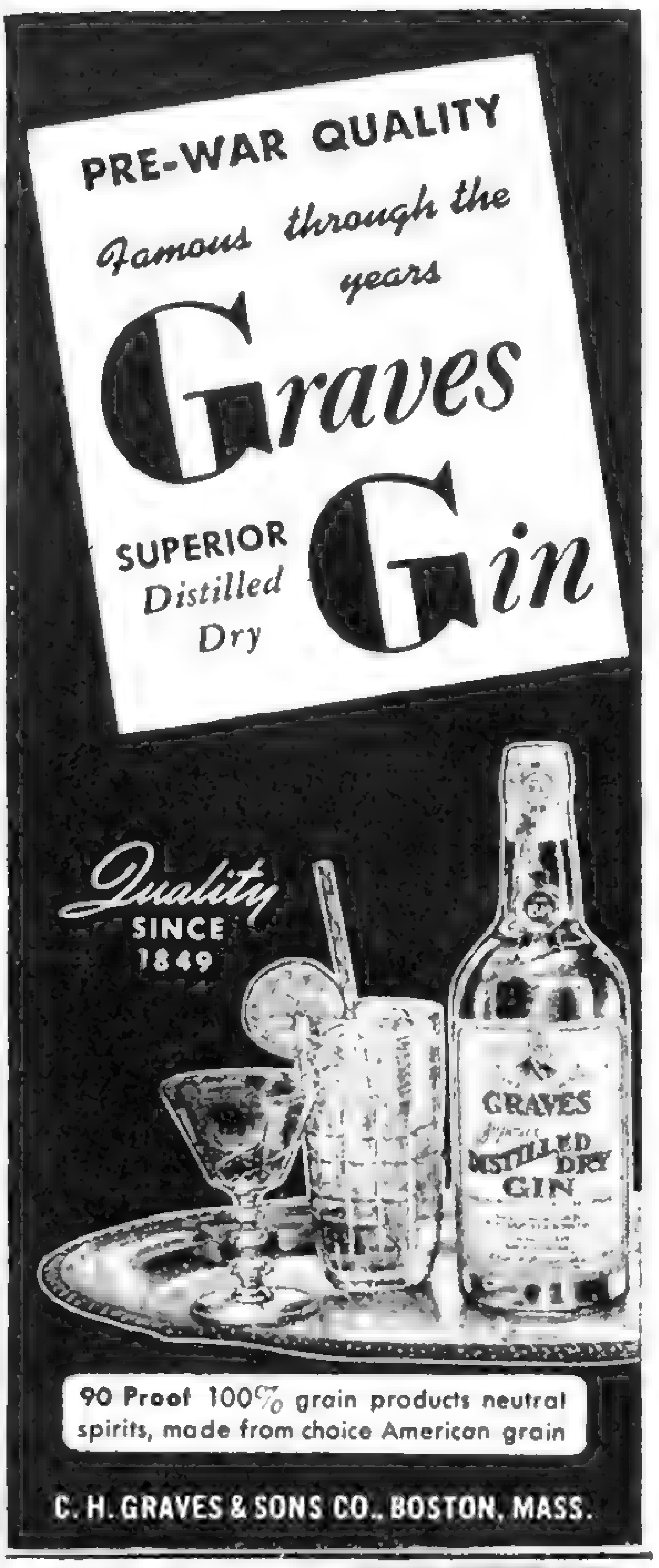

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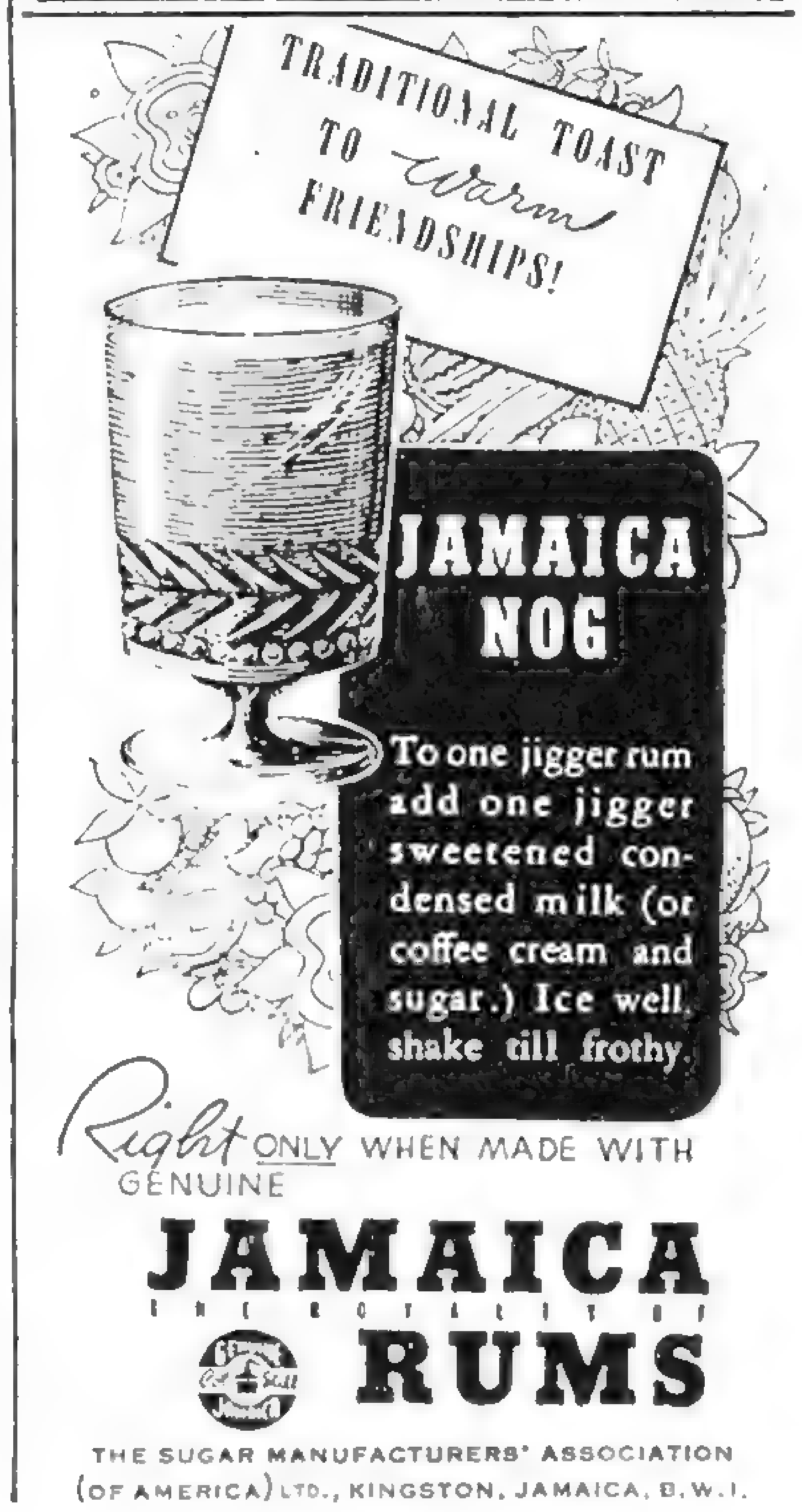

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Backstage with Esquire

★ The Esquire Gallery

Redheaded, self-effacing BOB CASSELL, whose candidate for the Esquire Gallery (page 79) is aptly entitled *Ornament*, is a commercial artist in Chicago. You have seen his paintings glorifying soft drinks and other products on billboards, in *Collier's*, the *Post*, and elsewhere. Born in DeSoto, Missouri, and reared in St. Louis, he studied at the Washington University School of Fine Arts. After gaining practical experience in various Midwestern cities he opened his own studio in St. Louis. During the war he served for two years with the Navy, assigned to "top secret" in Washington, D. C. He says: "I am happy to get back to deadlines, a little midnight oil and the smell of turpentine." Next to painting "serious" portraits and pin-ups, he enjoys hunting and fishing. MARIO COOPER, creator of the sulky beauty called *Patience*, on page 80, was born in Mexico City, and began working in California when he was ten, as errand boy, clerk, Western Union messenger, and bicycle mechanic. California looked to him like the Promised Land, and during his boyhood one thing led to another almost as rapidly as in some of the stories he now illustrates. He took a whirl at bicycle racing, kept at it till he came in first. As errand boy for an engraving house, he got his first exciting glimpse of an art department, which prompted him to attend the Otis Art Institute and Chouinard Art School in Los Angeles. He did some amateur boxing with Fidel La Barba, who later became World Featherweight Champion, and also learned a few judo holds. These latter came in handy recently when a friend was attacked by two visiting sailors from a land he forbears to mention. Thanks to his early training he took care of both sailors simultaneously. He has been in New York for two decades, delights in his profession as an illustrator and has taught it at Columbia, Grand Central Art School and the Art Students League of New York. For recreation he likes sculpture (carving directly on stone and wood), chess playing and reading Greek philosophy as well as English and Spanish poetry. FRITZ WILLIS and JOE DE MERS are the winners of the $5,000 prize recently offered by William Cagney Productions for a portrait of "Flamingo" the tempestuous swamp girl of the novel *A Lion Is in the Streets*. This book will shortly be made into a movie starring James Cagney in the fictionized role of Huey Long, and in the meantime the portrait has been widely exhibited in a talent search for the lucky girl most closely resembling the uninhibited carrot-top conceived on canvas by Willis and De Mers. William Cagney will also pay an award of $5,000 to the person who matches a girl to the portrait and leads her to a contract with the film company. By way of research on the Willis and De Mers standard of beauty, and for pure pleasure as well, we suggest that you turn to pages 43 and 44 of this issue.

Bob Cassell

Mario Cooper

After getting a B. A. at Wisconsin and an M. A. at Northwestern, LOU SIDRAN "fiddled around with writing and teaching" before landing a job with a vocational guidance publishing house in Chicago. When he left that company to join the Army in '43, he had a portfolio full of ghosted items, including a high-school textbook. In service he edited a War Department monthly called *What the Soldier Thinks*, for officers only; as a tech sergeant, enjoyed admonishing the brass on morale. Since joining Esquire's staff in Chicago he has been chiefly concerned with nonfiction. *The Horse with the Beautiful Name* (page 78) is derived from his apprenticeship at the track and at the bookmaker's. Week ends, he commutes to his home in Racine, Wisconsin, laden with presents for a daughter, Maxine, four, and a son, Ben, three.

Lou Sidran

BILL WEEKS' diverse occupations range from publicity writing to testing cream and unloading bananas, with four years in the Army as a paratrooper and tailgunner. He is now with A. P. in Denver.

The Beachcomber of Miami Beach might be construed as wish-fulfillment on the part of its author, HAROLD HELFER, who writes: "After taking orders during the war for three and a half years, I decided when I left the Marines that I never wanted to be in the position again where I had to do things just because somebody told me to do them. The only way I figured I could maneuver a complete freedom, unbeholden to anyone, was to free-lance, which is what I am doing now." For a dozen prewar years, Helfer was a columnist and reporter for a Birmingham, Alabama, paper, and with the Marines he was a combat correspondent for *Leatherneck Magazine*. He is thirty-two, married, has a son and a daughter.

Harold Helfer

As a political reporter for the old Miami (Florida) *Tribune*, DICK HOLDSWORTH annoyed the political machine so often, his paper's attorney developed a heart condition running up the courthouse steps with habeas corpus writs. He wrote theatrical features for the New York *Morning Telegraph*, became enamored of a dancer and followed her to Europe where he worked for INS. Last summer he left Paramount News to produce color movie commercials and write articles like *The Reel Glory*, page 64.

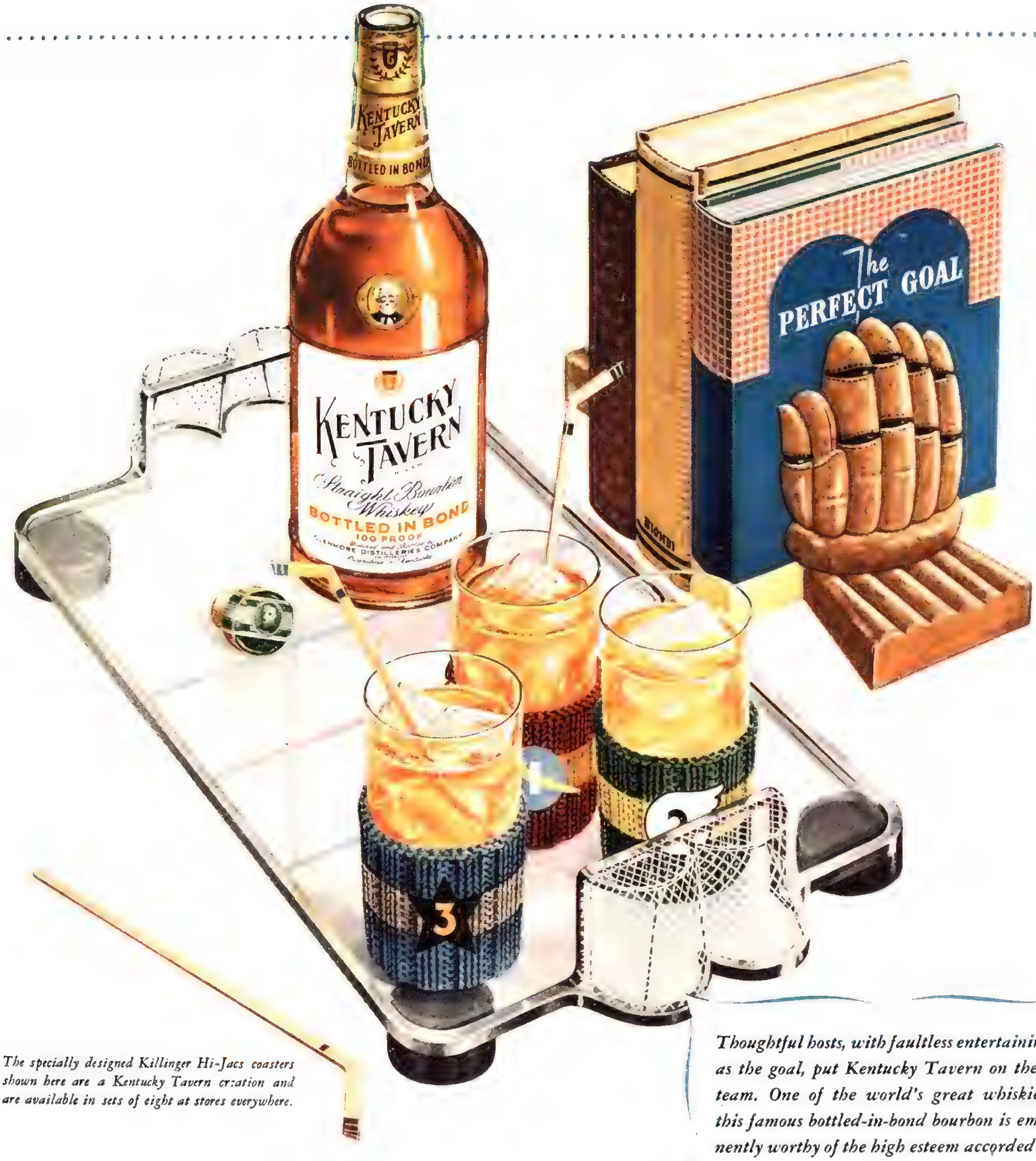
GERRITT J. LLOYD left college to be an empire builder in Canada, and settled for digging postholes in Alberta. Here he had a fearsome encounter with the camp cook, who, his imagination quickened by opium, tried to dress the Lloyd legs with scalding water. Lloyd made an exceedingly good thing of this story, selling it to newspapers in Spokane, Seattle, Portland and San Francisco. He eventually worked on twenty-two papers, including a political shift in Washington. A promoter at heart, he has promoted a fat reducer, a treatment for tuberculosis, and a shipyard, interspersed with scenario writing in Hollywood. One ambitious project was to bring the Blarney Stone to America with arrangements for Calvin Coolidge to kiss it first. After signing a contract to lend the stone, Lord Colthurst, proprietor of Blarney Castle, died. Lloyd abandoned his plan when he was warned by the Irish to keep himself on the other side of the world if he didn't wish to go further. It was while scouting for a shipload of Chinese foods that the author of *The Rainbow in Blood Alley* visited Macao.

Gerritt J. Lloyd

When JOSEPH PASTERNAK was a wide-eyed lad in Simloul, Silvania, he read Hungarian translations of Nick Carter, and dreamed of adventure in America. At nineteen he felt his dream was coming true when, an immigrant in Philadelphia, he earned $11.50 weekly. Translated into Hungarian, that sum equaled a bank president's salary at home. Working as a cafeteria bus boy he took a ten-week dramatic course and naïvely presented his diploma at the Paramount Studio on Long Island, where he was advised to try the kitchen. He waited tables in the studio restaurant, finally wangled a job as fourth assistant director with Allan Dwan. Five years later, Universal sent him to Europe to produce pictures in Berlin, Vienna and Budapest. On his return to Hollywood, he was assigned to a low-budget picture which he pyramided into a box-office hit—*Three Smart Girls*, which incidentally made Deanna Durbin a star. Since then his road to fame at Universal and, later at M-G-M, has been high, wide and handsomely check-marked. At home in Beverly Hills, he still occasionally reads Nick Carter.

Joseph Pasternak

The Aristocrat of Bonds


KENTUCKY TAVERN
BOTTLED IN BOND
Kentucky Tavern
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY
The PERFECT GOAL
3

The specially designed Killinger Hi-Jacs coasters shown here are a Kentucky Tavern creation and are available in sets of eight at stores everywhere.

Thoughtful hosts, with faultless entertaining as the goal, put Kentucky Tavern on their team. One of the world's great whiskies, this famous bottled-in-bond bourbon is eminently worthy of the high esteem accorded it by the discriminating for three generations.

Glenmore Distilleries Company
Louisville, Kentucky

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON BOTTLED-IN-BOND 100 PROOF

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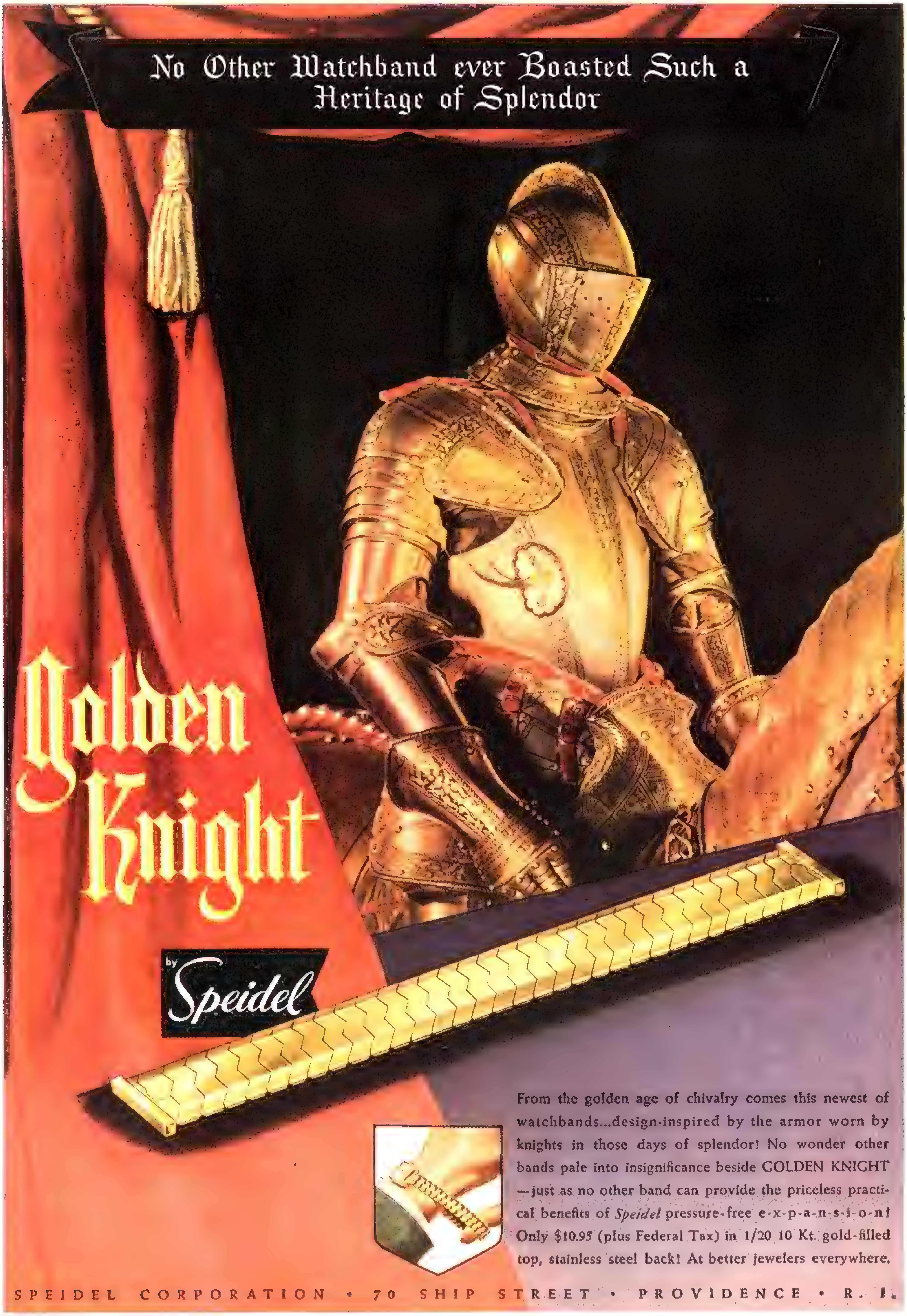
No Other Watchband ever Boasted Such a Heritage of Splendor
Golden Knight
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From the golden age of chivalry comes this newest of watchbands...design-inspired by the armor worn by knights in those days of splendor! No wonder other bands pale into insignificance beside GOLDEN KNIGHT —just as no other band can provide the priceless practical benefits of *Speidel* pressure-free e-x-p-a-n-s-i-o-n! Only $10.95 (plus Federal Tax) in 1/20 10 Kt. gold-filled top, stainless steel back! At better jewelers everywhere.

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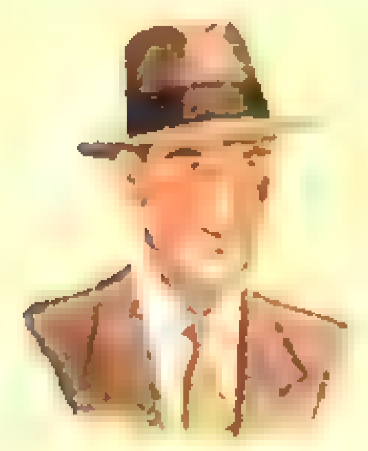
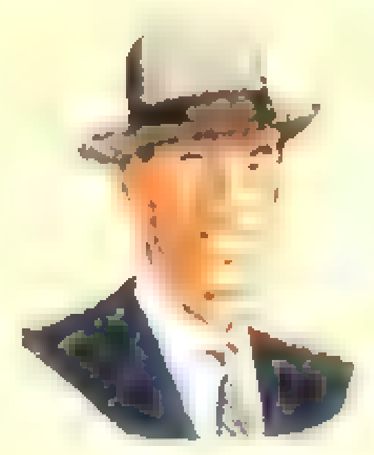
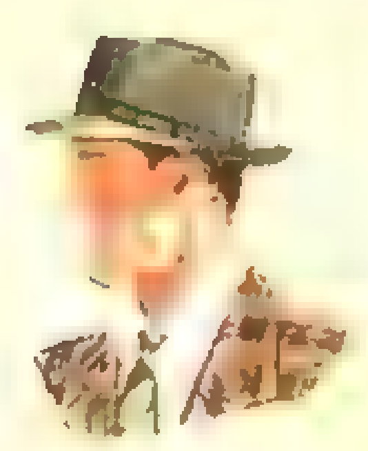
Careful, men . . .
you're being watched!



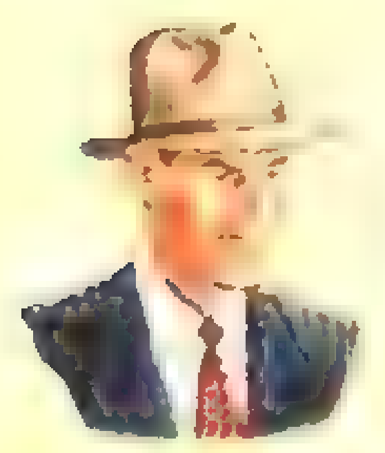
right Brown hat with brown and tan suit is a tasteful blend.



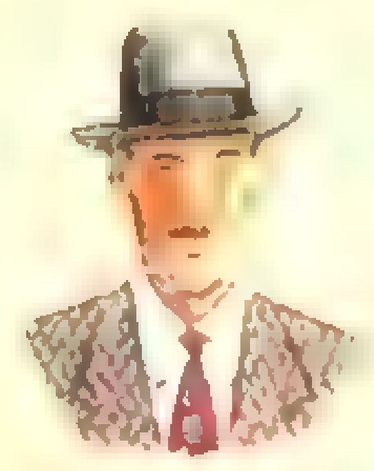
right Grey off-the-face hat is approved for town clothes.



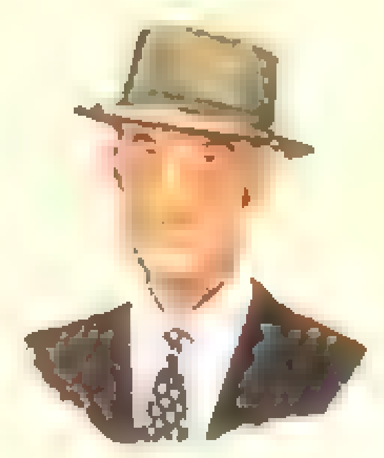
right Casual and sport clothes call for colorful sport hats.



wrong Brown hat shades are off the beam with blue suits.



wrong Grey off-the-face hat with casual suits or tweeds.



wrong Sport hats with town suits give you a mismatched look.

They've got your number . . . and it's the talk of the town! You're first in the best books for business and social occasions, because you're headed for success—and *you look it!* You're on the receiving end of their admiring glances, from the tips of your freshly polished shoes to the smart slant of your fine new hat!

Be sure to top off that successful appearance with the *right* hat . . *shaded* right for your complexion . . . *shaped* right for your face . . . *styled* right for your build! You can't get the wrong number if you let expert fitters help you choose the right hat—at a *Recognized Hatter's*, wherever you see the plaque shown below!

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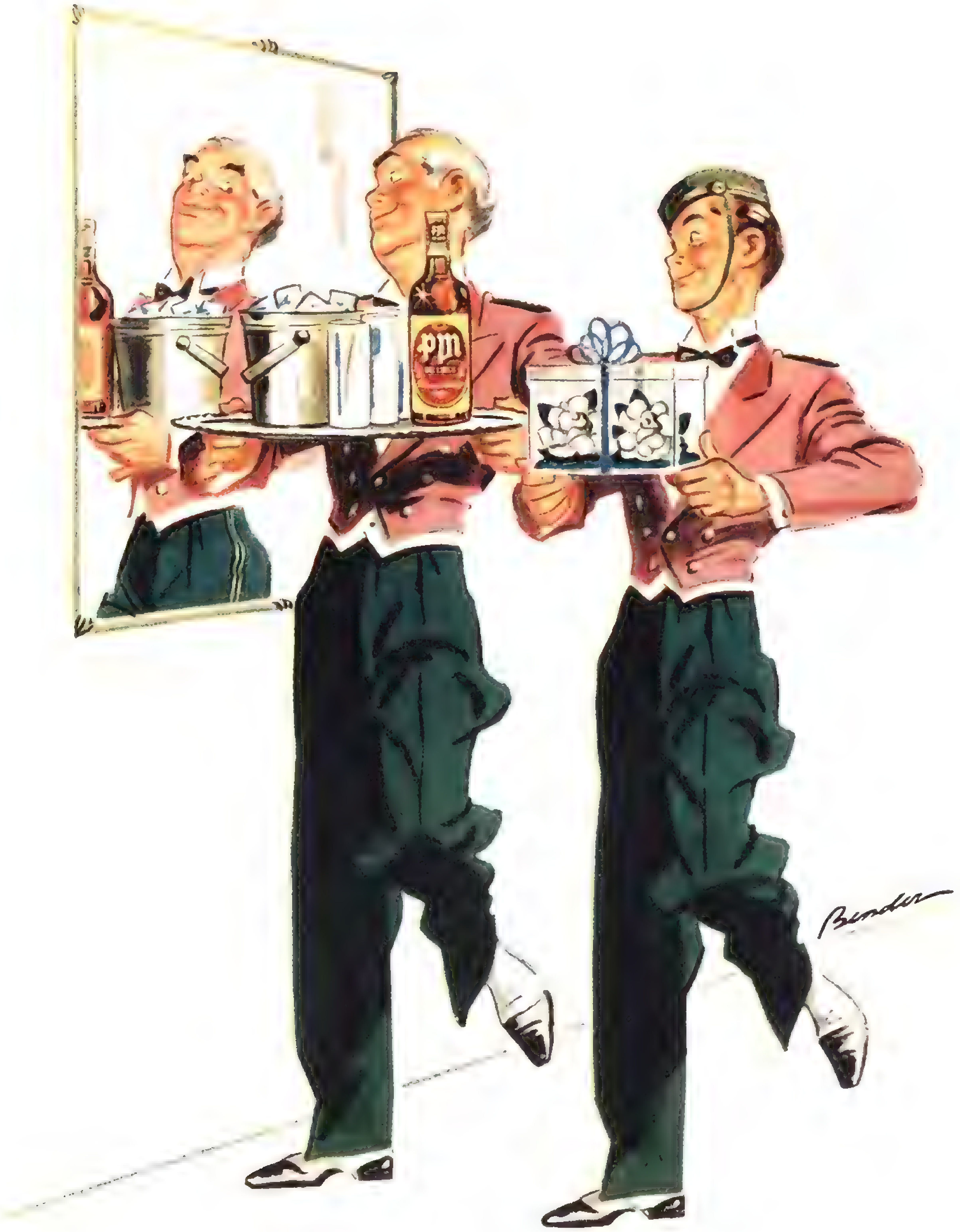
HATTER

This plaque identifies a Recognized Hatter

the right hat makes the right impression



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Here's a quality so smooth it goes well with gardenias . . .
Here's fame so sure it's becoming to hosts . . .
Yea, here's whiskey so mellow
it welcomes the chance
to reflect a good fellow's good taste!

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

What in the World . . .

Brief dissertations on matters of various import, including a Britisher's eye view of Manhattan, the case of the equine mothers, the moonstruck well and what the housewives said to Dr. Gallup

Land of Opportunity

We heard a little story the other day which might explain a lot to people who may be wondering why Jimmy Byrnes and Comrade Molotov don't always agree.

Seems a Russian flyer came to America on a very special mission. When he returned he told a friend about the wonders of the country and about its hospitable people.

"Tovarich," he said, "Americans are the most generous people in the world. You drive around in a limousine—free! You eat in the best restaurants—free! You get all kinds of beautiful clothes—free! You live in a beautiful apartment—free!"

"Boris," said his friend, "all this happened to you?"

"Oh, no," he exclaimed, "not to me! To my sister!"

Solomon

One of our more horsy correspondents tells a true story about those fabulous riders, the Arabs. As the world knows, the Arabs are as proud of their horses as we are of our motorcars, and each Arab tribe has certain grazing grounds for the horses of its tribesmen. Two chieftains took their horses who were in foal to the grazing grounds and returned to the camp site to await the time when the horses would give birth. During the interim they went on one of their hegira, "A holy trip to Mecca." When they returned they hastened to the grazing ground to get their horses and colts. They were surprised to find only one colt that took turns nursing from the two mares. Both chieftains claimed the colt and to settle the matter they told their story to the Shiek, who tried various ways to try to find out the actual mother. He tried leading one mare, and the colt would follow that mare and then chase back and forth between the two. He would lead the colt away and the two mares would follow the colt. Finally the chieftains appealed to an Arabian judge. The judge decided to out-Solomon Solomon. He took the colt and had it thrown in the river. The mother of the colt jumped in after it, while the stepmother ran up and down the bank of the river neighing.

Q. E. D.

George Gallup, the celebrated sample man, recently went off on what he would call an excursion into whimsy, but which we prefer to call perhaps the most solemn quest of his questioning career. His subject: the battle of the sexes.

Gallup found, as might be expected, that American wives have so many faults in the eyes of their husbands that these are matched only by the faults husbands have in the eyes of their wives. Wives, say the husbands, commit the following matrimonial sins in the following rank order: they nag, squander money, keep sloppy homes, chase around of evenings, gossip, suffer from the "gimmes," have too many outside interests, are careless about their appearance, and like to look at other men. All this is old hat to the average adult male, so we'd like to concentrate the balance of this item on the Gallup findings re the faults of husbands.

Now husbands, say the housewives (after filling their lungs with air and raring back to blast), have legions of faults, among which are the following: 1. They drink. Said a middle-aged Detroit wife, "He's always down there drinking with those loafers." (Said a Chicago truck driver, unconsciously touching on the same problem, "Nag, nag, nag—I don't know what she thinks I'm made of, but I swear, she's driving me to drink.")

2. They're thoughtless and unromantic.

3. They're selfish. ("When they're healthy, they want to be kings; when they're sick, they want to be babies. Never saw anything like it.")

4. They're domineering. ("They don't think anybody knows anything but themselves. They think they know all about women.")

5. They're fickle.

6. They're stingy. ("They expect you to run the house on nothing.")

7. They're never home.

8. They take wives for granted.

9. They complain too much. ("My husband always complains about the cooking and the way the house looks . . . My husband sits in a chair and hollers at me.")

10. They gamble and smoke. ("My husband is always dropping cigarette ashes on the rug . . . My husband loses all his money playing poker.")

Thanks, Dr. Gallup. Next time we holler at the wife, we'll stand.

Great Expectations

One of Esky's favorite magazines, the British *Punch*, has taken a leaf from the notebook of the late Charles Dickens, and sometime after that great man's visit to America has sent "An Innocent at Large to find out what is really happening over there."

He seems to be having quite a time: "Some forms of advertising cannot be escaped. But nobody in his senses can object to the Great White Way which makes a memory of Piccadilly—even prewar Piccadilly—shine like a debilitated glowworm in a coal mine. In Times Square a firm of brewers gives a continuous variety program on a huge screen of electric lights. The five-act entertainment ranges from cartoon to photographic strip tease and is much better than the fare at some of the theatres I have visited. But you can't always get a comfortable stand on the sidewalk.

"The other day I saw this sign outside a mortician's:

Elegant Funerals. Reduced Prices. For One Month Only.

"That was the kind of hustle I'd been looking for, and I was truly impressed. But I must reserve my greatest praise for the performance of a soapbox orator near the Rockefeller Center. I stayed on for more than an hour, one of a large audience, but I couldn't make out what he was selling. His patter went right to the follicles of twentieth-century civilization. He told us why America must be strong, why pinching causes cancer, why intelligence tests are phony, why the Brooklyn Dodgers were unlucky and everything else that should go into the next supplement of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. As I left, as inconspicuously as possible, he hurled after me some sound advice about varicose veins. We could do with hucksters like him in Britain."

The superfluity of newsprint, at least in comparison with London's anemic dailies seems to have intrigued him. Commenting on New York papers, for example, "I have no scales handy so I cannot tell you what these monster dailies weigh, but I have conducted a number of experiments with them and the results are impressive. For example, if a paper like the New York *Herald-Tribune* is allowed to accumulate for more than a week in a hotel bedroom, the atmosphere becomes suffocating and free air space falls below the safety regulations. If the New York *Times* is carried under the arm for more than two blocks, the apparent superfluity of bars and drugstores becomes perfectly understandable. If a copy of the *World-Telegram* were dropped from the observation platform (seventieth floor) of the R. C. A. Building to strike a pedestrian even a glancing blow, I wouldn't answer for the consequences."

As for our advertising, "New Yorkers have worked out smart answers to the advertisements problem. If it takes the form of skywriting, they ignore it. The weak-minded are rapidly and permanently removed by the charging hordes of taxis and private cars. To eliminate radio ads needs more skill. On Wednesday I listened to the favorite program of American broadcasting, *Information Please*, with Mr. Fred Allen as guest star. It was very good. My host showed an uncanny sense of timing and by careful and deft manipulation of the switches cut out every commercial plug whether by proclamation or innuendo. I told him that although the B. B. C. does not make use of sponsored items, many people in Britain would envy him his skill. All the same, the constant twiddling was rather upsetting." And finally, "After recording a welcome of incredible warmth, just one word of pique. Almost everywhere I go I am dubbed a European. I get the impression that most New Yorkers deal only in continents, that Britain is too small for separate mention. Oh, yes, I know that Federal Union is a worthy ideal and that we should all think in terms of syllogistic geography, but it hurts a bit. Perhaps we in Britain shouldn't talk about America so much when we mean the U. S. A."

Fairy Story

While walking through the woods, a dainty little eighteen-year-old came to a very narrow footbridge which was suspended above a stream swollen with heavy rains. Fear clutched at her heart, and she hesitated to trust herself to the fragile structure.

"Do not fear, my child," said a deep pleasant voice. "Walk across. I will support you."

She looked, but saw no one. "Who's there?" she cried in alarm.

"It is I, the prince. Come across and join me," said a voice.

She ran trembling across the bridge, but saw no living thing but an ugly frog sitting on a rock.

"I am the prince," said the frog. "A wicked fairy changed me into a frog because I would not marry her daughter. I cannot be myself again until someone picks me up and takes me to her home. Will you, pretty child?"

"Certainly I will take you to my home, dear prince," she said. And she picked up the frog and tucked it under her coat to shelter it from the wind and rain.

When she reached home, she set him on a couch in her bedroom, saying she would care for him until he became the prince again.

The next morning she woke up and there on the couch lay a handsome young man—the prince himself—fast asleep.

But her mother would never believe the story.

Sportsmanship

We are not the ones to carp against hunting as a sport, but of late years the hunters have been making it awfully easy for themselves, and it begins to look as if the cards were pretty well stacked against our wildlife friends, unless some renegade begins to slip the ducks and deer an arsenal with which to fire a few answering shots. Don Stillman's column, *Rod and Gun*, recently carried a description of deer hunting practised in certain coastal waters of North Carolina, which shows the noble nimrods in what Mr. Stillman and we regard as a far from heroic light. According to a report from the news bureau of that state, "down in Plymouth, North Carolina, deer hunters go to sea to get their sport. At the mouth of the Roanoke River are many small islands teeming with deer. Dogs are put upon the islands, and they jump the deer, driving them to the water. Meantime, the hunters occupy 'stands' in outboard motorboats, and the man nearest the swimming deer is entitled to the shot. However, it is unlawful to shoot until the deer has reached land and climbed from the water.*

"And don't think the hunter gets all the breaks on this hunt," continues the report. "After the deer is sighted, he has to crank up his motor and race toward his quarry. If he gets there in time, he has to take his shot from an unstable platform."**

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*damned sporting of them. **too bad.

Free Enterprise

You have all heard the version of the panhandler who wanted twenty cents for a cup of coffee because he was keeping a woman, etc., etc., but now comes the final blow to end them all. Chap we know, a Chicago businessman, was in the habit of contributing regularly to a certain panhandler. Day in and day out he would drop a few coins into the beggar's battered old hat.

One afternoon some months ago, however, he passed the beggar and was surprised to see him leaning against the building and holding a sign that read, "Business going on as usual during alterations."

"Say," he asked the beggar, "what does that mean?"

"Oh," explained the panhandler easily, "I'm having my hat blocked!"

Moonstruck

There's a well on the Alaska Highway whose habits are so intriguing that it promises to become a tourist mecca à la Old Faithful one of these moons. It was originally tapped by the Army Engineers who sunk a shaft 1,400 feet deep and took out enough water to sustain the Blueberry Maintenance Camp on the Alcan during the war. At first, the well functioned as any conservative and faithful well should. Then it went quietly berserk and started flowing with the moon. Now it goes dry when the new moon appears, then begins to yield water slowly day by day until the moon is full, after which it becomes a gusher. Our informant couldn't explain the phenomenon and neither can we. If you'd like to research further into the idiosyncrasies of the well you can do so by mushing up to a locality called Mile 100 in Alaska—and don't forget to carry your own dipper.

County Clare Bunyan

A siege of Samsonesque reminiscence settled over armchair athletes when the papers recently reported that the epic Capt. Patrick J. McDonald—of the weight-throwing, County Clare McDonalds—had retired from New York's finest, at what, for a McDonald, is the callow age of sixty-four. One of the a.c. athletes, Arthur Daley of the New York *Times*, clucked at the good captain for quitting the force while still in his brawness. He did so by chiding the Olympic's greatest heavyweight heaver with his own story, a gem Pat related upon his return from a visit to the old folks in Clare following the 1920 Games at Antwerp. Said Pat on that occasion—and all believers in the Little People will take his word for it:

"When I got to me family cottage, shure, what did I see but a crowd gathered around. They were watching me sainted father pitchin' a fifty-six-pound weight over the roof. 'Twas astounded I was that he'd be heavin' the weight with no one to watch where it fell. 'Bosh, man,' explained me father, 'get along with ye, Pat. Is it not your grandfather I have acatchin' it on the other side and tossin' it back to me?'"

Corpus Delicti

Enough to upset any serious author of horror stories is the irreverent tale we have received which seems to have been culled from something entitled *The Catman's Claws*.

A new groom returned from the church with his bride, led her to a closet and said: "Mary Ann, this house is yours to do with as you please, but in this closet is a hat that belonged to my first wife. I want you to promise never to disturb it."

Mary Ann promised. Several months later she too died, and the widower, undiscouraged by his bad luck, married a third time. Again he led his wife to the closet.

"Marguerite," he said, "in this closet you'll find two hats, one belonging to my first wife and the other to my second wife. Promise me you'll never move them."

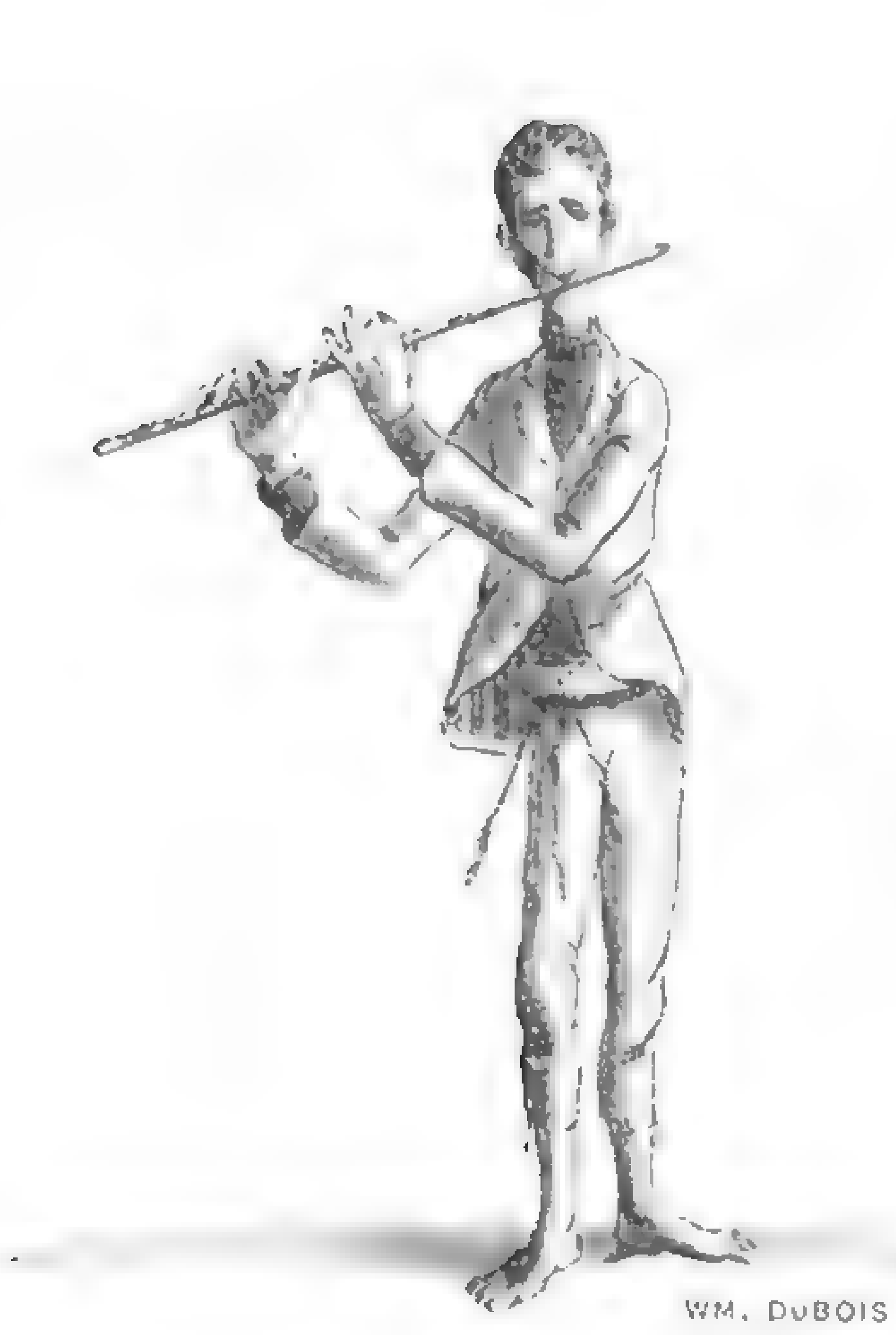
"I promise that," she answered, "but I want you to know one thing: The next hat that goes into that closet will be a derby!"

Card

In Latin American countries professional men use on their cards elaborate degrees and either the title "Doctor" or something still more impressive. Many cards therefore read "Lawyer This" or "Engineer That." But one man who has failed to achieve such distinctions, rather than be outdone by his fellows, has his cards engraved as follows:

Luis Garcia
Subscriber to the New York Times,
Chicago Tribune and The Saturday Evening Post.

Readers are encouraged, even requested, to send in ideas and reactions to the What in the World *editor, Esquire, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11. Contributors will be paid $5 and upwards for anecdotes and editorial musings accepted. Material must be accompanied by source of information. Sorry, but rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.*



The melancholy Welshman haunted the mountain tavern, pouring out his love in a beautiful and frenzied serenade

The Flute Player

by LIAM O'FLAHERTY

A FIERCE blast of icy wind rushed into the tavern room as the door flew open. A newspaper was swept from a man's hand by the near end of the counter and thrust with violence against the legs of another man, who stood farther down with a pint of porter held to his upraised mouth. Hailstones entered with the wind. They rattled against a small partition that jutted from the wall in front of the door. A paraffin lamp, hanging from the tall ceiling by a chain, flickered and almost went out. Then a cloud of smoke billowed upwards through the narrow chimney.

"Shut that bloody door before we perish," a drunken man shouted from the far end of the room.

Colonel Matt Lynam, who owned the big house down by the lake in the glen, entered through the gale of wind. He was a large man, with a fat face that was completely red. He wore a heavy brown overcoat, a tweed cap and field boots that were splashed with mud right up to his knees. He carried a gun and a gamebag slung over his shoulders.

"Come on, Jack," he shouted through the open door.

Doctor Jack O'Brien, a Dublin physician staying with the colonel at Kilcolman House for a week's shooting, ran headfirst into the room.

"Here I come," he gasped. "All that's left of me."

He was a thin little man with a sickly face, dressed almost exactly like the colonel. He looked exhausted.

"Put your shoulder to this door with me, Jack," the colonel said.

The two men had to lean with their whole weight against the door before they could set the latch. Then they put their gear by the wall and walked up to the counter, slapping their gloved hands under their armpits.

"Wild night, gentlemen," said Josey Hynes, the tavern keeper.

"That's no lie," the colonel said. "Give us a couple of stiff ones."

"Wild?" Dr. O'Brien said. "Man alive! It would perish the Danes."

The drunken man at the far end of the room again shouted in an insolent tone.

"Strike it up there, Jones," he cried. "Give us a hearty one."

He was addressing a ragged flute player who stood by the rear wall of the room, near a grate in which a large turf fire was burning.

"Give us *The Bard of Armagh*, Jones," shouted another customer.

Several men asked for *The Bard of Armagh* to be played.

"Very well, then," the flute player said in a dignified tone.

He glanced toward Colonel Lynam. Then he rubbed his palms together, shrugged his shoulders in the manner of the habitual drunkard and put the flute to his lips. He began to play with great skill and delicacy.

"That's the boy, Jones," the drunken man shouted. "You take the sway from all the greatest flute players in the world. More power to you."

The flute player was tall and slender. He had a finely shaped head and long tapering limbs that gave his whole body an air of good breeding. He was about forty years of age. In spite of the intense cold, he wore hardly any clothes worth the name. His feet were bare, except for the quantity of mud that had dried on them. His trousers were just a succession of ragged patches. They only reached halfway down his shins. They were held at the waist by means of a rude cord. His jacket was just as ragged as his trousers. It was too small for him and there was only one button in front. He wore nothing beneath it. His bare skin was visible above and below the straining button.

"There he is playing over there," the colonel whispered to Dr. O'Brien, after they had finished their first round of drinks and ordered another one. "I can hardly bear to look at him."

The doctor stared in silence at the flute player for a little while.

"He looks pretty far gone," he said at length.

"He plays as well as ever," the colonel said. "The man is a genius."

"I wasn't referring to his music," the doctor said. "He looks a complete wreck."

"Never mind his appearance," the colonel said. "If he could only put that woman out of his head, he'd recover in no time at all."

"You really think so?" O'Brien said. "To me he looks like a confirmed drunkard."

"Not at all," said the colonel. "He's in love. That's his trouble."

A look of rapture spread over the colonel's fat face as he listened to the music for a few moments, with his head turned a little to one side. Then he looked again at the doctor.

"What a tragedy!" he said. "He can make that flute speak. Ah! You should have heard him play for me at Kilcolman. It was Paradise while I had him there playing for me. Especially during the long winter evenings."

He glanced at the flute player and his face clouded with anger.

"The damn fool!" he muttered.

"Poor devil!" the doctor said. "How does he manage to keep alive in weather like this? He's almost naked."

"Love keeps him alive," the colonel said in a somber tone.

"How do you mean?" asked the doctor.

"Love drove him out of his mind," said the colonel. "It drove him from Kilcolman House up to this wild mountain tavern. It made him sleep in a miserable stone hut that is practically wide open to the sky, out there in a rocky field by the roadside, with no more clothes on him than a wild animal. Love made a drunkard of him, too. Yet it now keeps him alive. It holds him prisoner and it has him doomed to death. Yet it keeps him alive, in order to torture him slowly. Oh! Man alive, love is a terrible and deadly disease."

Dr. O'Brien looked at the colonel with suspicion.

"Really?" he said. "You believe that, Colonel?"

"The madness of love," said the colonel, with deep conviction in his voice, "gives miraculous power to its victims, even while it is destroying them."

He shrugged his shoulders, picked up the fresh drink that had been put before him on the counter and swore under his breath. He clinked glasses with O'Brien and tossed back the whiskey.

"I'll have another shot at him, in any case," he added. "I'll try for the last time to bring him home with me."

"Unless I'm mistaken," the doctor said, "he won't listen to you."

"No harm in trying."

"You'll be (*Continued on page 127*)

INCOME TAX
DEDINI

An unacademic dissertation on anatomy offering hope to curve-starved males

The Female Form—and What of It

by THOMAS R. CARSKADON

FAULKNER

THE babes are wearing hips this season. Maybe you have noticed it; maybe you haven't. But you can bet your bottom dollar—what am I saying!!!—the babes themselves know all about it.

We've got a big subject here. Nothing less than the female figure and what it is made of, how it is molded and what it means. Maybe, too, we can learn something of the male carcass in all its lordly magnificence.

Styles in these matters change. If we are to believe the record writ in marble, the youth of ancient Athens panted after a model considerably more buxom than the high-style gal of today. In our own more recent Roaring Twenties, the flapper ideal was strictly nonesuch. Her boyish form was deprived alike of bust, waist and hips, but, boy, did she have the knees! Titian, in his ninety-nine years of life, painted nudes of truly oriental fire; Botticelli's gals had long, curving thighs; Rubens liked' em big and chesty; the Victorians sighed over Mimi, Violetta and pale, consumptive wraiths; and our own dear babes today are wearing hips.

What goes on here? Does the female body really change in basic form? Or is it all done with mirrors? Our babe, who simply follows fashion's current dictate, refuses to answer.

So we turn to the scientists. You'd be surprised how many serious, conscientious studies have been made of these matters. And what fun the boys must have had doing their laboratory work.

First off, it is a definite fact that the American woman is growing taller. So is the American man, for that matter. All studies agree on this. Particularly good records have been kept for a group of women's colleges in the Northeast. Figures compiled by Dr. Gordon T. Bowles show that the average college mother around 1890 nourished a figure on fudge and the chafing dish that added up to five feet, three and one-half inches tall and carried 120½ pounds, bicycling weight. By the time her daughter set out for college in 1920 to learn about F. Scott Fitzgerald and the hip flask, the second generation was better than a full inch taller and four pounds heavier.

Perhaps you are even more interested in how this height and weight were distributed. Light comes from Dr. Harry L. Shapiro, Chairman of the Department of Anthropology of the American Museum of Natural History, who comments on these statistics in his paper on *Americans—Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow*. The good doctor points out that as the girls have gone up in height and weight, they have added about an inch and a half around the waist and less than a half inch around the hips. Then he gets down to cases: "The daughters also seem better developed in other ways, too. They have chests that are an inch greater in circumference and are capable of greater expansion. Their arms are slightly larger in girth, presumably being more muscular."

All this adds up to what your own senses have so pleasantly told you. Today's girl is taller, healthier and a bit huskier than the girls of a generation or so ago. Freed from the crippling corset and encouraged to go in for sports, she can breathe more deeply, her muscles are better developed, and she can ride, drive, dance and swim better.

Meanwhile we males—I'll say characteristically!—have been doing even better. Dr. Bowles' figures show that the Harvard father around 1890 averaged five feet eight and one-half inches tall and weighed 140 pounds. The Harvard son in 1920 was an inch and a half taller, ten pounds heavier, had broader shoulders and thicker arms.

Nice going for the boys and girls of the good old U.S.A. Before we crow too much, however, we should realize that similar trends have been noted in widely scattered parts of the globe. Japan, France, Hawaii, Germany, Sweden, New Zealand and Italy are among the points heard from. Apparently the human race is growing taller! Scientists are wary of assigning a cause for this. Better nutrition, improved health standards and medical care obviously have something to do with it. But there are contradictions. In World War I, for example, some of our tallest American recruits came from southern mountain regions where diet and health standards are among the lowest in the country.

Experts are inclined to say human beings as a whole seem to be growing taller and let it go at that. Maybe it's the upswing of a cycle, maybe it's the machine age gradually releasing us from physical drudgery, maybe it's better food and health care—maybe it's all these things and more. Dr. Shapiro assures us that the process won't go on indefinitely, however. He cites evidence from Mills that already it may be leveling off in America. I take comfort from this. I couldn't quite picture a Miss America contest in 2046, with the winner a coy little bundle about six feet seven inches tall.

Probably someone would love her, at that. The capacity of the human male to yen and yearn passeth all understanding. 'Tis well this is so, for no matter how fixed and pleasant may be the statistical averages, the individual female continues to come in almost limitless variety of sizes, shapes, colors and flavors.

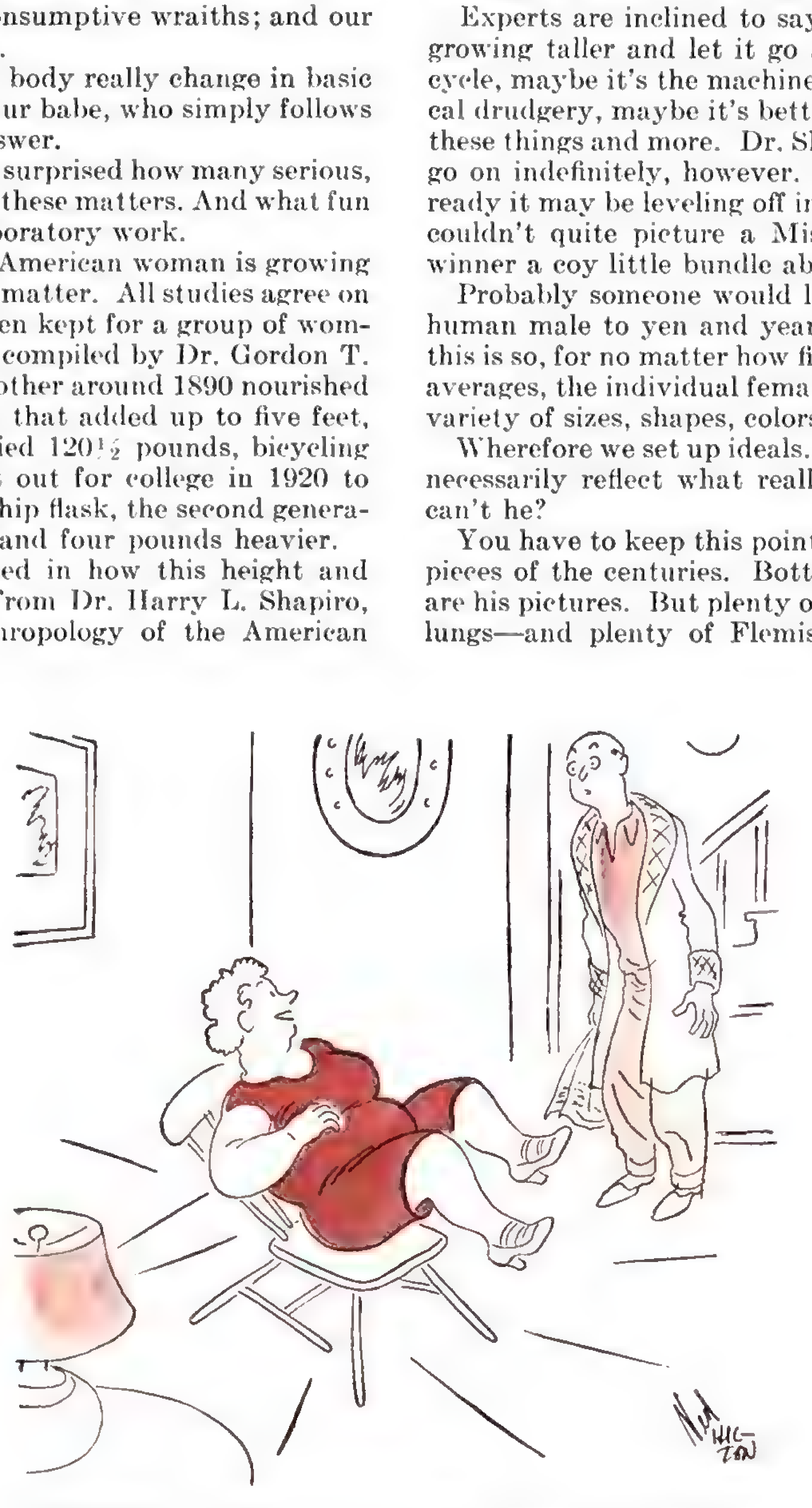
Wherefore we set up ideals. In our age or any other age they don't necessarily reflect what really exists—but hell, a guy can dream, can't he?

You have to keep this point in mind in considering the art masterpieces of the centuries. Botticelli's model was consumptive and so are his pictures. But plenty of girls in Italy at that time had healthy lungs—and plenty of Flemish girls were slimmer than the hefty model that Rubens painted. Turn-of-the-century American girls were actually of rather modest dimensions at a time when Charles Dana Gibson's Amazons were striding the pages of the fashionable magazines. Phryne, she of the golden-yellow body, was mistress of Praxiteles in ancient Greece and model for his sculptured masterpiece, the Aphrodite of Cnidus. Undoubtedly, farther down her street were dumpy girls, gawky girls and others all too human. The artist, as he sees it, gives us not necessarily reality but the vision that may have caught his fancy, inspired his dreams or even shared his bed.

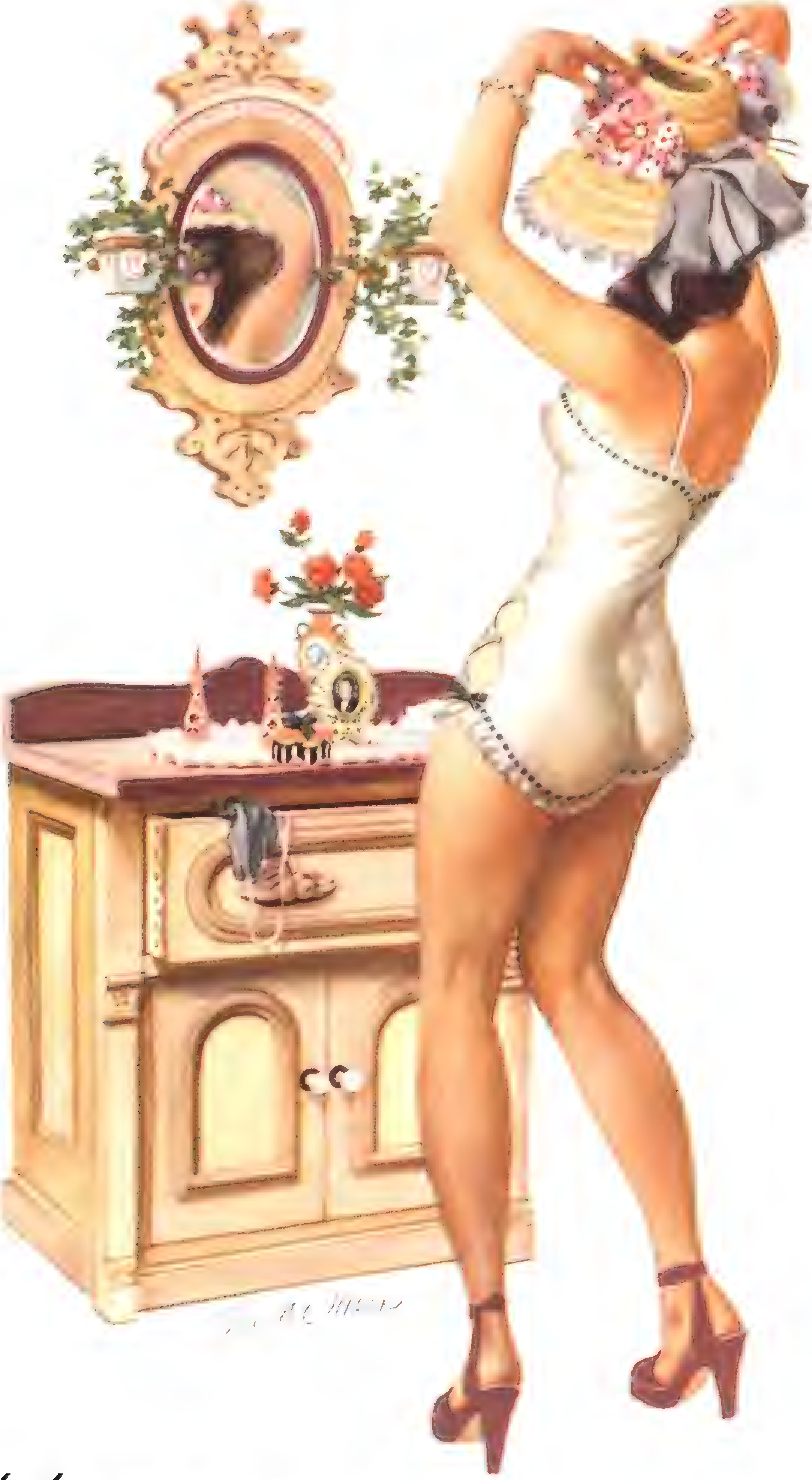
So, in ages ancient, middle and modern, has the female body been honored. It is all the more remarkable, too, when you consider the bony framework on which this wondrous structure is built.

Outstanding items of the female skeleton are the relatively narrow shoulders and the wide pelvis. I mention bones because the scientists pre-

(*Continued on page 130*)

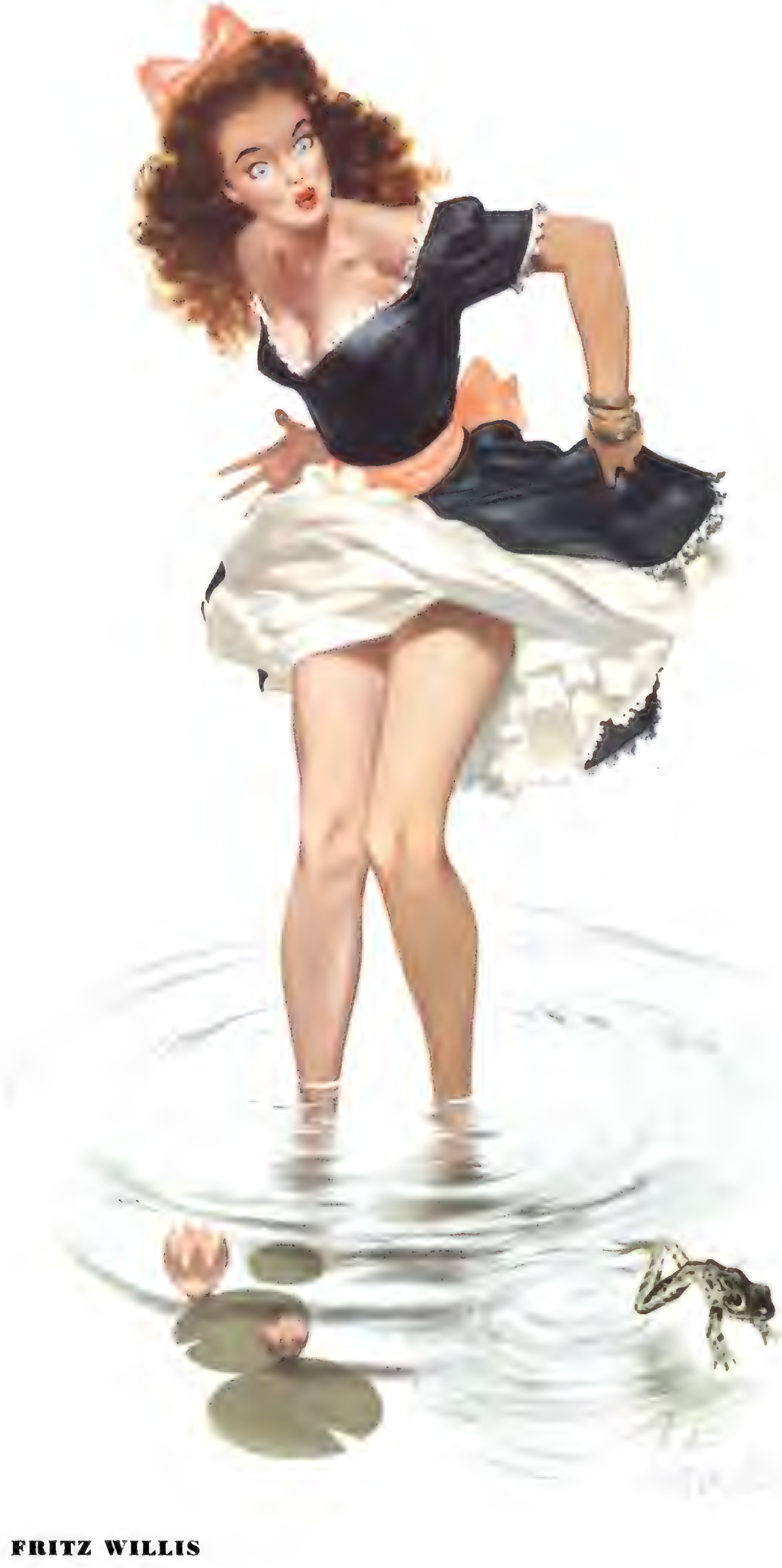


"I simply made up my mind to show this antique chair that I wasn't afraid of it"



Etude by JOE DE MERS

Were it not for certain charming anachronisms, you could almost say that this lovely brown study had dropped right out of the century's turn. The washstand with its fancily feminine appointments, the rococo mirror with its teasing half-glimpse of demure features, the flowered and ribboned picture bonnet—all these are happy souvenirs of yesterday. But back in the nineties (variously remembered as gay, naughty and nice—Nelly) the mirror would be flanked by candles instead of ivy and a lady's chemise was a sail-sized garment, deceptively designed. Further, yesterday's belle deemed swooning more romantic than sunshine, and her skin shone lily-pale rather than golden brown. Looking the picture over, we'll cast our vote for today. All in favor?



Crisis by FRITZ WILLIS

Gentlemen should be pleased at this predicament of Fritz Willis' dainty Esquire Girl. Ferrying planes across the Atlantic, stealing advertising's plums by sheer brilliance (sometimes spelled "looks") and other predatory gestures on the part of the female have ruffled the male to such an extent that betimes he forgets the miraculous powers of a frog or mouse to frighten the dynamic creature who seems to be taking over the rest of the world. The frog, it must be confessed, seems to be a bit upset over it all, too, and quite stupid he is. If sitting on a lily pad and going gur-runk would bring such a dainty morsel tiptoeing across the pond to us, that's where we'd stay all day, webbed feet dangling expectantly.

FLETCHER MARTIN

In the Navy an order is an order even if it means sitting out the war as Robinson Crusoe

The Belated Return of Seaman Simms

by JOSEPH E. SHANER

Miss Taffy Sunderland, 14 Raleigh Road, Laramie, Wyoming. Dearest Taffy . . . You do not know me and I hope you do not think me a smart-aleck fresh sailor who is trying to get fresh with you or some other nice girl just because he owns a sailor's uniform. Not me. I am not that kind of fellow, even although right now I might be excused a pack of wolf howls every moonlight for three consecutive straight weeks in a row. And loud.

Anyhow, on account of you I am on this coconut boat, due to the picture (ee-yow) of you in your bathing (ee-yow) suit telling me I should head for home, even although not carrying out in full all my duties as consigned to a seaman, second class, U. S. N. (Navy) R. (Reserve).

I know this all may sound mixed up coming to you from a strange fellow in the Arafura Sea heading toward Darwin in a coconut boat, but I got to get word out right now. Otherwise, the dizzy Navy (U. S.) might hold me intercommunicado and also wouldn't let me talk or write to anyone, even a chaplain whose heart I could break. I may need an Emily Zola like Paul Muni when he went to France and freed that what's-his-name in the Dreyfus Case, and it might as well be the girl I am going to marry, that is, if and when they ever let me out of Portsmouth and if she waits for me.

I just found out that the war is over. Confidentially, I am sore at the Navy for this, and plenty, because it is supposed to be a tradition in this outfit to pass the word ever since John Paul Jones came out of Annapolis, Maryland. Instead, what happens: I get the word that the MacArthurs set up housekeeping in Tokyo only after they must have already wore out three rugs, and then it's a Dutchman peddling copra who tells me.

This Dutchman is Koppenhaver, captain of the ship, and a swell egg feeding me at his own table. He told me the Japs yelled Uncle when us Yanks thought up a new twist called the Adam bomb, which he inferred packs a bit of a punch. I mean to tell you, darling (I hope you do not consider me brash for being familiar), I was glad to get the news, only I almost didn't leave the island because of difficulties implicating me and the U. S. Navy Courts and Boards.

Let me tell you though that I am not exactly a low I.Q. I was rather kind of suspicious for some time the Navy must have forgot me on guard over its Christmas (1944) mail sacks, so I put up a mildewed T-shirt on the top of a water mahogany, hoping somebody would see it and come in and give me the latest scuttlebutt. I had it up for about a month before Captain Koppenhaver saw it and hove to with his coconut boat and came in in a rowboat.

He was the most surprised man. When I told him I'd been living alone on the island since June, 1945, with this mail, his mouth fell open and he said, "No!" I corrected him right away. I said, "Yes." "Impossible!" he replied. I shook my head to think that the captain of a full-fledged ship could be so dense. I said real sweet-like, "Captain, just you look around; I'm here, ain't I?" He said, "But, but—the ships all went back to the United States. The soldiers and sailors were discharged from the service."

I croaked kind of amazed, "What did you say, Captain?"

Well, darling, they must have picked me up and laid me in my sack, because there's where I was when I came to. The captain was splashing water in my face. "You come out to the ship and we'll take you along to Australia," he said. I wagged my head to say okay and then it went dark again. When I came out of that one I had to tell him I was sorry, but I couldn't make it.

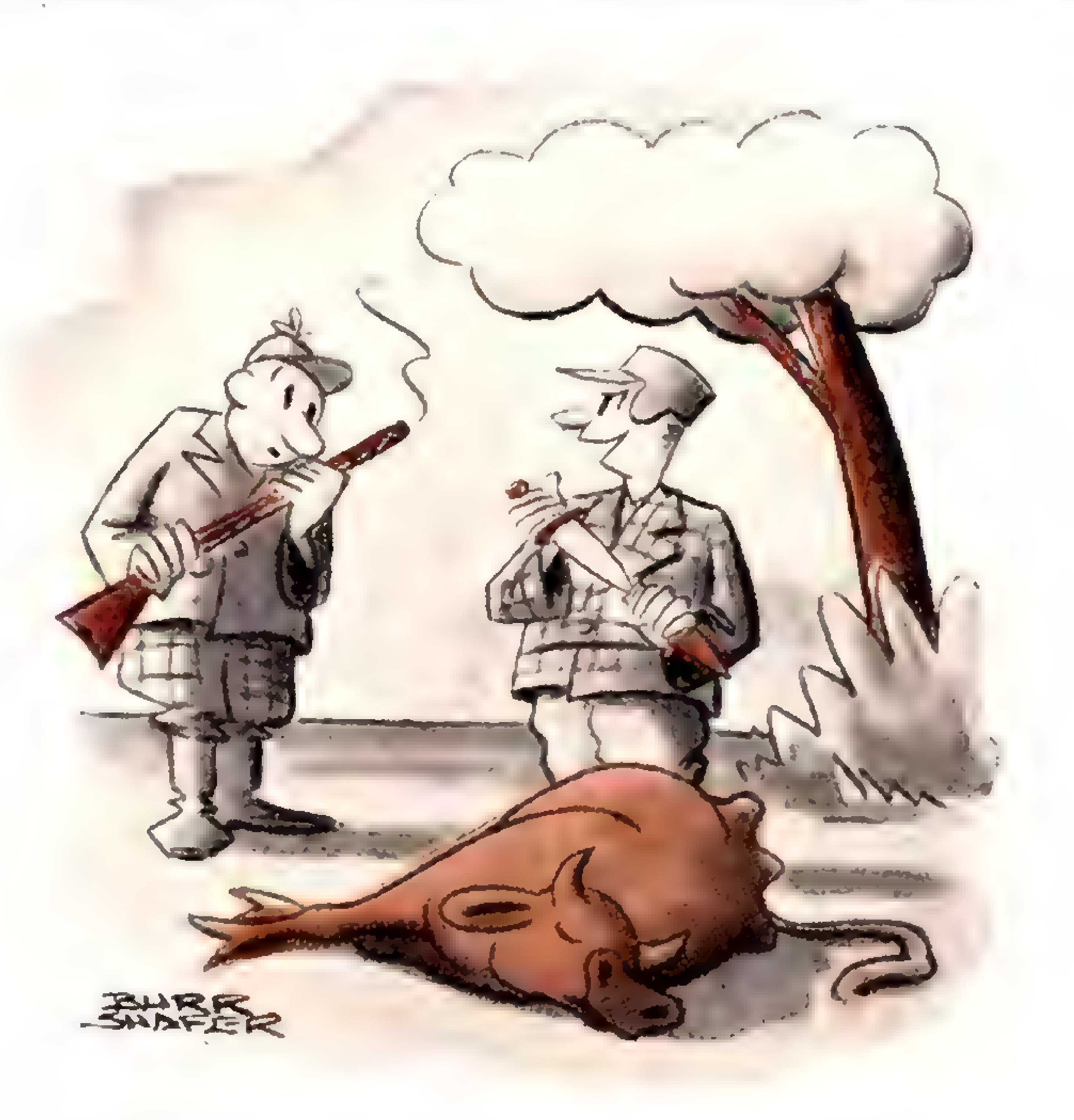
You'll probably wonder why I would not right off depart, but orders is orders, which lesson I learned the hard school of experience U. S. Navy way. A pursual of my G.I. career will show you the Navy don't take its orders lightly, like when a punk coxswain from Nevada who never saw the sea yelled out in boot camp to hit the deck. I leaned out of my sack and started pounding the floor with my fists. Oh, baby! I got two weeks in the galley for that one. Ha, ha.

Next thing you know I was wearing down my brogans doing guard duty at the Brooklyn (New York) Navy Yard. The Navy is afraid of contaminating anyone a sailor talks to, I guess, and I didn't wag my tongue a half hitch, that is, until a slim redhead with curves asked me what my job in the war was. (This was before your time and so don't worry about me being a Romeo any more as I'm reformed.) What should happen but a high and mighty ensign popped up just then and put me on report

After serving the extra duty reposed on me at mast, I went out to see that girl (remember what I said that I'm not that kind of a jerk chasing females any more), and she lived in Yonkers. A girl from that burg can stay up longer and make less progress with a fellow, even if he is a sailor, than anywhere else in the world. When I got back I was so sleepy I could hardly stand and what do they do but put a rifle in my hands and tell me to go out there and guard those battlewagons from harm.

I fell asleep, in which condition I was when they found me. I am certainly glad you have never had a Navy Court-Martial, especially ashore in the States where they have plenty of time to argue and enough yeomen around ducking sea duty to type it up. Luckily for me, I got a lieutenant, junior grade, who was a lawyer, to defend me. He did a great job and got me off without being shot, although they did turn around the next week and send me out here to the Pacific and many a time I wished I'd have been shot instead.

Once they had screened me on the ship I was consigned to and found out the thing I didn't know anything at all about was small boats, I was put on the crew of the captain's gig. Somehow or another (it was in the Tacloban harbor and I'll never forget Tacloban as long as I live), the captain missed his footing and fell off the gangplank into the water, instead of into the gig, which he intended getting into. The coxswain at the minute was teaching me how to hold the gig hard up against the gang without scratching her paint off, and I had the wheel. Mind you, I did not laugh once or anything, even although that captain sure looked funny spluttering and yelling in the water, but I was yanked off that job and given every dirty detail that even Captain Bligh couldn't of thought up. That is (*Continued on page 167*)



"It was a most regrettable accident, Forgens, but let us make the best of it"

A student of the ungentle art of snoring analyzes man's cruelest nocturnal habit

Sonata of Sound Sleepers

by HERB GRAFFIS

The snore is the snarling stepchild of sleep. No poet or historian, as far as search of dictionaries of quotations can determine, ever has written a kind word about snoring. The slumber-murdering rataplan seems to be in deeper disrepute than any of the loathsome diseases to which man is unlucky heir. Yet snoring is merely sleeping out loud and as innocent as anything possibly could be.

Oft in the otherwise stilly night the snore has been the knell of romance. The stars shook over the silvery Nile as Cleopatra, that beauteous blazing redhead, propped herself on an elbow and listened to comfortably exhausted Caesar, then to Antony, roaring and rattling in their noisy rest. Wrecked completely were her sweet thoughts of the crushing embraces, the burning vows, of the traveling men who dropped in to visit Auletes' daughter. She probably hankered for a hungry asp to chuck into the mouth of the slumbering playmate.

Those Roman noses of her gentlemen friends were noble instruments for snoring, but not more so than the aquiline or the pug, so medical science tells us since doctors have begun to devote expert efforts to the reduction of snoring and, consequently, to the assurance of sleep to sufferers who have been condemned by a malign fate to be nocturnal consorts of snorers.

Considerable prior scientific endeavor concerned with the promotion of sleep has been given to mattresses, due to the constant hunt of mattress advertisers for enchanting copy themes. But what would be the good to you of a mattress as tender as an angel's breast if a snorer beat you to it and upon making a landing immediately fell into a deafening slumber that denied you equally blissful oblivion?

It was the war which gave impetus to the long delayed march of science on the snoring problem. Men who were compelled to occupy the same barracks, ship's quarters, or other sleeping areas with thundering snorers soon got to the psychoneurotic stage where drastic corrective measures became imperative. There were cases of isolating the persistently violent snorers. Only in this manner could the comrades-in-arms of the helplessly guilty get necessary rest.

In the routine of civilian life, clamorous sleepers were shunned and accursed as a handicap to wartime production. Now, with the housing shortage compelling many citizens to sleep practically spoon-fashion in sharing whatever shelter is available, snoring is of far more concern to troubled millions than inflation, the nation's foreign policy, or the voting record of congressmen. After a good night's sleep the common man can tackle almost any problem with a degree of confidence, but who is able to sleep with a snorer ripping apart all nerves in the neighborhood except his own? Or her own? The female of the species can snort as mean a snore as the male.

The sound volume of snores has been measured. The Committee on Health and Public Instruction of the State Medical Society of Wisconsin reports "it has been discovered that the average snore creates as much noise as a busy office or an old automobile." What the "average" snore is the Wisconsin M.D.s do not state.

The average for some snorers is not strong in volume but it is psychologically piercing, beginning with a lilting tremolo and ending in a sudden sharp slap of a percussion instrument concealed somewhere in the throat, schnoz or sinus. Each movement of the snorer's opus is of uncertain length so the hearers wince apprehensively in the waiting-for-the-other-shoe-to-drop state of taut nerves.

Other snorers hit an average that is emphatic in timbre and monotonously steady. These are the ones who give their most interesting and destructive performances on Pullmans. Because of a marvelous gift of timing they interject their snores between the clicks of the wheels, making each snore a distinct and impressive production. By remaining awake and listening attentively you will be intrigued by the perfectly synchronized job done in pacing the snore tempo to the speed of the train. Remaining awake for this study involves no strain. The hell of it is trying to get to sleep.

The Wisconsin bulletin advises, "Only one out of ten snorers knows he has the habit, although often he is awakened by the thunder of his own rumblings." There is the implication again that snoring is a male monopoly, or a discreet reminder that scientists do not sleep co-educationally. Or maybe an alibi; how can you know?

The statement about not one out of ten snorers being aware of having the habit is questionable. Snoring, unlike other familiar defects, is not something your best friend won't mention. The snorer's "thunder of his own rumblings" is subject to frequent public protest by those whose slumbers have been made null and void by the resounding din of the offender in rest he alone has enjoyed.

The Wisconsin medics, in their news letter, say "snoring is breathing with a peculiar rough noise in the sleep, which is due to vibrations of the soft palate and uvula." Laymen who have slept around somewhat, or attempted to sleep but have been defeated by snorers, will accept the definition in lieu of any better description. But all snoring is neither peculiar nor rough. Some snoring is rather smooth and rippling like the babbling brook and is annoying because, also like a brook, it threatens to go on forever and about 4 a.m. ceases to charm the listener.

Experts differ on the major classifications of snores. But despite the difficulty of determining exact categories and failure to agree on terminology, snores mainly are of the following species:

The Wagnerian. This has magnificent moments for bass and baritone snorers, expecially the scene in which Donner, the god of thunder, challenges Wotan to a bowling match with balls having 37 uneven sides, weighing 93 pounds, to be rolled along a tin roof at pins molded of TNT. The challenge is accepted and the game is rolled on the roof of the *Nibelungfabrikfurboilergemaking.* The minstrel knights and the Valkyries root for the contestants by uttering loud rooting gutturals. Brünnhilde, who works in a laundry across the street from the *Nibelungfabrikfurboilergemaking,* rushes into the act

"Well, what is it this time—fender or new hat?"

with a shrieking aria, *Mein Lung Ist in der Wringer Gekauten.* This brings the Wagnerian snore to a dramatic and clamorous climax simultaneous with the matutinal counterpoint of the alarm clock.

Statistics disclose that Wagnerian snoring, financial trouble and misbehaving women account for 73 per cent of the mental unbalance of the American civilian populace.

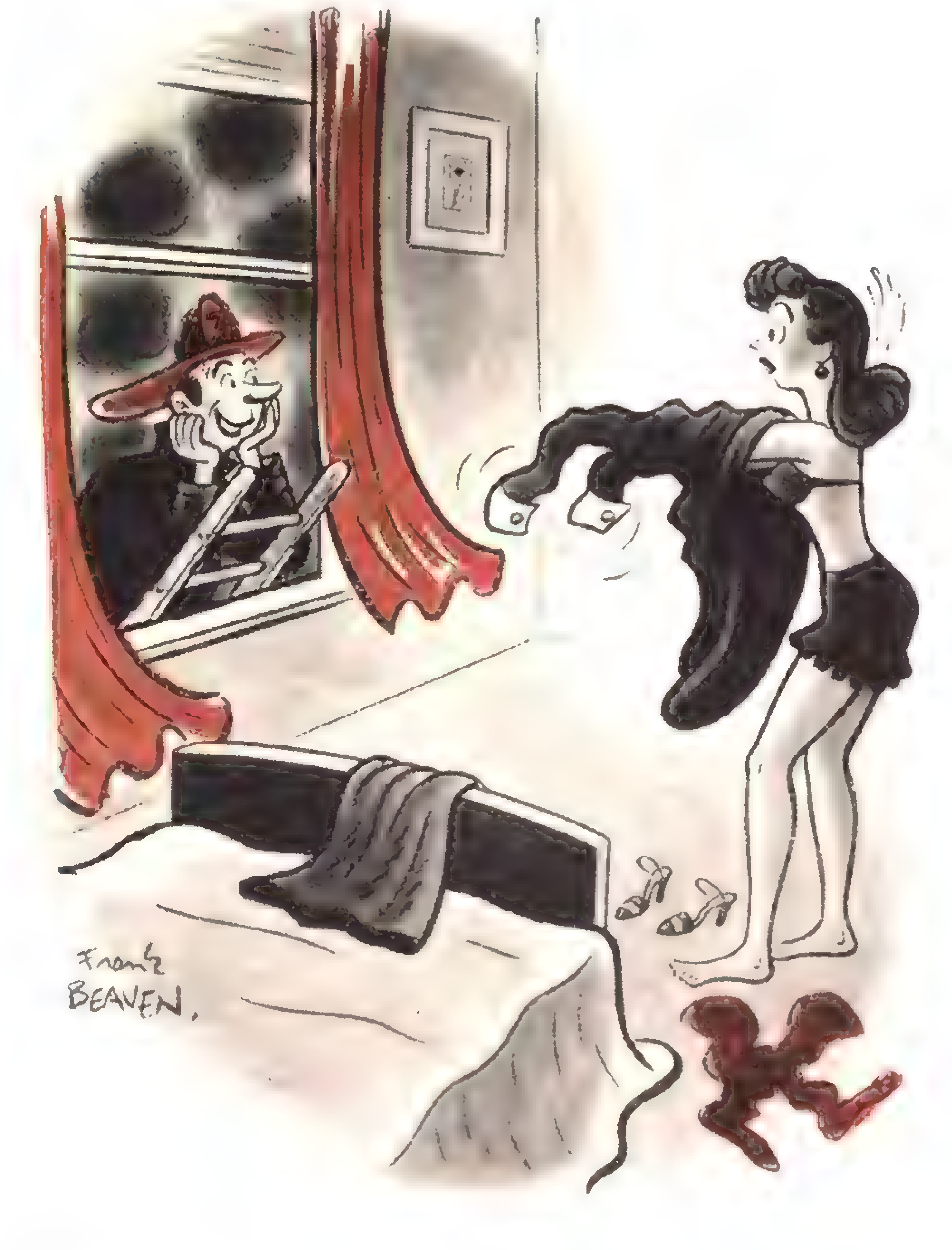
The Lumber Camp Concerto. This is a quite common type of snore. It has robust qualities but does not demand the virtuoso technique of the Wagnerian performers. The overture is a brisk movement simulating lumberjacks sipping soup. Although the motif is unmistakably North Country, there are a few bars interpolated to give the effect of a buck and wing dance in wooden shoes. The snore of this category has a majestic moment when the listening student feels moved to cry "timber" and flee the vicinity of a toppling monarch of the forest. After the resounding crash of the giant tree, the snore proceeds to the sawmill part in which there are interesting exercises in cutting with and against the grain, grinding through knots, and introducing a humorous note when a sawmill toiler bends over to tie his shoe and backs into a buzz saw. The listener, in hearing this detail of the recital, reflects that it is a great pity the buzz saw is not whirling against the windpipe of the snoring artist.

The Lark at Dawn. This snore is featured by many gay and quavering runs. It is not as vigorous as many snores but is a good dependable endurance snore. The aptness of the snore's label is easily confirmed in lark country by the listener, as he is a cinch to be kept awake until the lark leaves its nest at daybreak, stretches on a limb and begins to carol in a joy the listener does not share.

There are delightful little tremolo passages in The Lark at Dawn snore patterned after the sound when our feathered friend is gargling a worm. This type of snore is favored by female snorers, although it lends itself readily to mixed or choral snoring and because of its incisive quality is not overwhelmed by stentorian snores.

In this snore there are harplike snatches that must be snored with emphatic bravura and the discriminating listener will find that many he has regarded as sublime in snoring artistry cannot successfully negotiate the testing embellishments. They mar the performance by a muffled sneeze which originates s. by s.w. of the duodenum and bubbles sourly to the surface.

In such cases it is not at all badmannered for the critic to awaken the snorer—which is done by tapping firmly on the snorer's brow with an ax kept at the bedside for such purpose—and requesting that the performer again try the difficult passages. This the snorer will do without resenting the interruption. As a matter of fact it is almost impossible to make the Lark at Dawn snorer conscious of any interruption as he, or she, will resume firing within a very few minutes after any and every anguished protest or polite criticism.


Frank BEAVEN.

"Take your time, lady—the fire's on the first floor"

The Senatorial Snore. This is one of the most impressive of all snores to the uncritical listener, but the truth of it is that it consists entirely of the bass *do* of the scale, snored fortissimo. Practiced inflections can make this snore point with pride or view with alarm to the ears of the inexpert listener, but there really is not much to it except strenuous vibration of the soft palate and uvula, which, as the Wisconsin authorities noted, constitute the keyboard for the majority of snorers.

The soft palate is the fluttering membranous and muscular curtain at the back of the mouth, which hangs down toward the estuary of the windpipe. The uvula is a little knob which droops from the soft palate toward the root of the tongue. Having a low A sharp soft palate and an A flat uvula makes much snoring inartistic.

The true senatorial snore is a combination of *do, mi* repeated throughout the session. In stately cadence and full of sound, fury and dignity, it signifies only a lusty workout for resonant organs.

The Batting Practice Snore. This is one of the most common and least entertaining of all snores. The snorer merely tosses a small note, somewhat resembling the toot of a dwarf bassoon, into the air and then whacks it with a mighty snort into the deep outfield.

The Charge of the Light Brigade Snore. This is a fine old-fashioned number which once was chamber music for the libraries at our better clubs. It is at best when the high notes rise to the top through a tranquil sea of Scotch whisky. These were distinguished snores in which "cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them, cannon in front of them, volleyed and thundered," when the venerable blokes snoozed prior to prevailing tax legislation. This class of snoring has been condemned by the PAC but it probably will not become extinct as a fine example of daytime snoring due to the rapid development of a new class of daytime snorers subsidized by the government's "rocking chair" money. These snoring newcomers show bright promise, having been born tired and grow lazier with each breath.

The "Tote that Bale" Snore. At the opposite end of the scale from the Light Brigade snore is the snore of the heavily laden, not infrequently snoring under the load of strong beverages. This is a cross between the groan of a soul in torment and the agonized whinny of a draft horse up to its belly in quicksand.

This snore is at its mightiest when operated on high octane garlic, but sedentary toilers also can do splendidly in this sort of a slumber chant and have been known to keep awake all occupants of three floors of a hotel, or six floors if the snorer's room is on a court. It begins as a solo in tom-toms, then presents a sound effect of dragging a ball and chain across the floor boards of a covered bridge, and hits a finale in a sigh that would sway the spreading chestnut tree under which the village blacksmith worked. The anvil effect is introduced to provide the pay-off in fortissimo.

These are the primary classifications of snores most commonly heard. There are other snores of types known as the Bellowing Bull Elephant, The Mating Water Buffalo, the Panting Freight Engine, the Picket Fence and Rattling Stick, and the Faucet Drip.

There are more different kinds of snores than there are causes of snoring. The Wisconsin bulletin comments on causes of snoring:

"The sleeper may have his nose buried in the pillow so that he has to breathe through his mouth. Or he may be lying on his back and the jaw muscles may let the mouth drop open. In children, an enlarged adenoid is the most frequent cause of mouth breathing and the consequent snoring. Generally, snoring indicates disturbances in the breathing apparatus, especially obstruction in the nose that prevents him from sleeping with his mouth closed. The obstruction may be the result of a projecting mass of swollen mucous membrane, tumor growths, bony deformities, sinus infection, or a deviated wall between the two nasal cavities which encroaches on the air space of one nostril. Chronic inflammation of the nasal linings also may cause an enlargement of the tissues sufficient to obstruct the nose. Many people are peculiarly sensitive to foods, and if they eat them the mucous membranes of the nose have a tendency to accumulate secretions."

That is about as far as the Wisconsin authorities dared go along that line, but it is far enough. It will readily occur to the victims of the chronic and vexatious snorer that denying the snorer food for a period, say three to five months, is a reasonably certain and inexpensive way of effecting a cure of snoring.

The doctors of Wisconsin do not lose a proper chance for getting a commercial into their news letter as they conclude their dissertation by recommending: "If there is a snorer in the family, he should be examined by his family doctor." If the snorer doesn't happen to have a family doctor, the victims of his sleep-shattering habit undoubtedly will be happy to provide either a doctor or a coroner.

Wisconsin's discreet and friendly attention to the problem of the snorer may encourage other state health bodies to establish snore clinics at which the offenders may be cured. I can name many who are standout candidates for such treatment. I do not need it myself although I have been slandered by being named a maestro at pillow music. I actually sleep as silently as the planets. What has given me a bad reputation is that I always seem to sleep in haunted rooms. The ghosts make the noise and I get blamed for it. #

The Superfluous Obbligato

Our critic moans a low lament for the authors who can't resist sprinkling sex through their otherwise excellent novels

by A. J. LIEBLING

THE situation of a man flying thirty thousand feet in the air, upside down, with no airplane, is extraordinary; that of a man making love to a woman is not. I am prompted so to restate the ancient man-bites-dog saw about what makes news because it seems to me that the principle may also apply to the writing of novels.

The season has already produced two fine novels and one mighty good book of short stories about men who were outside the zone of combat in the most recent war through no act of will, and who felt guilty about it. I have noticed few good books about men in combat, and I suppose this is natural. The fellows on the outer rim of operations had more time to consider their situation, and perhaps to pity themselves. The old Casablanca-Cheltenham S.O.S. line: "I'd a hell of a lot rather be fighting than doing this," was not always a gag, although what the fellow who said it really meant, usually, was "I'd be a lot easier in my mind." Almost nobody likes to fight. Neither Robert M. Coates, author of *Bitter Season* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50) nor Thomas Heggen, who wrote *Mister Roberts* (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.50) has the least yen for battle as such. Just the same the heroes of their respective stories suffer because they are not sharing war's maximum impact.

Even in combat such men might continue to suffer until they were killed, or cracked up. It happened often during the war that pilots who had flown many more missions than the required number fell into a depression after going back to America, because they had left crewmates behind them. I myself remember that on the Norman D-day, when I was a particularly useless passenger in the LCI-88, we pulled out of the sea the crew of an amphibious tank which had been swamped. The battle had gone badly in the first few hours on the beach toward which the tank had been heading. The rescued tankers' teeth hadn't quite stopped chattering from the cold Channel water when their sergeant, a boy named Angelotti, said sadly: "If we hadn't fouled up maybe them guys we were meant to support wouldn't of been killed." There was self-reproach in his voice, as if he could have controlled the size of the waves that had swamped him.

Young Mr. Heggen, University of Minnesota '41, writing his first novel, has understood his man's predicament perfectly, and provided a happy ending. The Mister Roberts of the title, a twenty-six-year-old Naval Reserve lieutenant, languishes for three years aboard a Navy supply ship carrying stores from one base to another in back areas of the Pacific. *U.S.S. Reluctant* follows the island-hopping advance at such a distance that the only enemy of whom officers and men are aware is the doltish captain. Roberts applies for reassignment regularly every month, and finally obtains his request a few weeks before V-J day. He joins a destroyer and just gets in under the wire: he is killed in an attack by a Jap suicide plane.

Tom, no last name given, the hero of Coates' book, is a forty-year-old writer, recently divorced, who spends the Winter and Spring of 1943-44 in New York City, waiting for news of the invasion of the Continent, which has an obsessive symbolic importance for him. Tom has no chance to die. He just gets married again, and is presumably still wandering the streets of New York at night, having found a new hook to hang his guilt on. Tom tells his story in the first person. "Safety itself, in the circumstances," he says, "was a source of frustration, an exacerbation. Like summer thunder, the war seemed always to be rumbling around the horizon—at Guadalcanal and the Java Sea, at Oran and Bizerte and Tarawa—but the storm never touched us directly, all we felt was the heat and the ominousness and the tension. . . . Even in the Automat, that haunt of the lonely and the voiceless, the men sitting at their solitary tables, each one brooding over his half-finished cup of coffee, seemed more melancholy than ever."

The growing prevalence of these feelings of guilt, which is only an ugly word for responsibility, is to my mind one of the most cheerful symptoms to be observed in the contemporary world.

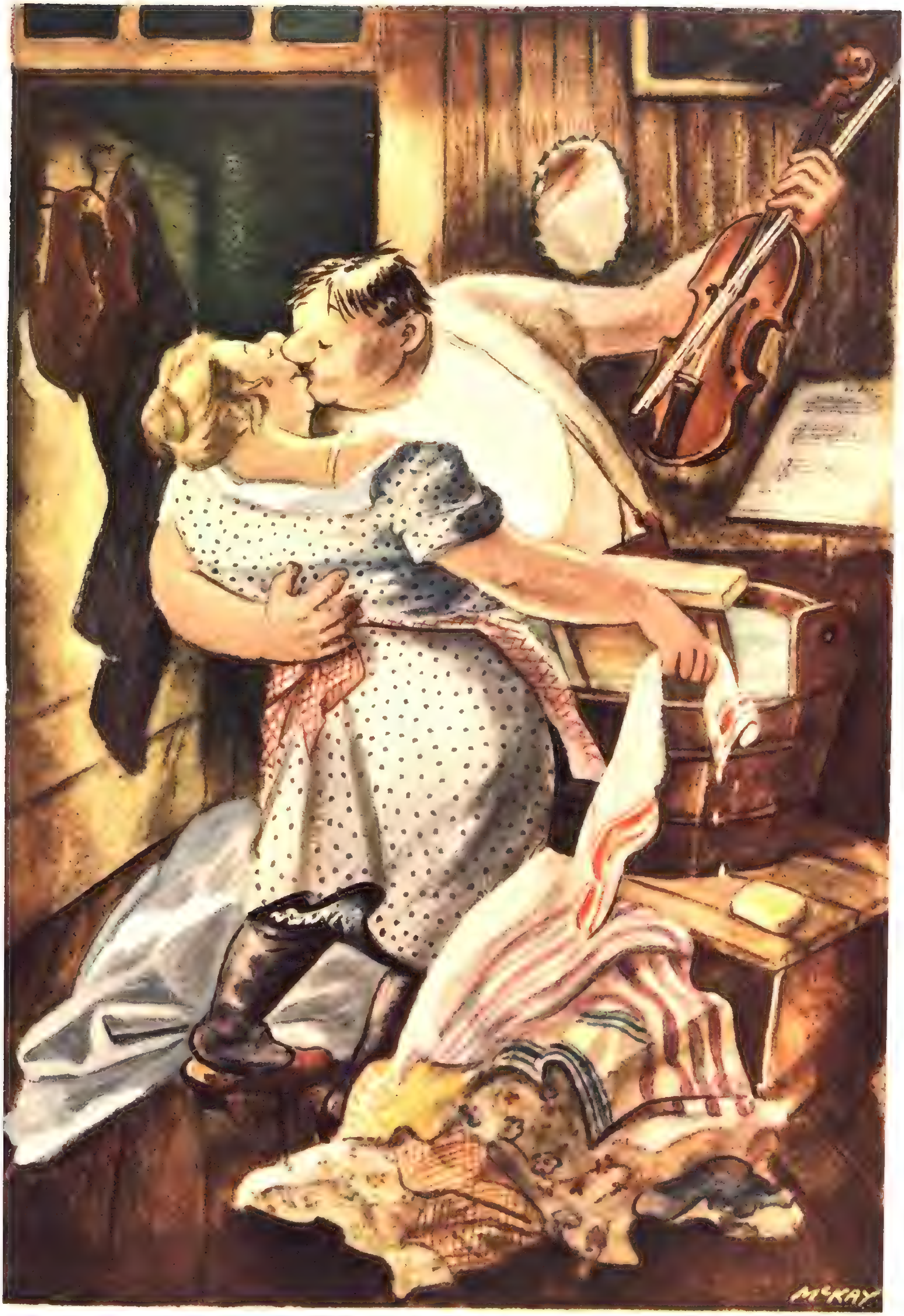
People like the factual Sergeant Angelotti and the fictional Tom and Mr. Roberts are not content to leave it up to the Celestial Handicapper to assign the weights. They feel guilty when too much is laid on the other fellow.

I read the two books sandwiched together—a chunk of *Roberts*, then all of *Bitter Season* (in three hours, in a Turkish bath), then the rest of *Mister Roberts*. I finished with the feeling that *Mister Roberts*, which begins as if it were going to be only a collection of Kiplingesque sketches, develops into a completely successful narrative, with no flotsam of unresolved plot left bobbing about at the end. *Bitter Season*, which begins as if it were going to be a full-dress novel, winds up leaving the memory of a number of masterly glimpses of a man in an uneasy city; these moments are separated rather than connected by the episodes of a love story that might just as well have happened at any time or place, and that hardly differs from hundreds of others in contemporary fiction. When Coates writes about Tom sweating out his vicarious war, thinking at times that he detects around him the growth of the fascism his deputies are fighting over the seas, his book is something you would never forgive yourself for missing. When he is describing a girl putting her clothes on, it is just something you could buy, equally well-bound, with the name of some other fellow signed to it. Heggen, word for word and sentence for sentence, seems only semiskilled by comparison with *Bitter Season*'s author. He is just a workmanlike performer; he takes no wild swings, but neither is he any St. Paul Phantom with his parts of speech. It was the superior total effect of his book that caused me to formulate the first sentence of this essay, which shall hereafter be known in good histories of literature as Liebling's Law II.*

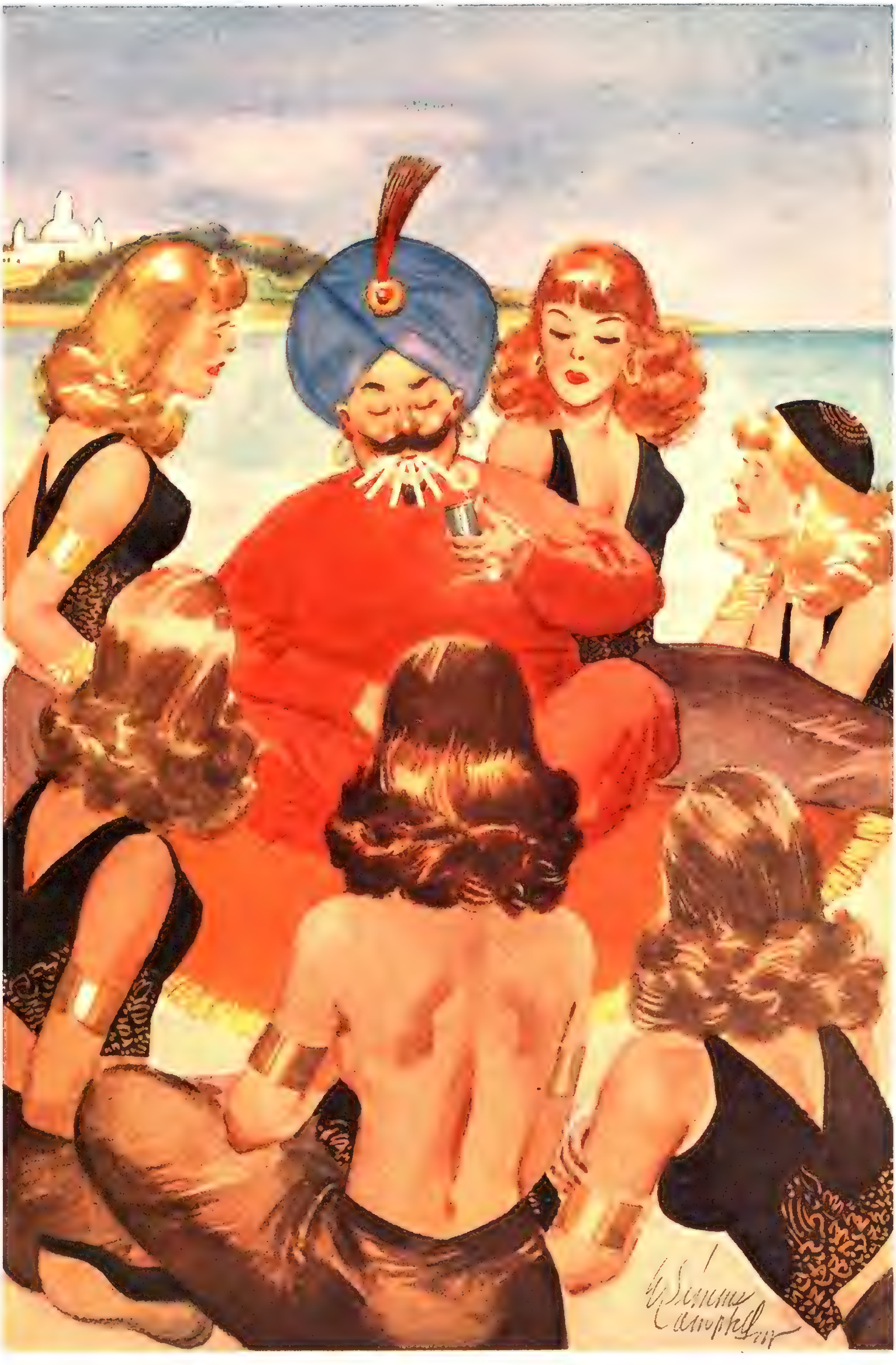
The collection of short stories to which I referred is *Iron Chain* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50) by Edward Newhouse. The author (*Continued on page 139*)

MENU
MENU
Sam Caplan

"I always eat here—I like to live dangerously"



McKAY


E. Simms Campbell

GREENE

As Pete Chambers saw it, a man could negotiate blackmail easily enough, but he couldn't negotiate a broken heart

A Matter of Motive

by HENRY KANE

My client was a chap fresh out on a writ of habeas corpus; a nice little round-faced man, balding on top, conservative in rich brown with hand-stitching along the edges. He had a cigar-stump figure and pudgy fingers and a ruddy jowled heartiness, and an extra set of bags under his small blue eyes. The upper set were dark bulbous circles from lack of sleep. The lower set were worry bags, mauve-tinted and tinily wrinkled.

He told me his story.

I told him my price.

My price was five thousand dollars, which is money, but my customer looked anxious enough. He lifted his eyebrows and he blinked his eyes and both sets of bags quivered gently. Then he reached in and took out a pad of portable checks and wrote one.

"Two things," I said. "Routine. First we take your statement, then we go down and certify your check."

I pushed the button for Foxy. Foxy was my secretary, Miss Miranda Foxworth. For Miss Miranda, I drank too much and I slept too little. She came in with her steno book, sniffed once and sat down. She was short and stout and corseted.

"A deposition," I said. "State of New York, County of New York, ss: Barton Avon, being duly sworn, deposes and says that he hereby retains Peter Chambers in the matter of the investigation of the death of one Allan Lowe. The facts, to the best of his knowledge . . ."

I gave her all the facts that he had given me.

She went out to type them, and I watched him work on a long cigar with a short white ash like a crew haircut on a stiff senator. The expensive ash grew longer and it arched, but it didn't fall off. Change the senator's crew haircut to Walt Whitman with a spit curl.

Foxy came back and swore him and he signed and then he and I went out and we flagged a cab and instead of certifying the check in the bank, I got cash.

"Where can I reach you?" I said.

"At home after nine o'clock. Before that, at my Broadway store; they've always got a number if I'm out."

I went over to Park Avenue and I looked at a house where a man had died and I was getting five thousand dollars to find out whodunit; a fancy three-story house with a locked downstairs door and no doorman. I looked at name bells along the side and I pushed the one that said Allan Lowe and nothing happened. I waited until someone came out and I said, "Excuse me," and I brushed past. I didn't take the little automatic elevator. I walked up lush carpeted steps and I looked at names under the mother-of-pearl pushers. On the second floor, I came to Allan Lowe. I pushed. Nothing happened. I pushed again. Nothing happened again. I tried the door. The door was locked. I shrugged and I sighed and I took the elevator and went back out into the bright afternoon sun.

I was a real good detective.

I had looked over the scene of the crime.

I took a cab down to the offices of Sonny Evans. I said, "Mr. Chambers for Mr. Evans," to the redheaded girl with the sweet mouth at the reception desk, and she looked at me and I looked at her and I said, "I wish I had the time," and she said, "Fresh."

She got confidential with the protruding mouthpiece at the switchboard and I slid into a soft leather chair and leafed through cheesecake in the magazines. Then Sonny Evans, himself, came out and we shook hands and he took me by the arm and led me along the corridor to his office.

"About Barton Avon," I said. The hand on my arm did not tighten.

He sat me in the interview chair in a vast wood-paneled room, seventy-six stories high (with rental to match), with six windows and a view and a desk that you had to holler across.

Pleasantly he said, "Barton Avon? Why?"

"Because he got sprung on a writ this morning."

"Ah."

"And you're the boy that sprung him."

"Ah," he said, sighingly, his eyes not giving away a thing.

Sonny Evans: S. O. N. Evans, Jr., regal legal eagle; a plume of white hair and a beak nose and a cyclone-cellar voice; a two-tone personality, split at five o'clock: tricky as a slippery bath mat before the deadline, but wide open and roaring afterward, a wielder of Old-fashioneds like a good farmer with a pitchfork; regular, consistent and to wonderful effect.

I showed him the deposition. "Note," I said, "it's got everything. He's fifty years old, his wife's name is Elsa, he's married for three years. No mistresses. He's a druggist with nineteen drugstores. It's even got the business about the narcotics charge. So kindly don't throw attorney and client at me and privileged communication. I'm trying to help a guy that wants a blight removed."

He put the affidavit on the desk and I took it and folded it and put it away.

"Good enough," he said, a little frostiness in his voice. "That

KEYSTONE

Grand Old Man of Letters

George Bernard Shaw's publishers, producers and lay admirers have endowed the ninetieth year of the writer's life with an import that rivals the year of the big blow in Ireland. That Shaw deserves his adulation is unquestioned; he is one of the great geniuses of our time. Having gained the arduous entrée to the Shavian retreat at Ayot St. Lawrence, Hartfordshire, England, our reporter found the social reformer receptive if brusque. During his sitting Shaw whipped on and off his interesting collection of hats, seeking to please himself, not the cameraman. Finally he tossed them aside to assume this typical pose. All hail, G.B.S.!

writ was just about as easy as getting stepped on in the subway."

"Because why, counselor?"

"Because they just don't have a thing on him."

"They've got motive."

"Motive isn't murder, mister."

"What else they got?"

"They've got nothing else."

"What about the gun?"

"No, sir. They don't even have the gun."

I looked at my fingernails. Disapprovingly. "A writ's a writ."

His voice turned colder. "Meaning what, precisely?"

"Meaning, precisely, it's a technical operation that springs him. It doesn't clear a guy."

"Look, smart-pants. A writ of habeas corpus gets a man released because it puts the prosecution on a spot. It requires them to show they've got reason to hold him. That's all. Simple."

"So?"

"So those babies couldn't show a thing, and they had him under lights without counsel for fourteen hours. Sure, it doesn't clear a man. It's better than that. It shows there's nothing to clear him of. They made a stab, and it didn't pan. So your guy is out. All they had was motive. Just motive. That stinks."

"Would you like to tell me about it?" I said.

He got up and he went to a far wall and he scraped his back against it and then he folded his arms across his chest like he was the guy on the nickel and I was Pocahontas. "There's that other charge. Narcotics. I'll plead him guilty on that. He ought to get a light sentence; I don't think they could even prove that one if we chose to defend."

I set my chair on its hind legs and I rocked.

"I mean about Allan Lowe."

"Allan Lowe. A clerk in one of the drugstores and a sharp kid. Wisened to the racket and held up the boss. For the past couple of years he was earning five hundred a week. For doing nothing except playing horses and brightening the night spots. Then he wanted a raise."

ACME

Oh the beat, beat, beat . . .

San Franciscans desirous of boning up on West Indian folk customs need travel no farther than their own Copacabana to watch the dancing of Amarillo and Carlos Valadez. Señor Valadez is a Mexican-born choreographer who spent the Summer of 1939 sailing from one West Indian island to the next, visiting native groups and studying their dance rituals. Encouraged by feminine admirers who thought him handsomer than Rudolph Valentino, Carlos left a Mexico City drugstore to hoof it in Hollywood, where he missed his big chance to dance in a picture with Rita Hayworth when the star became expectant. Teamed with pretty, black-haired Amarillo (who was aptly pseudo-named by Billy Rose after her Texas birthplace) he now fascinates night-club patrons with his Ceremonial Love Dance, a West Indian-derived concoction.

"There goes motive again."

"They know all about it. How much good did it do them?"

"From whom?"

"From whom, what?"

"From whom do they know all about it?"

"From Frankie Tokers."

"Male or female?"

"Female. Good and female." He came over to me, big-grinned "You're going to like that when you get to it."

"I like it already," I said. "Just from looking at your face."

He stopped smiling. He said: "Have another slice of motive. This one is on her. She was engaged to Allan Lowe, and she's the beneficiary on his insurance policy for thirty thousand bucks. Only she cleared with an alibi. Plus she sang the ditty for them about Allan and Barton. The boy friend confided in her."

"Frankie Tokers," I mused.

"A very gorgeous number; sings at the Rumpus Club, with an equally gorgeous blonde partner with whom you will kindly have no truck. That one is for Sonny."

"You think he did it?" I said.

"Who?"

"Your client."

His eyelids came down like dark-purple awnings, slowly. "I don't know. I don't think so."

I took out my pack and I gave him a cigarette and I lit it for him and I lit mine. "More?"

"There ain't no more. I suppose they'll start slapping at the dame, now that Barton Avon walks the town."

"All right. Where can I reach her?"

He snapped his fingers twice, recallingly, then he recited name, address and telephone number. I picked up his phone. A voice said, "Yes, please." "Outside wire, local," I said. "Yes, sir." I got the buzz. I twisted the dial.

Somebody with a honey throat said: "Hello?"

"Miss Tokers?"

"This is Miss Tokers."

"Collins," I said. "From the insurance company. There's a hitch, Miss. May I come to see you?"

"When?"

"Right away. The sooner the better."

Pause. Then: "Surely. I'll be here most of the afternoon."

"Right away," I said. "Good-bye."

"I'd be careful," Sonny Evans said. "That's a marvelous hunk of witch." He didn't try to keep the corners of his mouth down.

I got rid of my cigarette. "Exactly how did he get it?"

"One slug in the shoulder. One much more important slug over the right eyebrow."

"Bye, Sonny."

"You could say thanks."

"Thanks."

"Not for information," he said. "You could say thanks for my recommending, upon request, a good private eye to Barton Avon, who wanted a blight removed."

"Oh," I said. Now I grinned. "Thanks." We shook hands.

Frankie Tokers. She wore a hostess gown, a metallic number, gold. Please imagine what a metallic number, gold, can do to a tall lean detective that fancies himself death-on-wheels with a Clarkie mustache; a metallic number, gold, in connivance with a dream-bunched figure, and a warm-skinned oval face and high shining black hair and uprising eyebrows and deep-red lipstick and a grave white smile and wet-wide dark eyes that glinted like brandy bottles under bar lights.

"Miss Tokers?" I said thumpingly.

"Please come in."

I came in. I came into a room that was dim and cool and well appointed, with a faint smell of yesterday's incense. She sat down and crossed her legs and put a cigarette into a holder and lit it and I sat down and looked at her and thumped. Part of the gown fell away and the smooth sculptured luster took my mind off my work. Temporarily.

"My name," I said, "isn't Collins. It's Chambers. I'm a private detective. They tell me you're on a spot."

She took two puffs out of the cigarette. A short nervous one and a long one. Then she took the cigarette out of the holder and put it into a stone antique ash tray. Then she stood up. She took a deep breath. A deep breath in a shimmering gold hostess gown did me no good at all.

"Out," she said.

"Just a minute."

"Out," she said, clipped and succinct.

"Miss Tokers, I think you've pegged me wrong; I'm not here because I'm looking for work. I've got work. I've been retained by Barton Avon to clear up this Allan Lowe mess. Mr. Avon was

MARIGOLD

Summer Holiday with Songs

The musical version of Eugene O'Neill's Ah, Wilderness!, *entitled* Summer Holiday, *brings to the screen a new dramatic form, the dream of Director Rouben Mamoulian. It differs from most musicals in that its cast does not interrupt the story's unfolding to give, suddenly, with a song. Dialogue and music are so smoothly interwoven that changes from speech to melody are scarcely perceptible. Walter Huston and Selena Royle play the father and mother of the now familiar family; Agnes Moorehead, the spinster cousin; Frank Morgan, the alcoholic uncle; Butch Jenkins, the youngest son. Mickey Rooney (who portrayed the youngest in the first screen version), has progressed to the springtime role of adolescent. Mr. Huston and Miss Royle do a nice job of proving that autumn is enjoyable too.*

released from custody this morning. Insufficient evidence. I'm probably here a jump in front of a lot of cops. See?"

She saw. Tears came up in the blackberry brandy eyes. Naturally, I put my arms around her; just as naturally she put her head on my shoulder. She sobbed. A tall sobbing brunette in a gold hostess gown (and not much else) close in the arms of a detective who is getting five thousand dollars to find out who killed Allan Lowe; that is not good for business.

Another time, it would be perfect.

I got my reluctant arms away from around her and I took hold of her shoulders and she looked up at me. I kept my hands on her shoulders. "Please sit down, Miss Tokers. Frankie."

She sat down. She crossed her legs again. I thumped.

"You loved the guy," I said, properly mournful.

"No."

She made a handkerchief appear. She wiped her eyes. "Chambers?" she said. "Chambers? Peter Chambers. I've heard about you."

"Thank you," I said modestly. "So you didn't love the guy. But you were engaged to be married."

"Yes." I looked at her. She looked at me.

"Sure," I said. "The guy's a nice guy. A girl gets sick and tired of singing in night clubs. A girl gets sick and tired of soft talk and passes. And bored. You liked the guy. So what the hell? Whose idea was that thirty-thousand-dollar insurance policy?"

"His. Of course."

"Sure," I said. "A guy's on the make. He's terribly attentive, he sends flowers, he buys things, he tops it off with the policy. He knows the girl is not in love with him. He does everything to tie it up tight."

"That's it," she said.

"What?"

"I couldn't go through with it."

"You couldn't go through with it?"

"I didn't tell the police."

"Look, sister," I asked, "did you kill him?"

"No. No. No." More tears. I wanted to take her in my arms. I got up. I took her in my arms. Murder.

"Did you kill him?" I said in her ear.

"No." She moved away. She used the handkerchief. She put a new cigarette in the holder. She sat down.

"I'm going to tell you something I didn't tell the police. Tuesday night, the night he was killed, the night before last, I went there. I was going to tell him that it was off, that I couldn't go through with it. Between shows, about nine-thirty. I rang the bell downstairs. No one answered. That was funny. I knew he had that appointment with Avon at the apartment. I went back to the Club, but I was apprehensive. I called on the phone, three times, each half hour. Then I called the police, anonymously. I had a hunch. I knew he was going to boost Avon, and I knew that that could be dangerous."

"I see," I said, brilliantly.

"I fixed it with my singing partner. Just in case. I didn't want to be involved. She was to tell the police that I was with her in the dressing room all evening. I don't know why I'm telling all of this to you."

"Anything else?"

"The police came. To the Club. And they told me he was dead, murdered, and I told them whatever I knew about him and Barton Avon. Why not? I was sure that was it. I'm still sure."

"Anything else?"

"Nothing else."

I got up and I put on my hat and I went to the door. She got up and she came over near me. "Miss Tokers," I said, "I'd hate it if you did put that slug into Allan."

"I didn't," she said.

I took her face in my hands and I kissed her square on the mouth. Unforcefully. Her eyes opened and she looked at me; then her arms were around my shoulders and her fingertips squirmed along my neck and her lips opened on my mouth. Forcefully. And lingeringly.

Then I went down to Police Headquarters.

It was a square bare room. There was an oak desk and an oak desk chair and two oak armchairs. There was a green filing cabinet in a corner and a brass spittoon by the side of the desk. There were two windows with drawn Venetian blinds. There was an interoffice phone on the desk and an ash tray and a regular phone. There was absolutely nothing else.

Detective-lieutenant Parker scratched out his cigarette. He put his heels up on a corner of the desk and he leaned back in the desk chair and he said, almost disinterestedly: "Barton Avon? Why?"

"I've got a case."

"You think you can do more than cops can do?"

"It happens. Sometimes."

He was thickset and sturdy like a brand-new refrigerator, and just about as enthusiastic. He had black close-clipped hair and cool dark eyes and every time he smiled he made it look like a very special favor. He was the straightest cop I ever knew. And one of the best.

I said: "I looked over the place where Allan Lowe lived. A guy could get killed there and not too many people would know about it."

"Yeah," Parker said.

"I'm being paid five thousand dollars to find out who put the quietus on Allan."

He took his feet off the desk. He whistled, tonelessly but loud. "Five thousand dollars. To do what we'd do anyway. Brother, yours is a business."

This time I said, "Yeah."

"By whom?"

"Barton Avon."

"So what do you want?"

"Help."

"That's hot. You're getting five G's. What do we get?"

"Anything I can give you. And no by-line. I don't work for glory. I work for dough."

"Sold," he said. "What do you want?"

"I'd like to see that apartment."

"Sold," he said. "What else?"

"Anything that's not too terribly confidential."

"Not this case. We got a nice fat group of nothing. Would you like to see his picture?"

"If you please."

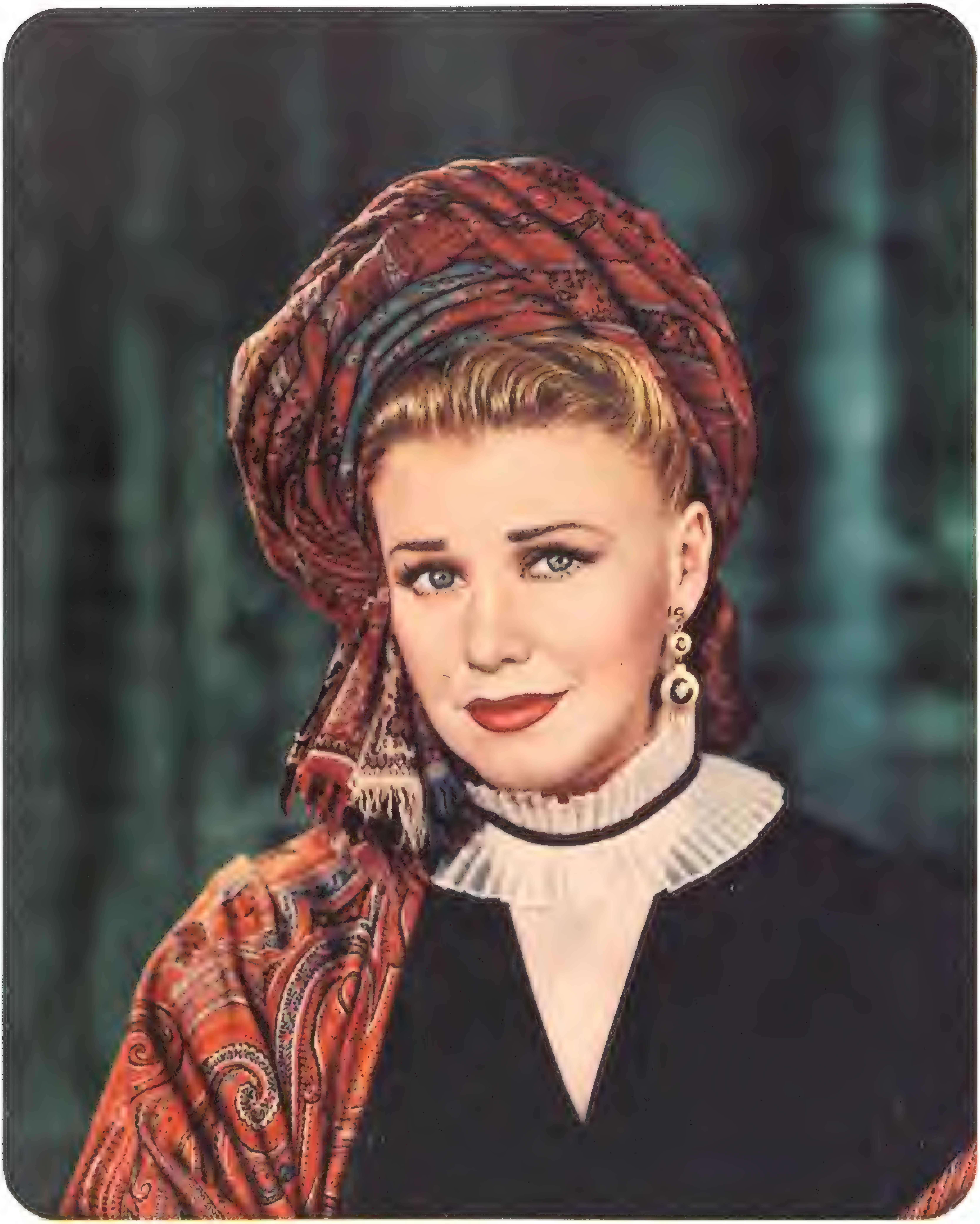
He opened a drawer and he took out a picture and I saw a wiseguy face about thirty years old with a roll collar and a pointy nose and ringlet hair and eyes like black olives in vinegar. I gave it back to him and he put it in the drawer.

"Would you like to go now?" he said.

I shook my head yes.

He clicked the jigger on the interoffice phone. "I'm out. Back in an hour." He clicked it shut. "Let's go," he said.

We drove up in his car, and on the way, he gave me facts. Allan Lowe was killed the night before last between eight and ten o'clock. Frankie Tokers, his girl friend, had supplied them with the blackmail tie-up. So they picked up Barton Avon and they went to work on him. Nothing rough. Just work, with (*Continued on page 117*)



GINGER ROGERS

First Lady

Photograph by Bert Anderson

In the title role of *Magnificent Doll*, Ginger Rogers is surely as pretty, if less plump, than that magnetic lady she portrays, Dolly Madison. Offering dilettantes a painless and colorful review of an exciting segment of American history, the movie includes David Niven as lady-killer and would-be dictator, Aaron Burr; Burgess Meredith as the honest, dispassionate statesman, James Madison. According to Universal, Aaron Burr lays siege to Dolly as well as Washington. The young widow wisely passes him up for Madison, but helps Burr win clemency at his treason trial. Virtue is rewarded when James becomes President; she, First Lady. Above, Miss Rogers in her interpretation of the portrait of Dolly Madison by Joseph Wood.

Reviewer notes a new trend in the movie industry which now has scenarios leaning Right after years spent leaning otherwise

The Businessman Cometh

by JACK MOFFITT

There are signs, faint but unmistakable, that before many more years have passed, a banker who has invested in a movie may sit down in a theatre without fear of having his investment Bronx-cheer him from the screen.

For more than a year, plaintive letters from businessmen have been pouring in, asking why *someone* didn't review pictures for merchants, brokers, insurance agents, bank vice-presidents, assistant cashiers and other humble folk who labor in the high-rent districts. They insisted that they weren't all heels. Some of their arguments were as smooth and fascinating as a watermelon seed sliding down Lana Turner's neck.

After last November's elections, letters became more insistent. When a minority becomes a majority it cannot be ignored. The ticker-tape boys had enough beefs to fill the Chicago stockyards. They claimed that they approved of expanding social and economic opportunities, as long as they were kept within the frame of the democratic system.

They said that they had co-operated in the war effort wholeheartedly and, while they were doing this, the screen persisted in labeling all businessmen (whether Democrats or Republicans) blackguards and scoundrels. Businessmen and their sons, they pointed out, died in the hedgerows of Normandy and on the beach at Okinawa along with other classes of Americans. Patriotism was nothing new to them. American servicemen (who had been white-collar men in civilian life) had fought at Bunker Hill, Gettysburg and Château-Thierry long before the movies started exhorting them to patriotism and the scenario writers started unfurling the flag.

The businessmen claimed that the movies seemed to hate the profit system in all businesses—except the movie business. On the screen, they complained, all Rotarians were represented as rodents. In *A Medal for Benny*, the scenario writers had them shamelessly exploiting the memory of a dead war hero for the purpose of selling a few hot dogs. Obviously, this was crass commercialism.

Soon after the picture opened nationally, Universal publicity men planted a three-page picture layout in *Life* magazine of Ella Raines' reunion with her soldier husband. This was timed to benefit Ella's latest screen drama. Rotarians were heard to say that they would rather have cameramen prowling around their funerals than their second honeymoons. If commercialism was to be deplored in one business, they protested, it should be denounced in all businesses.

But the movies didn't see things that way. Long before the Good Neighbor Policy officially got going, the Producers' Association warned the studios that Arab sheiks, Yaqui bandits and Dyak headhunters no longer could be portrayed as villains. No scenarist could place his heavy in the jungles of the Somaliland or the Mato Grosso. But he could place him in any American Chamber of Commerce. If you wanted to get a cannibal past a scenario editor, you had to make him a member of some luncheon club—such as the Kiwanis or Lions.

Businessmen and property owners were the only Quislings in *The Edge of Darkness*, *This Land Is Mine* and *Dragon Seed*. All of these were given enthusiastic acclamation by those who were anxious to fit laurel wreaths on all heads that leaned Left. Mr. Dudley Nichols selected his own *This Land Is Mine* as one of the "Twenty Best Screenplays" of all time, even though, to many, it seemed to be a rehash of *The Moon Is Down*—in which the moon was farther down and gave less light.

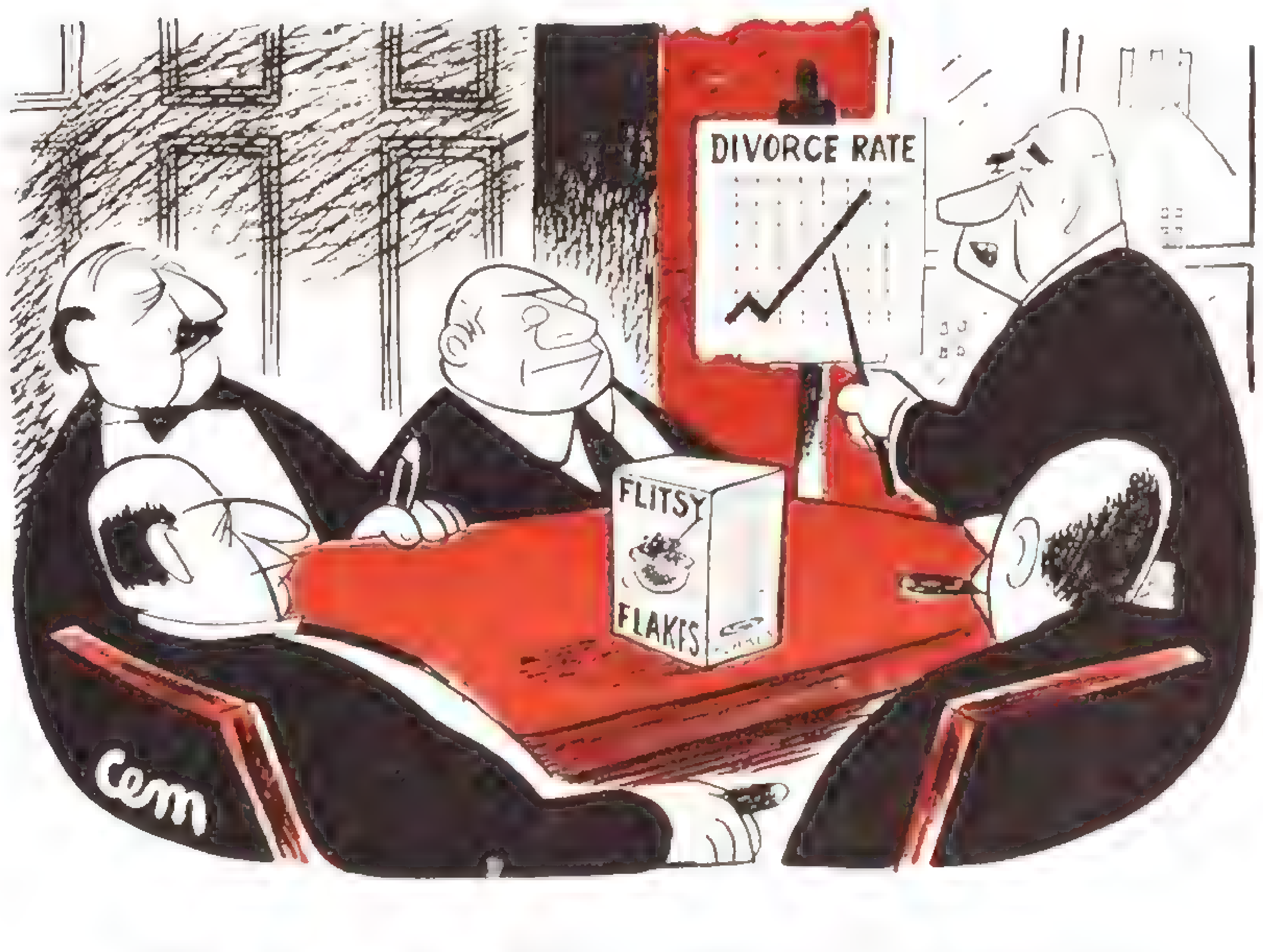
Dragon Seed also was included in the "Twenty Best," although in many respects it was merely an East Lynne of the eastern hemisphere. It contained one of the funniest scenes ever petrified in celluloid—the one in which J. Carroll Naish, as a Japanese mess sergeant, undertook to seduce Miss Katie Hepburn, the fairest flower of the Whang Ho Valley, while simultaneously supervising the activities of fifty Nipponese cooks. He mingled his sex-mad innuendos with imperious cries of "Hurry with the noodles!" and "Quick! Stuff the duck!" In the midst of this culinary lust, he failed to notice that Miss Hepburn was poisoning the gravy with a secret store of arsenic, that poured and poured and poured like an advertisement for Morton's Salt.

Frequently the public was cool to such films and gave its box-office support to pictures that stressed entertainment. When this happened, the public was given stiff upbraidings by the Leftist press. One could not but wonder if those who were so unwilling to let the American people choose their own amusements would not be equally unwilling to let them choose their own laws.

William Saroyan's *The Human Comedy* showed a poor boy being helped and encouraged by his bosses. It rolled up comfortable grosses, in spite of being subjected to almost unceasing ridicule and attack. *Adventure*, which voiced a creed of individualism, also made money. But a wave of derision was launched against it for being overarticulate and full of mock theatrics.

Yet the same critics who derided *Adventure* raved over the talky and breast-beating *None but the Lonely Heart*, which had a Leftist philosophy. Cary Grant pranced about shouting: "Black as the ace, I am! I'm Ernie Mott, citizen of the Big Smoke!"—until you didn't know whether he was supposed to reside in London or in Pittsburgh. The prologue told us that "thousands would live to bless Ernie Mott's name," but the film ended with his having achieved nothing more glorious than to inscribe his name on the docket of a police court. The public didn't go for the picture.

However, all the Leftist efforts were not dull entertainment. Some of them were excellent artistic jobs and these were the ones that really hurt. *Pride of the Marines* was sensitive and inspiring. Yet it contained one scene in which democracy got kicked in the pants by means of one of the oldest and *(Continued on page 185)*



"Under present conditions, I feel we should do away with the large, family-size package"

The excursion to Mars will be seeking passengers as soon as scientists iron the bugs and figure ways of getting back

Journey into Space

by JOHN C. ROSS

LOZOWICK

JULES VERNE is back again but he's no longer wearing the cape of a 19th-century French fiction writer. This time he is garbed in the ordinary business suit of a scientist who believes that space trips to the moon are figuratively just around the corner.

The U. S. Army does not admit—officially—that it has plans to shoot rockets to the moon. But Dr. J. A. Hutcheson, associate director of the Westinghouse research laboratories, says it would be possible to design a radio transmitter which can be installed in such a rocket to broadcast signals back to the earth.

Rocket researchers are working feverishly to improve their power plants. The Fairchild Engine and Airplane Corporation is developing atomic energy for the propulsion of aircraft. Talk of space travel is almost as much in the air as if it were already a reality—though as a matter of fact no rocket thus far shot from earth has much exceeded 100 miles in altitude. But the vast amount of research of the war years is beginning to produce results. The fact that there doesn't seem to be a single serious scoffer at journeys into space shows how far we have progressed in just five years.

But what is often overlooked in the almost universal acceptance of space ships is that once we have built a successful space ship we have no more licked space travel than our ability to walk has licked travel through the Amazon jungle.

In either case, terrible dangers lie at every hand. Instead of the python coiled on a tree waiting to seize them, as in the jungle, space travelers will have unseen meteorites which can wreck their ships. Instead of the terrible and enervating heat of the tropics, there is the intense cold of space. Instead of fever and insects, other planets (Mars and Venus seem to be the only two which could be habitable within our own solar system) may harbor unknown diseases and unknown parasites which space travelers may be helpless to resist. The sun's rays are not ordinarily harmful on earth but they may be vastly strengthened in space and to them may be added other forms of dangerous radiation.

And this is only part of the problem. Space travelers will be speeding through a void where they would seem to weigh nothing, where there is neither up nor down nor sideways, nor even a sensation of motion. They will arrive at worlds where they may weigh a fraction of what they do on earth—or five times as much.

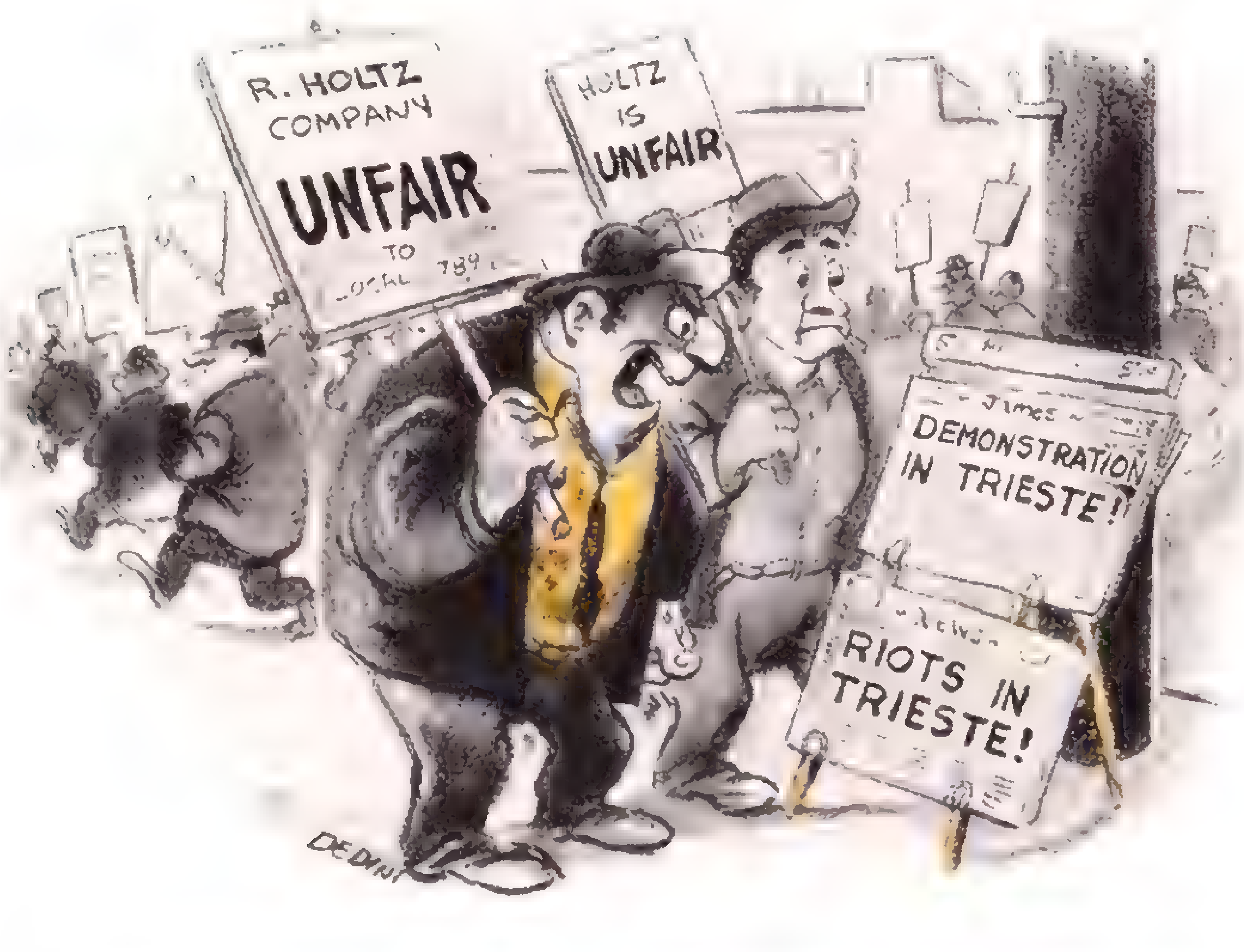
The first mechanical problem of interspacial flight is sufficient speed to overcome gravity, and the first requirement is power. Theoretically it has been possible for some time to build rockets to fly through space. But our motors have been so crude that these ships would have been prohibitively expensive and cumbersome.

The flight would have been made in a gigantic "step rocket" weighing perhaps 45,000 tons on take-off. And on arrival at the moon, its single occupant would have been faced with the embarrassing fact that there was no way for him to return to earth.

This was approximately the situation at the start of World War II. No one, of course, could seriously propose building a 45,000-ton vehicle to fly a man out into space from which there was no return. The calculations were worked out as a sort of intellectual exercise to show, at least, that space flight was possible.

The step rocket, which would have powered the craft, is simply a number of rockets joined together to fire in series. As each fuel charge is exhausted, its burned-out motor is dropped and a new charge fired to give even more speed to the part remaining. The ultimate payload, including the rocket car and passenger, which would finally reach the moon, would weigh only about 5000 pounds. Such a trip would have meant certain death to the traveler because there is no means of sustaining life on the moon without the most elaborate equipment which could not possibly have been carried in such a small craft.

Why such an awkward arrangement as a step rocket? Because no single rocket motor so far developed has been able to generate enough power to achieve sufficient speed. A space ship would have to travel about 25,000 miles an hour to escape gravity and avoid falling back upon the earth. The step rocket was proposed so that the speed attained by one rocket could be added to that of another until the final payload was traveling fast enough. All the energy of the step rocket would be concentrated upon accelerating the final 5000-pound car to the escape velocity. Once it is in space, of course, the rocket craft would continue to coast, but at a speed that was continually diminishing due to the pull of the earth's gravity.


R. HOLTZ COMPANY UNFAIR TO LOCAL 789
HOLTZ IS UNFAIR
Times
DEMONSTRATION IN TRIESTE!
News
RIOTS IN TRIESTE!
DEDINI

"It seems those monkeys are always griping about something"

The calculations which made it possible to work out this farfetched scheme had great value even if the proposal itself did not. They showed that if we could develop more efficient rocket motors we could cut down the size of space ships enormously. If most of the energy in an oxygen-gasoline fuel combination can be used, for instance, the same payload can be delivered to the moon by a rocket with a total starting weight of only about 50 tons!

With even more efficient fuels—such as the mysterious monatomic hydrogen—a space ship can begin to take on the dimensions of a commercial airliner and still have enough fuel reserve to return to earth. With atomic power harnessed, space travel should be a breeze—a 25,000 mile an hour breeze.

Construction of a successful rocket motor, however, is only the beginning. We can control the conditions under which a space ship is constructed, but we cannot control all the conditions that ship will meet in space. Most important of these hazards is collision with meteorites.

Dr. Joseph Kaplan of the University of California estimates that 75,000,000 meteorites collide with the earth's atmosphere every twenty-four hours. Most are so small that they are burned by air friction long before they reach the earth's surface. But some do get through, and these could wreck any space ship that happened to meet them in flight.

Astronomers go so far as to say meteorites exist in "streams" but by ordinary standards this is a great exaggeration. There is an estimated average total of one ounce of meteorite dust in every 600 cubic miles of space. This would hardly be anything to worry about if celestial speeds did not have to be so high and if distances were not so great. A space ship with the frontal area of an airliner, for example, would likely collide with a half ounce of meteoric material on an average trip to Mars.

The average meteorite weighs only one milligram—the size of a speck of dust. Yet because of the enormous velocities required of space travel, one of these grains is quite capable of penetrating a quarter inch of steel, according to Dr. Fred L. Whipple, of Harvard College Observatory. Meteorites the size of a walnut, says Dr. Whipple, would annihilate any space ship they struck. At a speed of 25,000 miles per hour, such fragments have ten times the velocity of a rifle bullet.

If space ships are ever sent beyond the confines of our own solar system, the enormous speeds necessary and the vast distances to be covered increase the meteorite hazard tremendously.

Dr. Whipple proposes that space ships be built with "bumpers" in the form of two steel envelopes. The first envelope would be designed to cushion the blows of small cosmic projectiles. Streamlined craft with extremely long sharp fuselages might reflect many particles. Another possibility is the projection of a repelling electrical field ahead of the space ship. This field would repel substances in the ship's path much as similar magnetic poles repel each other.

Frank BEAVEN

"I had dinner with the Secretary of Agriculture"

Serious space scientists also worry about what would happen to the body of a man on a space flight where, having escaped gravity, he would weigh almost nothing. It is not possible to predict what would happen because this is beyond man's experience.

Maj. Alexander de Seversky has suggested that weightlessness could be overcome by keeping the space ship accelerating constantly at a rate of 1g—which means a constant acceleration of thirty-two additional feet each second. It would be like going up in an elevator, where, if we were standing on a scale, the scale would register more weight when the elevator started to climb and less weight when it started to descend. Seversky proposes that the space ship keep on accelerating just enough to give us our normal weight.

Midway in the interplanetary voyage, Seversky's proposed ship would do a sort of half-roll and the motors would start slowing it up at the same rate with which it had accelerated. Thus the passengers would continue to weigh the same. Upon entering the gravity field of another planet, the motors would slow the ship enough to adjust to the gravity there and finally ease it to a gentle halt on the ground.

The only trouble with this idea is that we do not have any motors which can do it. The only space motor we know about today is a rocket motor and rockets are always most efficient at high rates of speed. The whole concept of interspacial flight, for this reason, is based upon an entirely different theory—that of attaining high rates of speed as soon as possible, and then letting the rocket coast through space.

About a third serious problem, radiation, we really know very little. As we walk about the surface of the earth streams of rays are coursing through our bodies. Even in the deepest mines, cosmic rays from somewhere out in the Milky Way are detectable. In the form in which they reach us, these rays are harmless. Yet all cosmic rays, all rays from the sun and any other as yet undetected rays from Lord knows where, have been already filtered by the atmosphere before they reach us.

We are apt to underrate the filtering power of the atmosphere because it is "transparent." But all transparency really means is that our atmosphere admits "light rays"—that is, rays within the visible spectrum, rays to which our eyes are sensitive. In fact, the atmosphere has great substance and is enormously heavy. The amount of it bearing down upon every square foot at sea level weighs more than a ton. A comparable weight of steel would make a shield more than four feet thick!

Scientists have only begun to investigate the rays in the upper atmosphere where the atmospheric shield is thin. This is one major purpose of the V-2 experiments at White Sands Proving Ground in New Mexico. Kernels of corn, for instance, after being shot to high altitudes, have been planted by Harvard scientists to see whether the radiation has altered their germ to produce freak varieties.

Out in space, travelers would no longer be protected by the heavy mantle of gases which make up our atmosphere. Their only shield would be the thin shell of the space ship itself. In small scale we have already demonstrated the danger to human bodies of atomic fissioning. But in large scale every sun is an atomic furnace. A ray that can cut through the foot-thick sides of a steel battleship could not be stopped by the thin walls of a space ship.

It is possible that such radiation may not prohibit travel within our own solar system. Life on earth, subject to the atmospheric filter, developed under the radiation of our own sun. But that from other suns might be incalculably different—and as deadly, if they were approached closely, as direct exposure to the atomic piles at Hanford or Los Alamos.

The soil of other planets of our solar system such as Mars, however, unprotected by the heavy atmosphere which blankets earth, might be dangerously radioactive to landing parties. If life exists there it must have grown tolerant to such radiation. That tolerance, however, need not extend to the men of earth.

The forms of radiation are many. Some, like alpha and beta rays, are stopped by clothing or only slightly heavier materials. But radioactive particles containing them can still be lethal if taken into the body. Others, like gamma rays, can travel through many feet of most materials.

Still a fourth problem, though only conjectural, must be considered. The disease and parasites which might be met on other habitable planets would be extremely dangerous to inhabitants of the earth. The ancestors of man evolved upon this planet over many millions of years and man himself over hundreds of thousands. Despite this long exposure we still have little tolerance or resistance to many diseases. Each new generation is more resistant than the old, but new diseases or mutations of old forms continue to destroy millions. The introduction of so-called "civilized diseases" on occasion has almost obliterated native populations. This is a minor example of what man would have to face on a major scale on a new planet.

In parts of tropical Africa, no white man is expected to live more than five years. In New Guinea and the Solomon Islands, American soldiers met new and strange tropical pests, diseases and infestations.

Yet the climatic and environmental differences between earth's tropical and temperate zones are negligible compared with those between earth and any other known planet. The first men to arrive on other planets will find conditions unimaginably different from those on earth. And if these places are habitable at all to men, they are almost certain to be inhabited already by microbes, parasites and viruses which may be fatal to man. Our bodies will have no resistance to them nor will medical science have any idea of treatment. The result is almost certain to be disaster.

The first space voyagers undoubtedly will have air-conditioned laboratory vehicles. They will carry guinea pigs to test against these plagues. They will send men out on walking expeditions completely encased in air-conditioned, ray-resistant clothing, carrying their own oxygen. Such exploration is far from either habitation or exploitation. And there is always the danger that space vehicles returning to earth will bring deadly disease back with them.

These are but a few of the difficulties. We do not have to face them immediately. Though we can expect a rocket shot at the moon in the near future, it will be much longer before a space ship will carry a man. But the other obstacles must be faced eventually. For centuries man has gazed wistfully at the stars. And if a little stardust gets in the way of the first space explorers, someone else will try again later. ##

Conservatives should cling to the cities, but adventurers will want to roam at will

Mexico—Land of Contrasts

by RICHARD JOSEPH

McVICKER

THE first thing you ought to do before going to Mexico is to search your soul. You've got to decide what sort of person you really are, then plan your trip accordingly. Mexico can be all things to all men—but you must know what you want from her.

If you're the kind of guy who likes his civilization civilized and his comforts comfortable, then you'll be happiest confining your travels to such top tourist resorts as Mexico City, Acapulco, Cuernavaca, Taxco, Fortin, Mérida, Puebla or Tehuacán. There you can do most of the things you like to do at home, in surroundings that are different enough to be stimulating and at the same time enough like the States to meet any exacting standards you might have on comfort, cleanliness, service and food and drink.

If, on the other hand, you're the sort who likes to get out and see, eat, drink and do different things—and the heck with whether the sheets have been changed since Tuesday—then you can really have yourself a time in practically any part of the country.

Mexico shares with Canada top position as favorite foreign tourist center for foot-loose Americans. After a visit—planned according to your proclivities—you'll wonder why every American with a few bucks to spend on a vacation doesn't head for Mexico. Probably no other frontier provides as much contrast as the Rio Grande.

Cross the border and you're in a different world—with different people of different racial origins—dressed differently, speaking a different language, leading different lives in a different civilization. If change is the measure of a vacation, then Mexico is the world's greatest holiday bargain for you.

How to get there: For most Americans, Mexico is the most easily reached of any truly foreign country. It's readily accessible by plane, train, car and ship—and you can even hike it.

Our chance for a really different trip to and through Mexico came when Prosper G. Tomich and Helen A. Duffy, distributors for Republic Aviation in Mexico City, invited us to go along with them on a survey trip through Mexico they were making in a Seabee, Republic's new four-passenger, all-metal amphibian.

We entered The Age of Private Flying when we left the Republic plant at Farmingdale, Long Island, with William H. Fate, general manager of the Aircraft Sales Company, of Fort Worth, who was taking delivery of a new Seabee for his company. From Fort Worth, we continued on our trip with F. A. Hall, Jr., Seabee dealer in Corpus Christi. At the border, Tom Tomich and Helen Duffy took over.

Touring by private plane, it seemed to us, is just about where automobile touring was after World War I. You have to check your map pretty carefully, just as you had to watch your map when there were no numbered highways, and you had to chart your route from town to town. There are good and bad airports, just as there were good and bad gas stations in the early days of motoring. Comes darkness and you check in for the night, just as you used to avoid night driving on the highway. Main difference is that you were doing well, back in the early 20's, if you averaged twenty-five miles per hour driving time. In the Seabee we checked off 100 miles per hour or better, every hour, hour after hour. And, at the end of a day's flying, we were considerably fresher than we remember the old man to have been when he used to climb down from the Buick at night.

Flying around the country with old Mexico hands like Tom and Helen, we really saw the place. We landed at spots the guidebooks never mention, you've never heard of, and about which even the Mexicans are not too sure. We flew over jungles, crossed mountain ranges and landed on lakes in areas where the natives had never had a close look at an airplane. We discovered villages like El Jicaro, previously reachable only on horseback, where the natives—descendants of the survivors of wrecked slave ships—had never seen a tourist before. We landed in cow pastures at places like Pinotepa Nacional, where women walk around bare-chested, as they do in Bali, and where the only connection with the rest of the world is through an occasional cargo plane—which is probably why the women are not so shy about displaying their outstanding attributes.

It's not to be recommended for chair-car commandos and other sedentary types, but if you really like the adventurous life, tour Mexico by private plane—preferably an amphibian.

Over the border: If you stop over at a border town—Tijuana, Mexicali, Nogales, Ciudad Juárez, Nuevo Laredo, Matamoros—you're in for some experiences. The border towns are freaks, developed during prohibition days to cater to the wants of hell-raising Americans, and they bear no more resemblance to the average Mexican town than does Coney Island to Columbus, Ohio.

They are worth a couple of hours of your time, though, if only to watch your fellow countrymen and countrywomen hard at work making fools of themselves. There's something about a border town which seems to bring out the jerk that lies dormant in all of us. You'll see retired streetcar conductors doing a jig on the dusty main street while inside, seated at a cool, shady bar, a grandmother from Kansas mutters something unintelligible and makes vague circles with her left hand, as her hair dangles into her beer.

Typical of the peculiar specimens you meet in border towns was the bald-headed, bespectacled university professor we ran into in Tijuana back during the prohibition days. The old boy said he was down there doing sociological research, and that he thought a visit to the town's fabulous red-light district might be interesting—"purely from a sociological standpoint," he assured us.

We left him in The Red Mill about four in the morning, after we had been trying to get him out of there since midnight. What hair he had was disheveled, his glasses were hanging off one ear and hostesses were draped over his arms and shoulders. "Interesting, intensely interesting," he was mumbling, "from a sociological (*Continued on page 157*)

Reamer Keller

"All right, helicopter, hover over somebody else!"

Go to	Why	How	Weather	Wear	See and Do	Stay
Palm Springs	A top winter resort, green oasis on western edge of Calif. desert	S.P. RR connects with U.P. at San Bernardino 56 mi. away. 55 min. by Western Airlines DC3s from L.A.	Dry desert sunshine, average noon winter temperature 81°	Casual jacket and slacks. Long-sleeved gabardine shirts useful after sundown. Dude-ranching outfits	Pool swimming, sun-soaking, golf, tennis, badminton, polo, rodeos, skeet, cycling, night life	Excellent European and American Plan hotels. Rates: EP, $5 daily, up; average single rate, AP, $14 per day
Los Angeles County	L.A., H'wood, Beverly Hills, Santa Monica, Culver City, Malibu Beach; heart of screwball belt	American, TWA, United, Western air lines; Santa Fe, Southern Pacific and Union Pacific railroads	Good despite radio gags. Warm enough for ocean swimming during day; cool at night	Medium-weight street wear during day, light topcoat at night. Slacks and sports jacket any time. Take formal clothes if you're going out at all	Just about everything, plus visiting studios, ogling world's most beautiful girls, standing at Hollywood and Vine	1139 hotels with 65,519 rooms. About 3000 apartment houses. Take your choice of vacant, if any
San Diego	Southernmost Calif. coast resort; 16 mi. from Mex. border, Tijuana	American, United and Western air lines; Santa Fe and Southern Pacific railroads	Like L.A. but more so. Boosters claim world's most equable climate	Just about the same as in the rest of Southern California. Less dressy at night than L.A. area	All types of fishing, boating, swimming, riding, golf, tennis	169 hotels in area with 8598 rooms. A.P.: single, $8-15; double, $15-25.Good accommo. No limit to stay. Year-round operation
San Luis Obispo County	Heart of historic Mission Trails country, midway L.A. and S.F. N. edge sunshine belt	Southern Pacific railroad	Average winter temp. 52.44°; days comfortably cool, sunny	Medium-weight sports clothes best. Dress mostly for comfort. Dude-ranching clothes popular	Hunting, riding, freshwater and deep sea fishing, sailing, golf, tennis	Hotels, motels, lodges, tourist courts and ranches to suit most tastes and holiday budgets
Arizona's Valley of The Sun	Next best to buying that dream ranch. Dude ranchers' heaven—centered around Phoenix	American, TWA air lines; Santa Fe and Southern Pacific railroads	Warm, dry desert sunshine. March average temp: max. 74.5°; min. 47°	Informal. Western riding outfits; Cavalry twill frontier or wool or denim ranch pants; wool shirts. Slacks and sports jackets for evenings	Desert rides, cactus picnics; steak fries. Indian reservations. Or golf, tennis, pool swimming if you must	21 guest ranches. Average rate, single, A.P. $10 daily. Six large resort hotels: Single rates, A.P. $16-25 daily. Five smaller lodges, rates about $10 daily, single
New Orleans	One of most distinctive cities in U. S. Fine eating, drinking, living	Chgo & Sou., Delta, East'n, Nat'l, Mid-Cont. air: Gulf Coast, I.C., L & N, Mo. Pac., Sou., Sou. Pac., Tex & Pac. R.R.	March is about right for in-town sight-seeing, which you'll do mostly	Medium-weight business suit or sports jacket and slacks combination for daytime. Topcoat weather at night	Some of finest restaurants in country. Wonderful Old French Quarter	Hotel situation tight but more accommo. & lower prices in March, after Mardi Gras. 11 hotels, 3780 rooms
Havana	Favorite Caribbean resort. Sufficiently exciting, yet enough like home to satisfy nonadventurous	Pan-Am. Clipper, 1½ hrs. from Miami. $30 plus tax. Standard Fruit, weekly from New Orleans. Nat'l Air New York-Havana, $76.65 one way, plus tax. 7 hrs.	Ideal, subtropical. March and April end dry season	Tropical worsteds, slacks, or sports jacket. Seersuckers or white linen. (Latter appropriate for evening.) Two swim trunks	Lively night life. National Casino is another Monte Carlo. Swimming, fishing, riding, racing, jai-alai, polo, cockfights	Six luxury, many good moderately priced hotels. Havana's hotels stack up with any in world
Nassau	Brilliant sunshine, shining sand, green water, blue skies	80 min. by Pan-Am. Clipper from Miami. Round trip $34.50, tax inc.	March temp. averages bet. 63°-82°	Tropical worsteds, seersuckers and lightweight slacks and sports jacket. Dinner jacket for galas. Two swim trunks	Sailing, splendid beaches, sight-seeing by horse or cycle, fishing, tennis, golf, polo	Nine hotels, 3 apartment houses, 8 guest houses. Intensive building program about completed
Bermuda	Paradise in the Atlantic. Old World atmosphere	Pan-Am. Clipper from N.Y. Brit. Overseas air from Balto. Alcoa and Furness Bermuda SS from New York	Semi-tropical: Cool nights. No rainy season. Av. temp. 63°-80°	Sports jackets, slacks. Palm Beach and tropical worsted suits. Topcoat & sweaters for evenings. Saturday night formals. Two swim trunks	Swimming, sailing, shopping, sight-seeing, cycling, golf, tennis, dancing	Ample accommo. but not all prewar hotels yet open. Room for 1450 in hotels, 300 in homes, cottages

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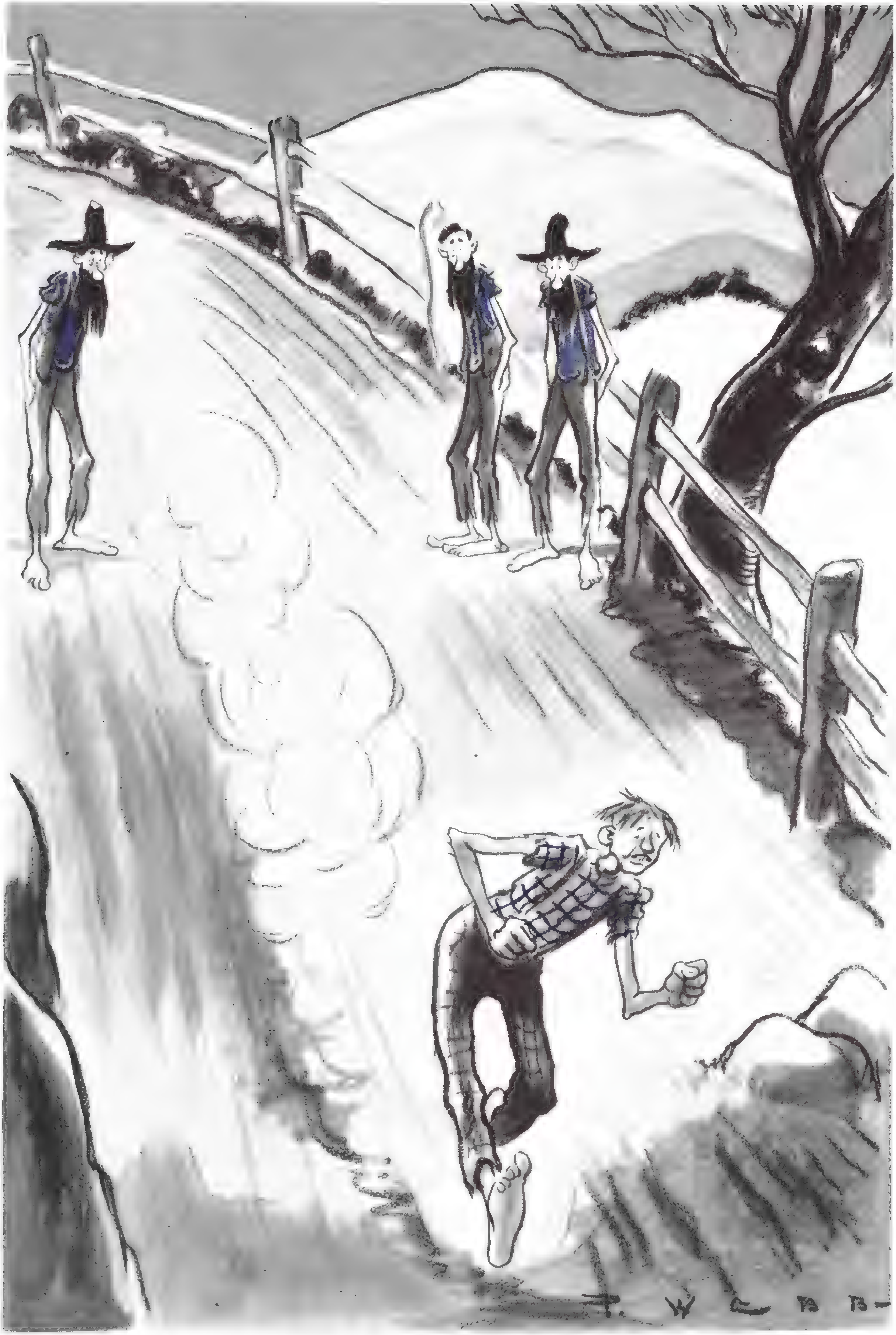
FOR SUNSHINE SEEKERS

Spring, the calendar tells us, gushing optimism, is due this month. All of which is fine, but not so fine as to blind many of us to the fact that March marks the period in which our supply of stored-up sunshine is howling for replenishment. All victims of winter hibernation sans sun and fun now hanker after both these items like an old salt after citrus. It's been three months since the last autumn hike; it's a good two months before the first ride with the top down. Ergo, the wise man will away to lands where the sun is now out in strength. southwest to Southern California and Arizona; or south to Florida and the Gulf Coast; or out to sea and the islands. For further details, simply peruse the chart above.



"Crazy fool allers runs down hills . . . too dang lazy to hold hisself back"

Flesh and Grass

However swift, cruel or ugly the dying, death ever serves the immutable purpose: that which must perish will sustain life

by GERALD KERSH

Besides the daisy there was another fleck of white in the meadow—the tail of a young rabbit. The older and wiser rabbits foraged close to the warren. This young one frisked and nibbled out in the wider spaces. He saw the daisy, wrinkled his nose at it, and ate it. Turning, terrified, he saw the pale behinds of the other rabbits slapping into the warren, like billiard balls into pockets. He bounded towards them, too late. He saw a red flash, felt a red stab, uttered one squeak, and then hung twitching in the jaws of a vixen.

The vixen was hungry, yet she did not eat. She ran away to the wood, slinking belly-to-earth among the bracken fronds. Two cubs were waiting for her. The vixen became sublime. She let them eat the little rabbit; watched them, slavering, but restrained herself. Then she went out to hunt again.

A long-legged wild dog saw her and gave chase; pinned her after three mad miles, and tore her to pieces. The cubs waited, ravenous. One died. His brother ate him, but in the course of a week grew hungry again. He crept out, piteously yelping, rolled into a ditch that skirted the meadow. Too weak to rise again, he died of hunger.

Within five minutes great swarms of shining blue flies settled upon the dead fox cub, feverishly eating and breeding in obedience to their unfathomable instinct.

So: the daisy that had struggled towards the sun, and the rabbit that had ventured into the open meadow, and the cubs for which the vixen had given her life—all seemed to end futilely in carrion flies.

But the flies, and other insects, had scarcely cleaned the fox cub's bones when the swallows appeared. They came, dipping and fluttering out of a clear sky, snapping up thousands of flies, packing themselves with strength for the terrific winter migration. For the summer was ending, and the swallows were flying south.

They flew high. The wind howled like ten thousand devils, slashing through the ranks of the swallows. Utterly exhausted, fifteen hundred of them fell into the sea, which instantly sucked them down. But one swallow survived and reached the coast of Africa.

He made that epic flight only to fall into the jaws of a wildcat—a grey, glaring, yellow-eyed handful of murder, which scooped him up in one mouthful, and went howling after its mate in the starry night.

It went howling after its death, too, for another cat was waiting. It happened a week later. The wildcat went down, slashing and wailing, hooked to a bigger, more ferocious cat that killed it and walked away.

Before the dawn, a little shivering jackal skulked out and ate the body, and so kept alive for a few days until it crept out again to drink. A crocodile, like a smiling log, snapped once and sank heavily. Only a rose-colored stain marked the place where the jackal had been.

Less vulnerable, the crocodile was still not proof against time. A hundred years passed; the crocodile grew huge. A hundred and fifty years; he grew weak. Then, one black night he sank for the last time and drifted downstream, where a vast swarm of lithe eels writhed about their seemingly useless business. They picked the crocodile clean.

Several months passed. A mysterious urge took hold of the eels. They had to go; they neither knew nor cared where. They poured in a shining black stream out of the river mouth and across the sea, swimming madly, never resting, day and night. Some perished; some survived, and swam into the Atlantic, to a strange place of weeds.

This was the Sargasso Sea, the meeting place of all the debris of the ocean, where uncountable billions of tons of drifting weeds lie, eternally rotting under the burning sun. Rottenness brings forth richness. The water here is choked with fish food. The eels fed under the weeds, strengthening themselves for the dark and terrible season of their mating which no man has ever witnessed.

Having mated, they went on. One dark stream of them swam to the English coast; and time passed. So it happened that, in the year 1590, a fisherman on the Thames cursed in the names of seventeen saints as his line tied itself in knots. With difficulty he drew in an enormous eel.

He hawked it round the riverside, and sold it for a penny to a man who took it home to his wife. "Cook it," he said, "with some herbs and spice, for we have a guest tonight; a poor devil of a fellow, who's down on his luck and very hungry."

The wife did so, and the guest ate voraciously, sighed, wiped his mouth, and said:

"You may believe me or believe me not, but I was dying of hunger. Just before you invited me to dine with you I was contemplating suicide. I was! This meal seems a little thing to you. But it has saved my life."

Later the host asked the man who was down on his luck: "What will you do now?"

"Do? Finish my work, friend. Ah . . . it is strange how a well-digested meal may be transmuted into a thought! Listen:

O! she doth teach the torches to burn bright.
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear; . . .

"What do you think of that?"

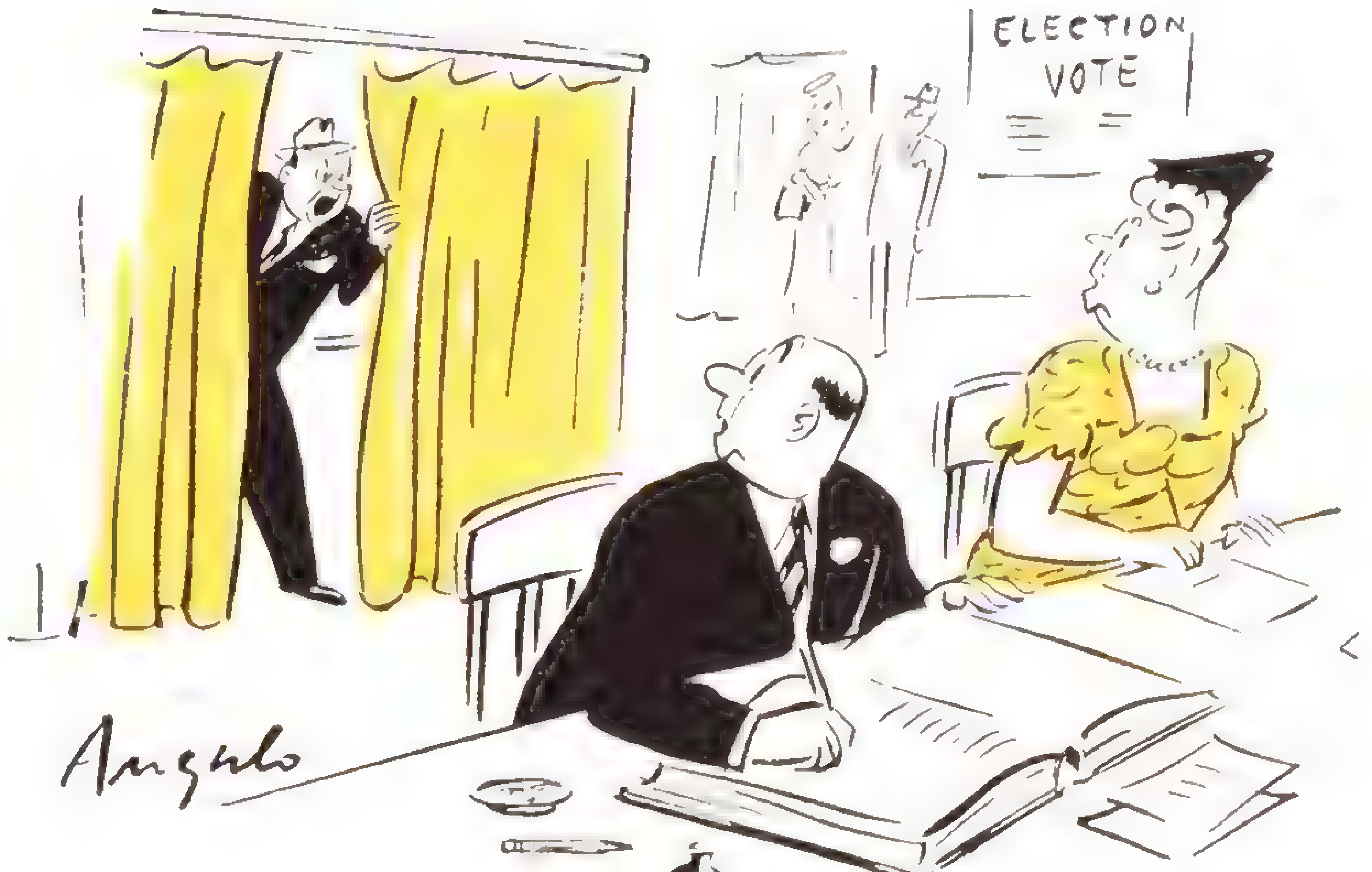
"What is it?"

"A line or two from my new play, *Romeo and Juliet*. Yes. Now I will finish the other four acts. . . ."

So Shakespeare grew greater and greater, and finally died, and was buried.

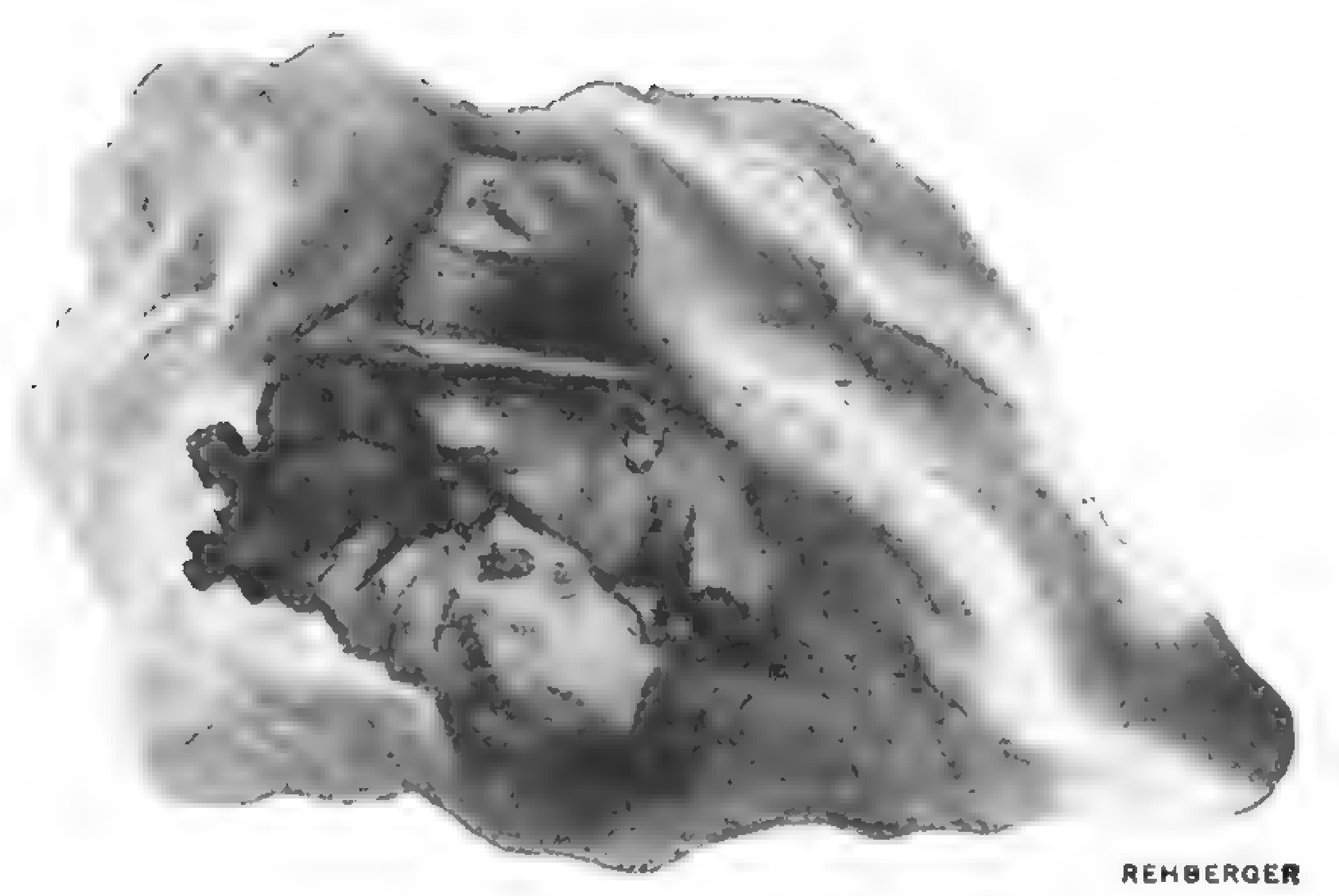
A year or two later, an aged man, looking at Shakespeare's grave, uttered an exclamation, stooped, grunting, and plucked something out of a chink in the stones.

It was a daisy. The old man threw it away. #



"Isn't there any way I can vote against both parties?"

When you're a newsreel cameraman, you reckon your rewards in such intangibles as danger and the joy of remaining alive



REHBERGER

The Reel Glory

by DICK HOLDSWORTH

The first strange thing townspeople noticed that late September day in 1937 was the erratic behavior of Father James J. Mullen, beloved priest of Old Orchard, Maine. The good *Padre* was seen tearing down the highway toward Kennebunk Port, leaning from the window of a speeding car, clutching a rifle in his hand.

His eyes strained skyward, but no roadside spectator could imagine what he was looking at. It was beginning to rain and all that could be seen overhead were swiftly skimming, low-hanging grey clouds. As the auto bearing Father Mullen careened round a curve and disappeared, heads wagged sadly and remarks were exchanged anent the pressure on wearers of the cloth these days.

About three minutes later, a farmer living a couple of miles out of town dashed frantically from his pasture into his house and grabbed the phone. He asked for the police station—quick!

"There's some kind of a monster just flew over my farm!" he is reported to have said. "Great big black thing, 'twas. Bigger 'n a barn. Saw it through a hole in a rain cloud!"

The officer at the other end of the line asked if he'd ever heard tell of the airplane, and hung up. But within another five minutes scores of persons were reporting a weird *something* traveling rapidly west, about a mile up. Descriptions ranged from a "huge-bunch-of-grapes-lookin'-thing" to a "gigantic bird."

A quick check revealed no planes were aloft because of weather, and the vicinity was well off the path of commercial aircraft.

It was then that the call came in to police from Thomas Bowman, an employee of the Old Orchard Country Club. Calmly, with typical New England laconicism, Bowman was wondering if anybody had caught up with that crazy cameraman from the newsreel who'd been taking pictures at the club when his balloons broke loose.

Hastily the story was pieced together. Al Mingalone, crack cameraman for one of the major newsreels, had been making trick aerial scenes at the country club. To achieve the effect he wanted, Mingalone had suspended himself by shoulder harness from thirty hydrogen-filled stratosphere balloons, then let himself be elevated to a height of sixty feet by means of a rope anchor line.

With a "ground crew" consisting of Bowman, a fellow cameraman, and Father Mullen, a photographic enthusiast, he started grinding away with his hand camera. A stiff gust of wind wrested the anchor line away from the ground crew—and Mingalone was on his way up.

Father Mullen, a good shot who enjoyed a spot of hunting as well as any of his flock, had brought along his rifle for just such a contingency—to puncture as many balloons as was necessary to cause Mingalone's gradual descent. But the climb was so rapid the Father didn't have a chance. He and the other cameraman jumped into their car and zoomed off in the direction the balloons were taking.

Radio stations as far away as Portland broke into regular programs to urge listeners to report immediately to police if the scudding spheres were sighted. Roads began to crawl with vehicles on the alert for the photographer.

Meantime, Father Mullen and his driver had covered forty miles in as many minutes, twisting up this road and down that as they occasionally caught a glimpse of the unwilling balloonist. Near the little hamlet of Saco their first break came. Mingalone sailed out from behind a cloud at an altitude of approximately one thousand feet, and he had slowed down considerably. They could see him struggling desperately, trying to hoist himself up the main shroud line, presumably to get at the balloons ten yards above him.

COMPLAINTS
OPEN AGAIN
7

Brakes screamed and Father Mullen jumped from the car. In a single swift motion he knelt, cocked the loading lever of his rifle and fired. Two of the balloons burst, but Mingalone, frightened by the shot, dropped his camera, and with this ballast gone the balloons soared again and disappeared behind another cloud.

Again the pursuers dodged into the auto, sighted the cameraman five miles farther on, lost him while honking their way through a snarl of awestruck motorists on a back road, and caught up with him again as he scudded across a North Kennebunk cornfield.

The cleric sprinted into the field, fired twice more and, as gracefully as a veteran parachutist, Mingalone wafted to earth.

"Where's my camera?" he wheezed. "You know, Father, I ground out some beautiful stuff breezing along up there!" That was his main concern: "Where's my camera?"—after he had drifted sixty death-fraught miles all over southern Maine.

To the boys in the newsreel racket such an experience is all in a day's work. For risking their necks day in and day out they are paid the munificent salary of $150 weekly.

Your newsreel cameraman, in addition to having nerves of steel, is also an artist, a diplomat and a born politician, capable of bulldozing the most irate senator or talking the Queen of Romania into posing for a cheesecake picture.

About twenty-five of these rugged rascals work out of New York, which is the world capital of the five major newsreels: Movietone News, Pathé News, Paramount News, News of the Day, and Universal Newsreel. Each maintains bureaus in key cities throughout the world and a small complement of cameramen is attached to each bureau. In the U. S., however, the number of regular staff men is under a hundred, a good idea of the fraternity's exclusiveness.

It seems impossible—with so few cameramen on the job—that every major catastrophe that has occurred in this country in the past thirty years has been successfully covered, but that is the phenomenal record. From the famous Black Tom explosion of World War I to the scare headlines in this morning's paper—"It made the reel," as they say in the business.

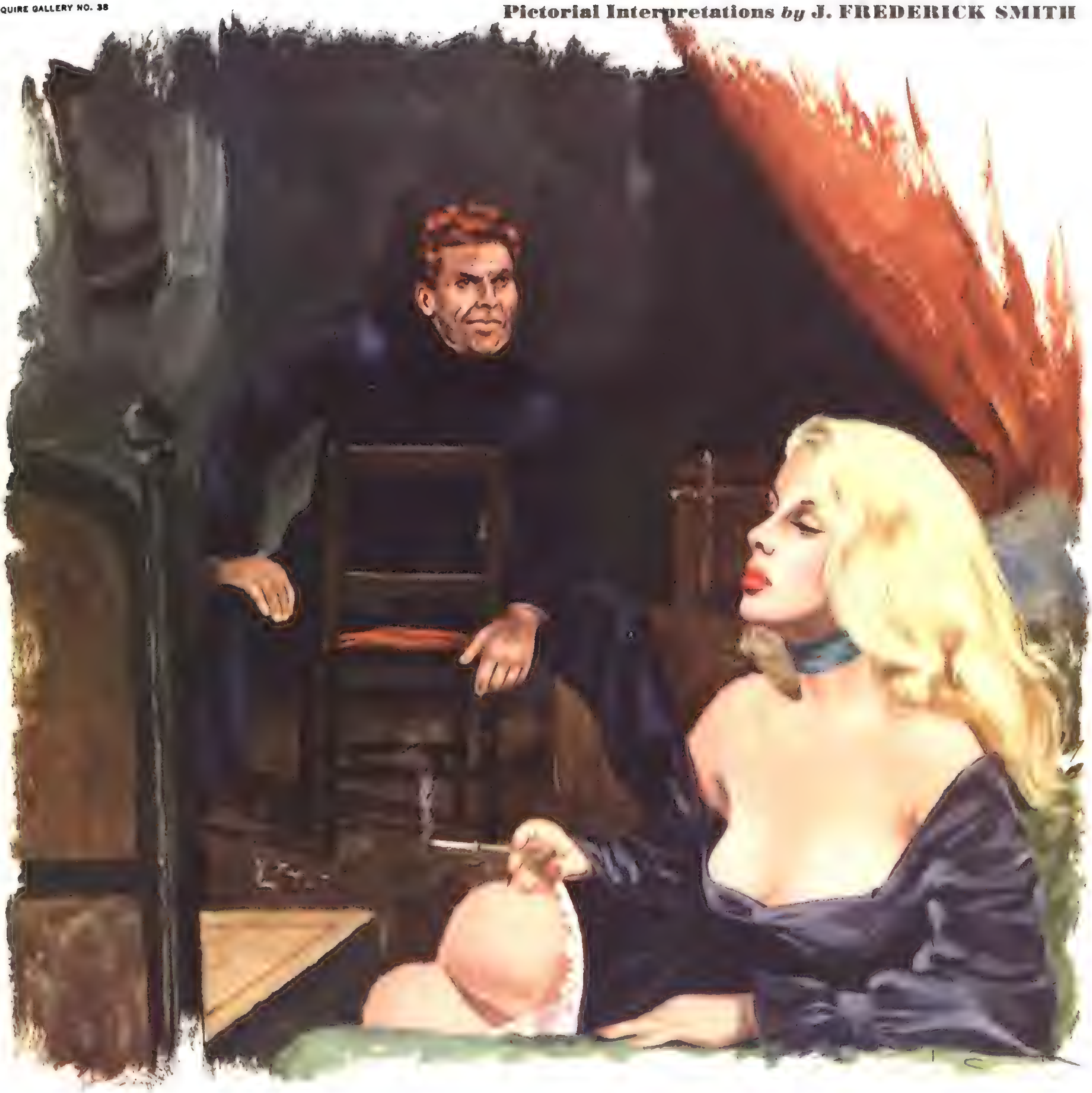
If a story requires chartering a plane to fly a man to a revolution in Guatemala, that man is on his way as soon as the plane can be gassed up. If an earthquake occurs in Saskatchewan, you'll see the gory details at your local theatre for the regular admission price, no matter what it cost to get the film in the can.

It's a crazy business, but those in it would trade it for no other. It's ten times more exciting than newspaper work, and it is free from the social ramifications and caste system of Hollywood.

Typical of the ingenuity of these men is the case of Italian-born Urban Santone, considered one of the best *(Continued on page 132)*

ESQUIRE GALLERY NO. 38

Pictorial Interpretations *by* **J. FREDERICK SMITH**



One hour spent with the unbelievably ravishing mystery girl in Blood Alley transformed evil Captain Red into a man helplessly and foolishly in love.

The saga of the Sartov girls in Chinese Macao, where evil is the order of the day

The Rainbow in Blood Alley

by GERRITT J. LLOYD

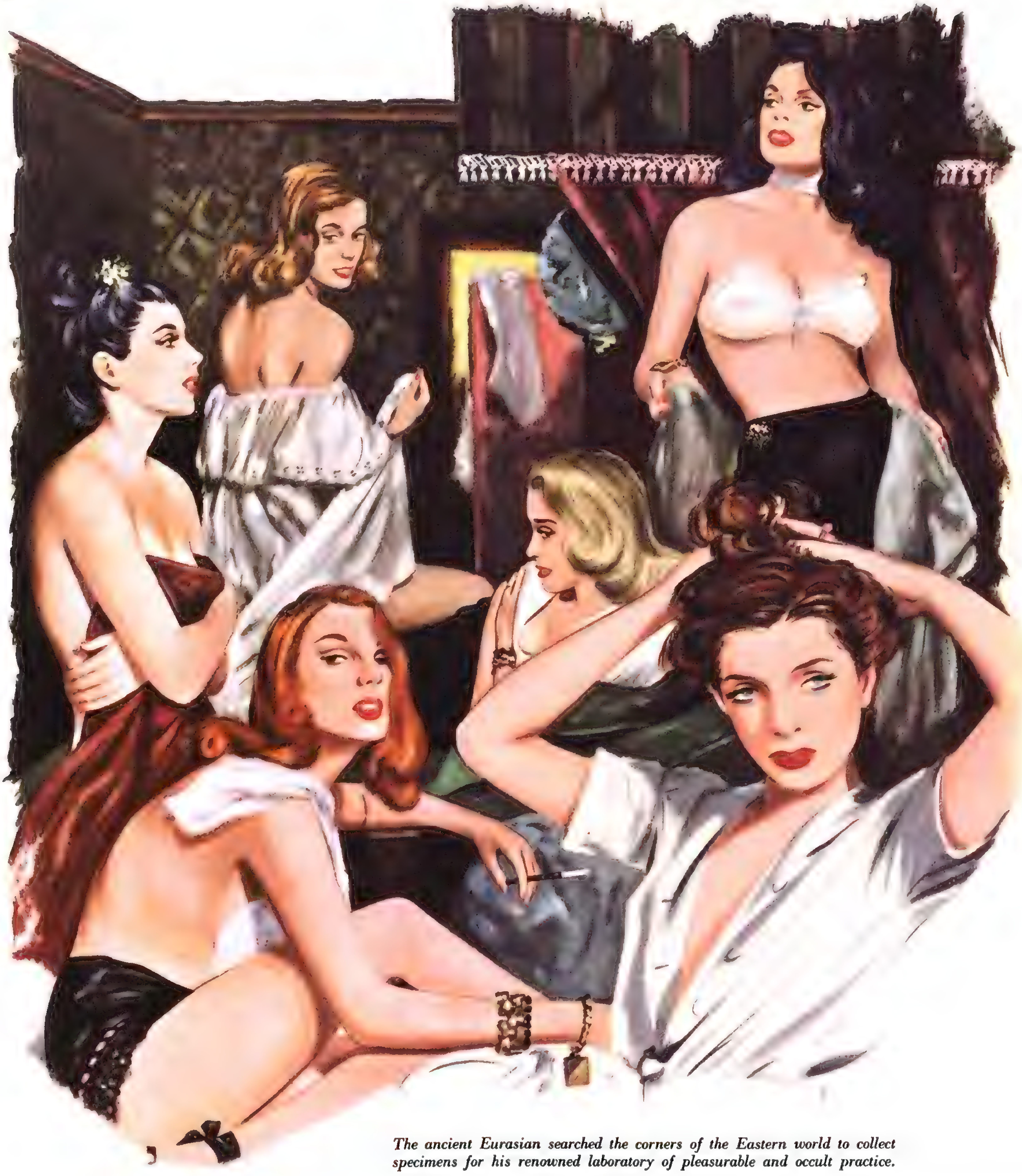
Two Danish girls hang out their fame where heroines are few, in the underground of international loot. Their names now live in a Hong Kong song that tells the legends of war. One is Hilda, one is Frieda; the family is Sartov. It is their feud with Captain Red that cuts off their careers in the most dangerous of cities.

Where the monsoon strikes in the China Sea stands Macao — the wicked. This dissolute wench of the Far East has her title of infamy fixed by the United States Navy; she is a six-man port. Six abreast the Marines must walk when they risk these streets in daylight. The night has too many hazards; it is a place where the dagger is never denied its blood.

Midnight brings Captain Red ashore, two days before the Sartov girls arrive. He comes in a fishing junk that has slunk through the dark thirty-five miles from Hong Kong. His violent past keeps his presence whispered along every water front. Unknowns are waiting to hand him their greeting, the long ticket of death. Two guns flash, one answers. The assailants disappear; one into the darkness, the other into the bay where the well-fed sharks are waiting. Captain Red now walks with a limp.

His boxes of treasure and his baggage go in the jinrikisha which he directs to a Chinese hotel off the Avenida Almeide Ribeiro, the main shopping street. His three heavy crates will follow. What is in them? The coolies chatter over them, curious and suspicious, for Captain Red has become a figure of unknown dread.

Visitors being rare, he awakens a napping clerk, ordering the best suite of rooms, and a doctor. He signs the register with bold looping letters, Robinson Crusoe Plato. Names here are but a whim's convenience, subject to change around the corner. Here the desperate alone ever come to settle; few but the rich survive. Fugitives and outcasts are guests of honor, this being the one spot in Asia where



The ancient Eurasian searched the corners of the Eastern world to collect specimens for his renowned laboratory of pleasurable and occult practice.

extradition is dismissed as a prudish law. To adopt Macao as a permanent address is to wear black-and-white stripes. To have murdered in New York is no stigma here; in her windows the candles are burning for stolen wealth and artful felons. The law never disturbs them, life seems to have the serenity of an island dream; here the knaves and scoundrels of the world find their Paradise if they can resist the slow venom that is Macaon life. The Sartov girls know well enough its dire reputation.

Their names are blown from the official records, for their work is done in secrecy. Where loot is missing, the Sartov girls appear, two of the most truly unique figures ever to enter the world scene. How they arrive in this strange specialty is known only to the government foreign offices. Their work is a peril that desperation might well shun. How much is involved in this operation betrayed by Captain Red can be only conjectured. So vast is the loot of war that even fancy hesitates to weigh its value. Rumor has its grip on two millions, five millions, up to thirty and fifty millions, but the facts stumble off into guesswork. It is enough wealth to inflame Captain Red; it is enough to shatter the career of the Sartov girls.

Captain Red expects pursuit as he stiffens his muscles against the probing Chinese doctor. The bullet lies deep. The long probe ferrets through the quivering flesh. In the darkened room, the pain makes his red hair appear redder, his red face flushes, the muscles bulge in the thick red neck that spreads his shoulders. When the bullet is tugged free, he pays the doctor with twenty-dollar gold pieces. In the boxes under his bed are thousands.

Ordered abed for ten days, Captain Red takes his throbs and fever into the street next day, seeking a building which he intends to purchase. Its location — Blood Alley!

What a water-front dive is to an uptown night club, so Macao is to other Asiatic cities, to Nagasaki, to Shanghai, to Canton or Singapore. And what Macao is to other cities, Blood Alley is to Macao. Here indulgence has reached a perfection born of centuries of experimentation.

The building which Captain Red needs so urgently as a fortress for his loot has two neighbors. On one side is an opium shop with heroin and cocaine for the family trade, pickups as common here as candy bars and colas in America; on the other is a house which even in Macao one talks about in whispers and never the same thing twice. Most repeated tale is that an old Eurasian, fabulously wealthy, keeps it as a laboratory of pleasure, home of the unknown borderland between ecstasy and pain. Certain students of his arts are admitted, some regularly, some only once—and these do not always emerge—but all arrive eager for a lesson in the arts by the master Eurasian. His exhibits, it is whispered, are living and beautiful, ranging from supple, glistening beauties from Africa through lighter tints to be found in the outer reaches of Mongolia, and ending in the whitest dazzlement the collector could find even in the courts of Europe. His agents scour the world for rare trophies. A visit to his laboratory brings a fee worth a Balkan kingdom. It is known to initiates and even to those who never come near the area as The Rainbow of Blood Alley.

As Captain Red turns into the center building, a lascar identifies him, raising a shrill alarm: "Bad man, verree bad man; crazee sea captain, verree bad man; he crazee chair man. He go crazee when storm comes; bad chair, verree bad; crazee bad man." Terrified, he stands off warily, pointing his finger and screaming, while the captain stumps into the building he is determined to own.

It is a fan-tan joint, two stories. A tearoom is on the first floor. Above is the gambling hall with its players' gallery. Cord and basket lower the money to the numbered table below, where the stick-man spreads his pieces, removing them by fours to determine the winner. The Chinese owner is sick with age, anxious for homeland entombment where the spirits of his ancestors will give company to his soul. One thing interests Captain Red most, the cellar. Four coolies carry him down the steps. It is a deep cellar, full length and width of the building, silent, easily made soundproof. When the deal is fixed, payment is made in twenty-dollar gold pieces, American. His first order as owner: from the docks, transfer the heavy crates to the basement in the night.

As he leaves, the lascar is waiting to raise his accusing squeal: "Bad man, crazee man; crazee chair man, verree bad." Captain Red stills him with a coin.

The money buys a squill of cocaine which puts the lascar on a ridiculous story: this Captain Red is a Yankee skipper plying his own boat in the Australasian trade, and makes fortunes which women always take away from him. The stress of women and storms has made him crazy; but now, most wonderful, he has a chair that crushes women when they try to get his money. What kind of a chair? Oh that, my brothers, is magic. On his boat he keeps it locked in a separate cabin so no one will steal his magic.

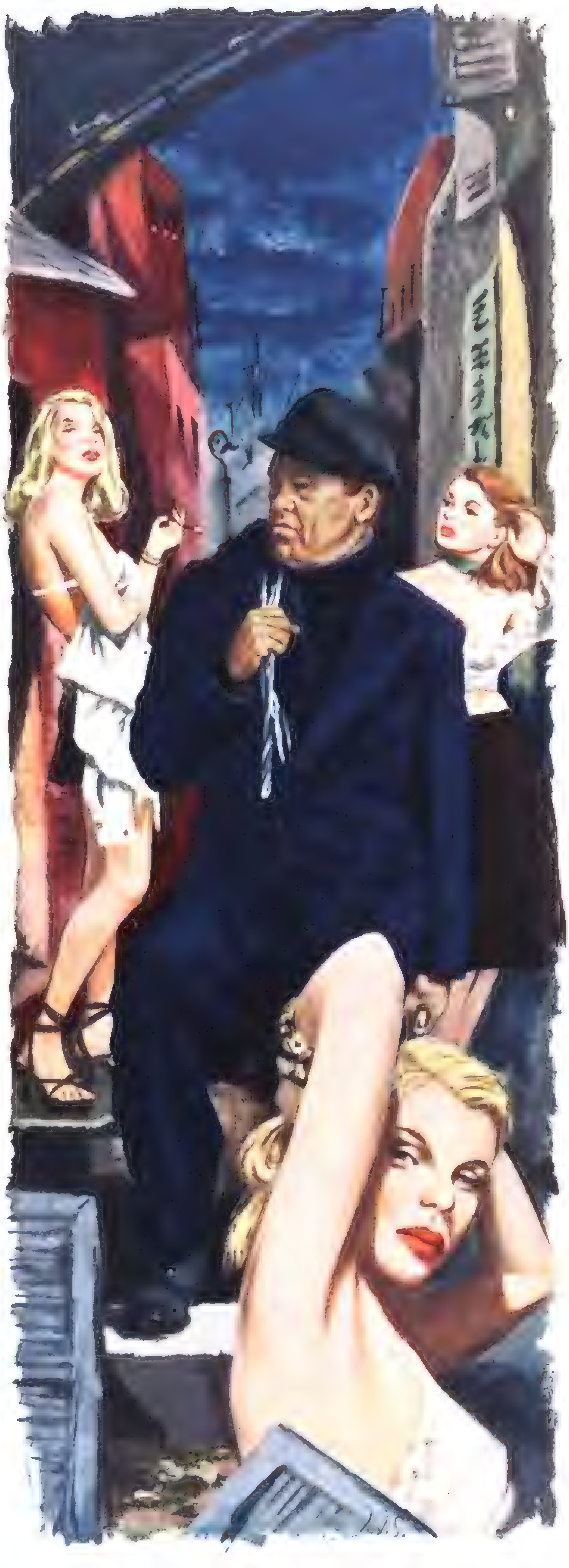
The listening seller of illustrated cards is mildly impressed, not a bad tale for the bazaars when it includes magic; and if this Captain Red loves beautiful women! He jogs off in pursuit. The cards are beautiful, Sahib, real works of art.

He follows to the Praia Grande next day where Captain Red is scanning the crescent water for a sight more interesting. Hours of watching, then it appears, a yacht. Trim and smart in its sixty feet of sailing grace, it lands but one passenger, a young woman in her early twenties wearing a dove-grey dress and bonnet that distantly echo the effect of a Salvation Army uniform. One of the Sartov girls has come to challenge.

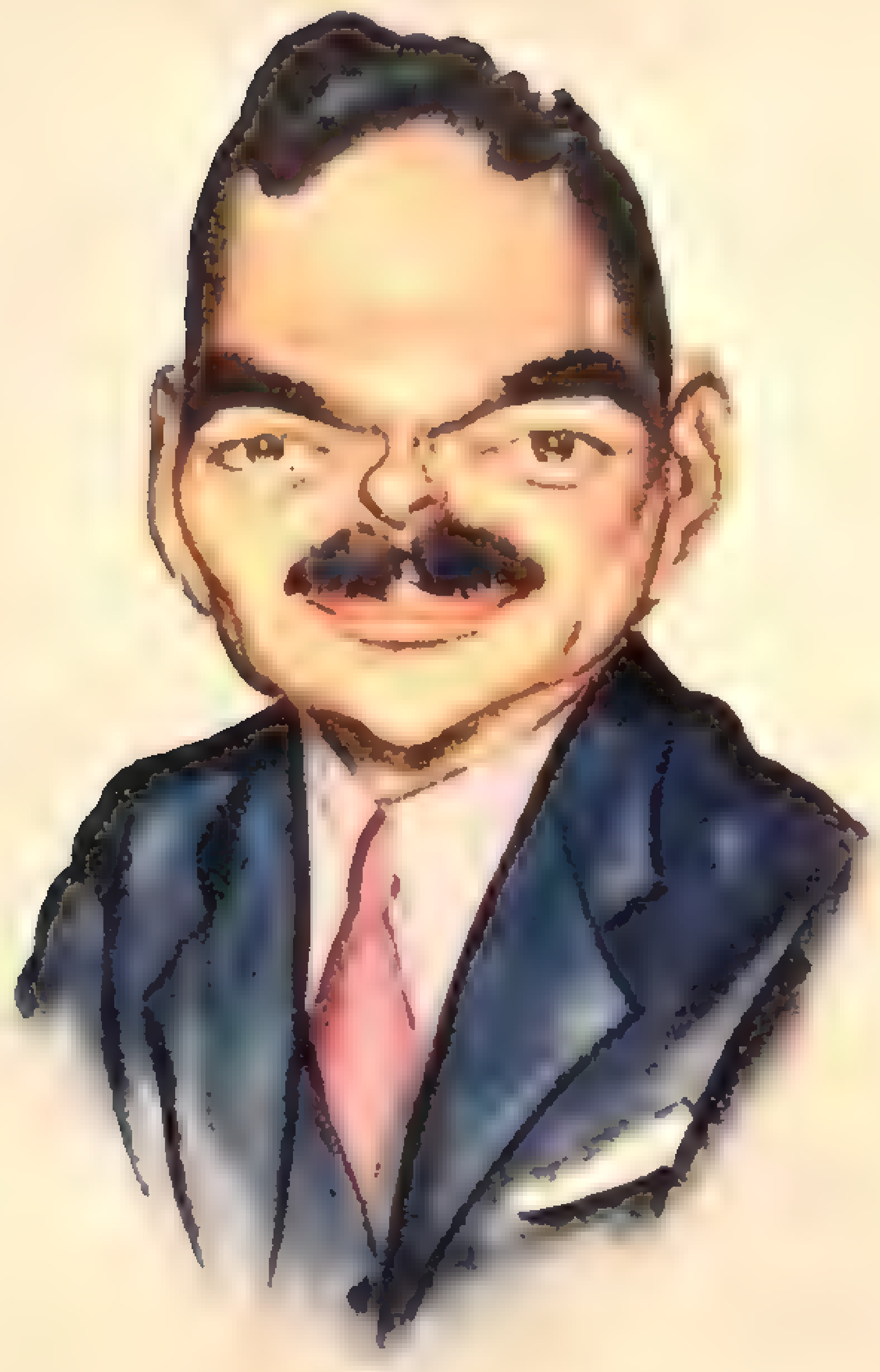
When her jinrikisha climbs the grade from the bay, the two meet, recognize each other, neither speaks. The eyes of the captain have the wounded look of one who adores and is rejected. The girl goes as a guest to an imposing home on the Praia Grande, the avenue which presents the government buildings, the residences of the Portuguese officials, the luxurious clubs, and the palatial houses that mask the industries supporting this colony, the gambling and forbidden traffic, with some fishing off the coast.

The afternoon continues the captain's vigil, bringing the news he expects. When the ferry arrives from Hong Kong, the one passenger is a young woman in her early twenties, wearing a dove-grey dress and bonnet remindful of a Salvation Army uniform. She, too, passes him, each recognizes the other, neither speaks as she alights at the same house on the Praia Grande. The excitement brings agony to the captain's healing leg. He is prepared for violence; but these Sartov girls, with their implacable coolness, their invariable success, speaking their English with a clipped and perfect accent. Never apart, they are never seen together. It is an arrangement that has made them internationally useful, internationally wealthy, and internationally famous.

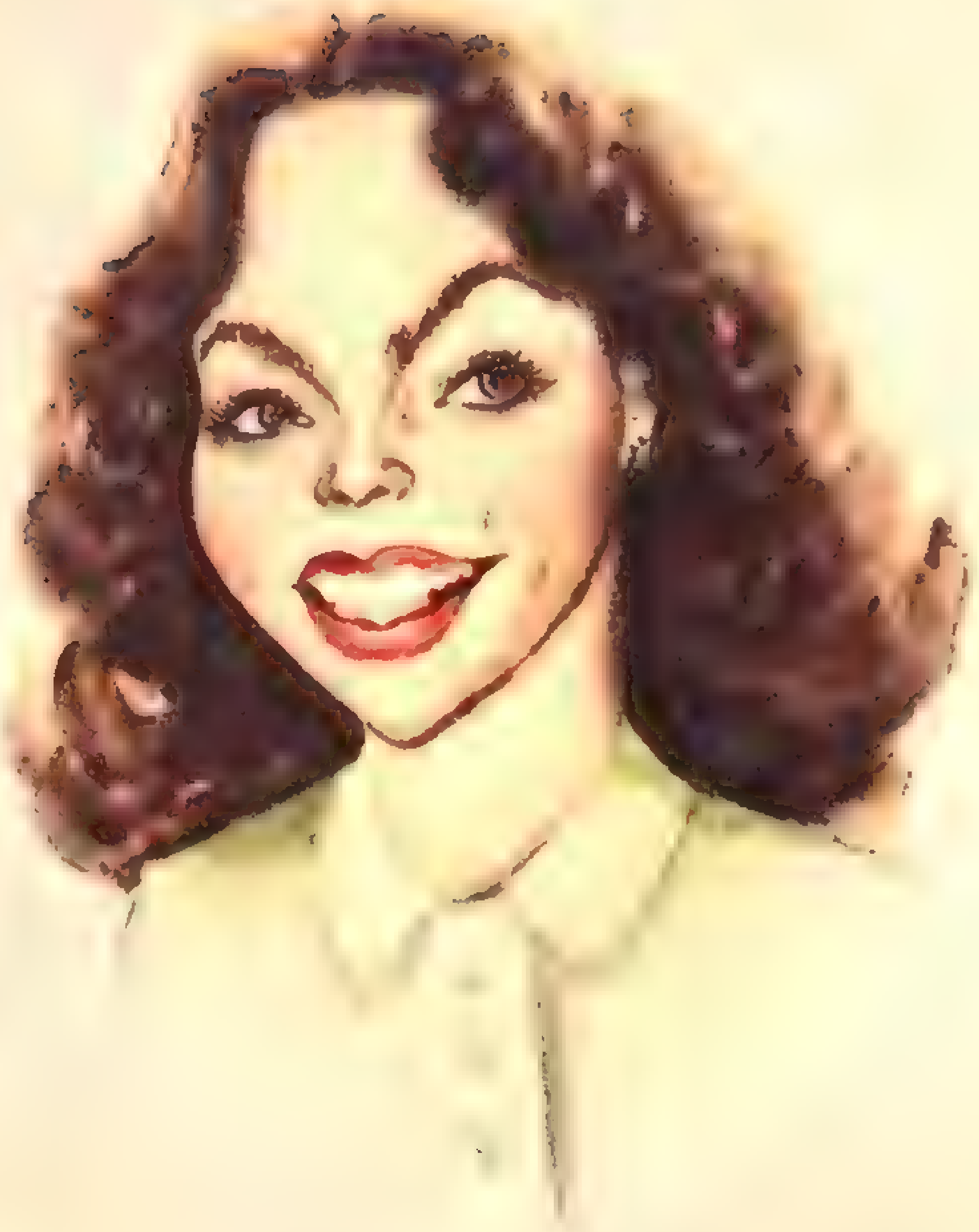
With which one he is enamored, Captain Red does not know; it is the one with the still eyes which never change when she smiles. The eyes of the other glisten with a dewy warmth. Their arrival attracts the younger officials of the colony. Which is Hilda, which is Frieda? It is a game. Some declare them identical twins, others report they are sisters with a unique similarity, possibly cousins. They parry each inquiry with a passive smile; each is always informed of what has been spoken to the other, neither ever commits herself. Their success is based on two supports: one is their powerful backing, the other is the ease with which they avoid critical situations by always having a perfect alibi. Was Hilda the one, or was it Frieda? No one can ever say positively. Their Norse beauty is disarming in its wholesome cheer. Single men picture *(Continued on page 142)*



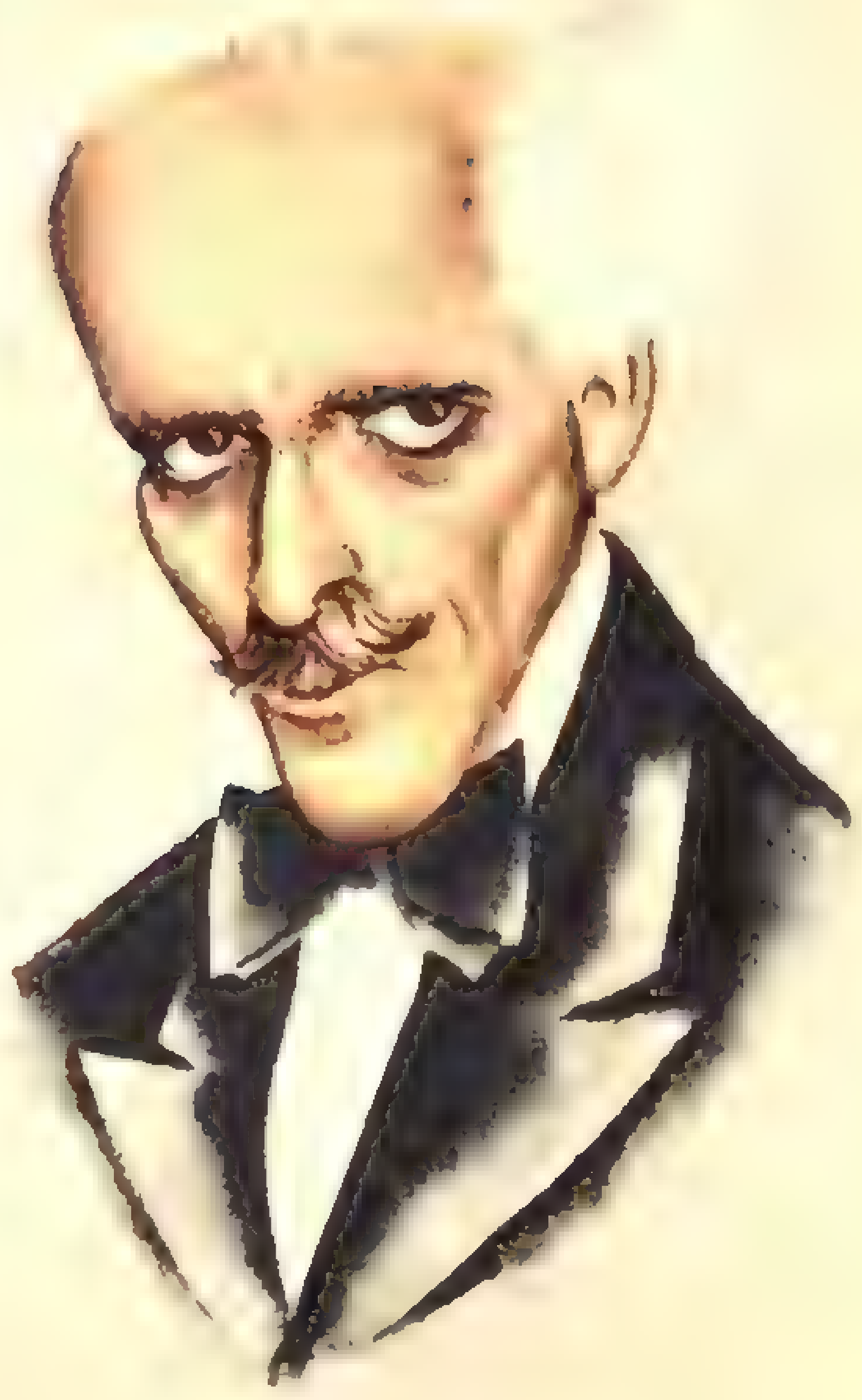
The appearance of vicious Captain Red started a chain of evil whispers along the water front. The dagger, hungry for its serving of blood, lurked waiting in every alleyway. And always there were the Sartov girls, lusting for revenge.



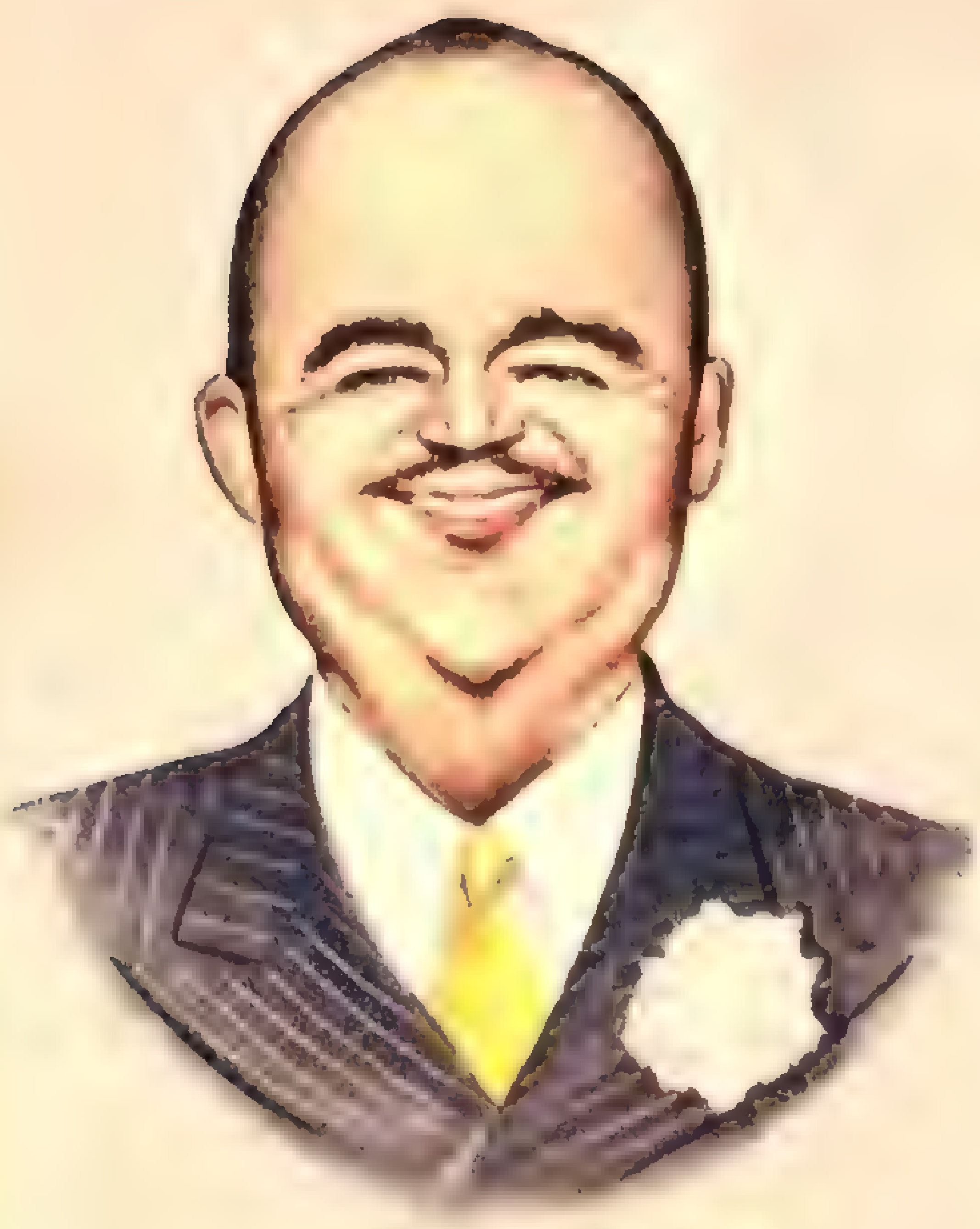
1. Elephant's child prodigy
(MARCH 24)



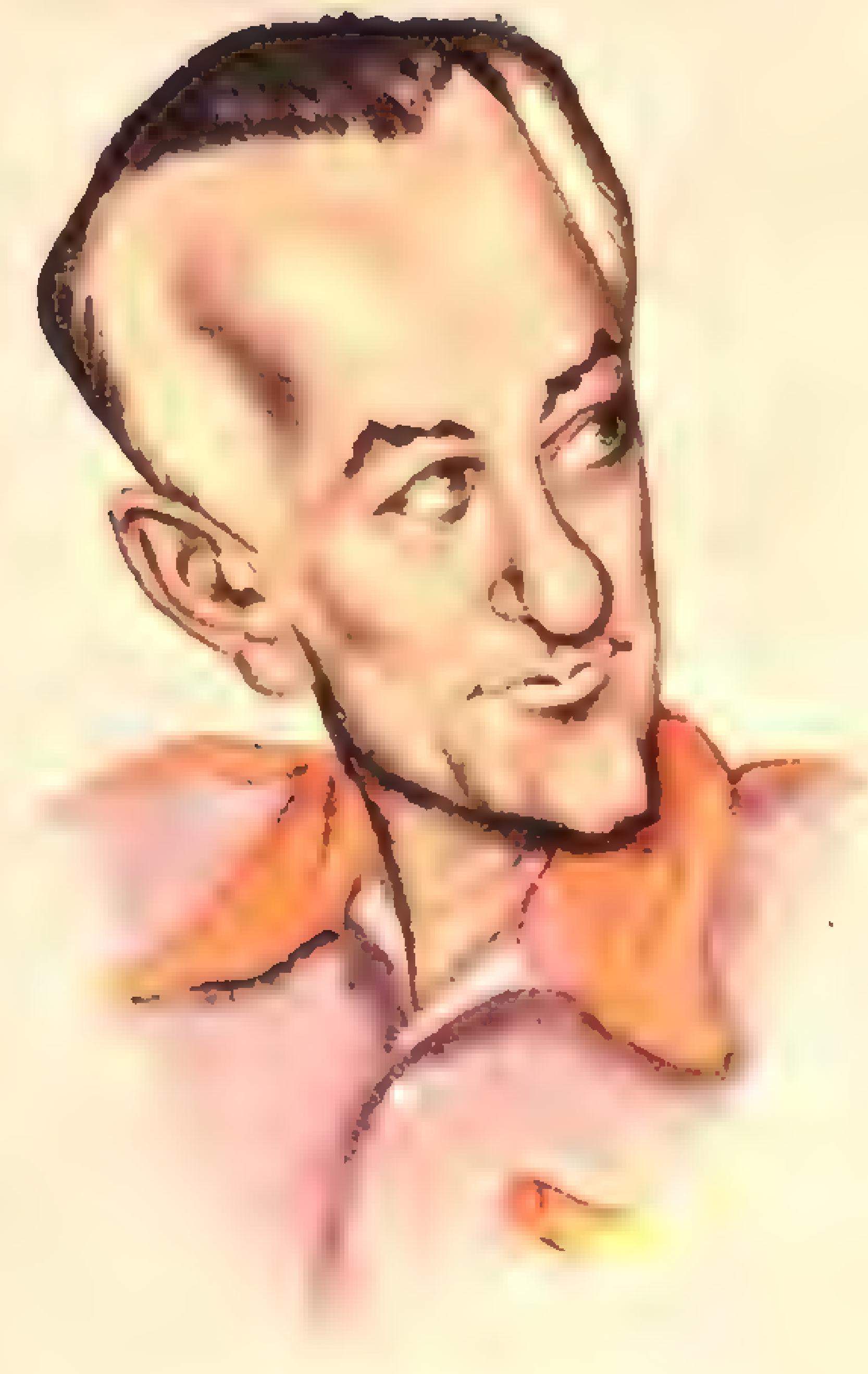
2. Saint and sinner
(MARCH 8)



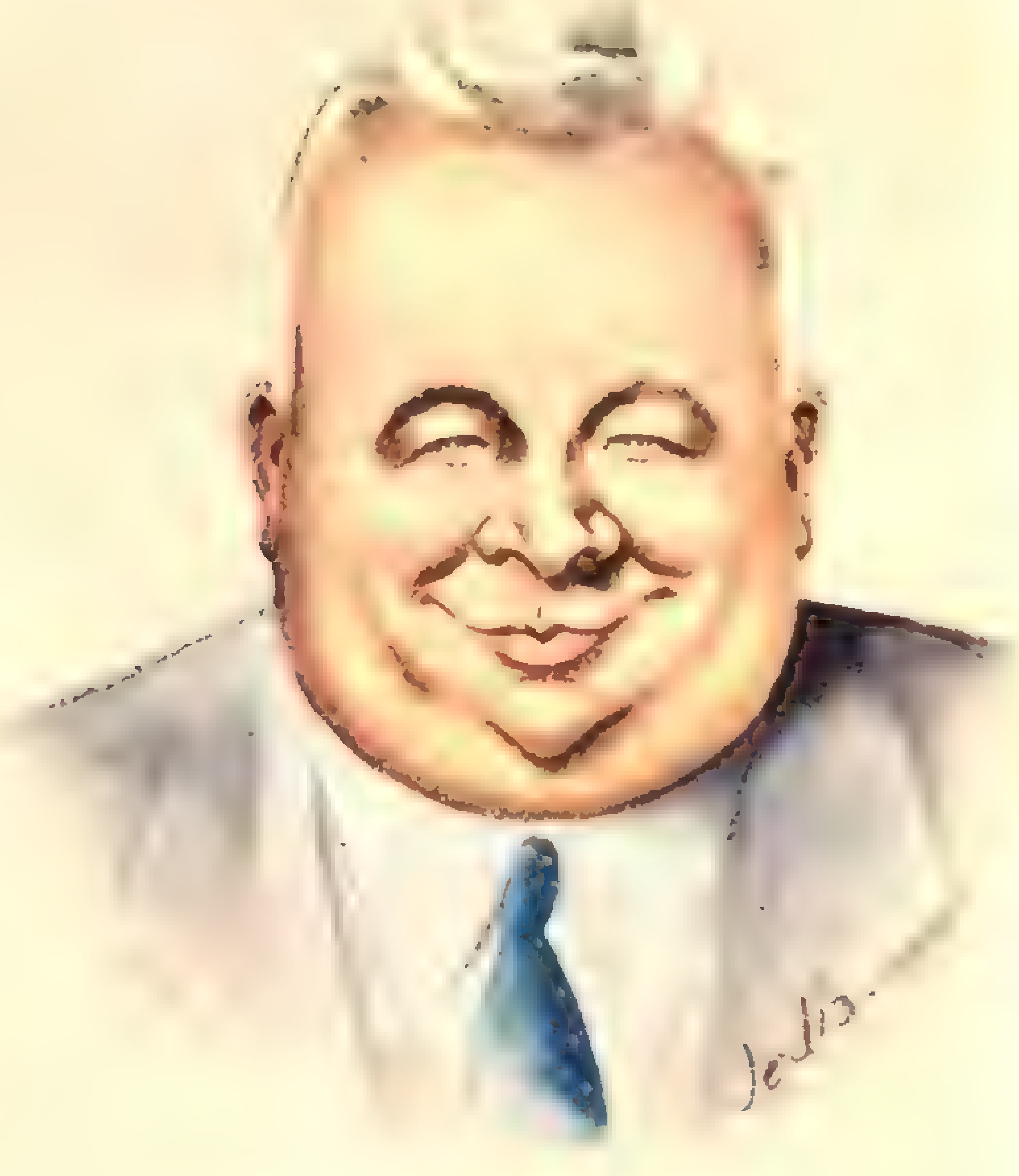
3. A baton beats Fascism
(MARCH 25)



4. He crashed Carnegie
(MARCH 28)



5. Rich man's Boswell
(MARCH 8)



6. The Great Dane
(MARCH 20)

MARCH'S CHILDREN

Caricatures by Alan Jedla

Behold the idols of March, famous children of that brave month who came like lambs upon the face of this earth, how long ago we leave you to guess. Because they were born near the time of the Vernal Equinox, their season is forever spring, their memories forever green. Their fortunes are conditioned by the heavenly signs of Pisces, the phlegmatic Fish, and Aries, the rambunctious Ram, which (if you subscribe to the stars) affords them tempers and fates of infinite contrast. Thus they shine in diversified splendor, in fields politic, symphonic, operatic, journalistic, cinematic and jazz-classic. So if you sometimes read a book or dial a radio, if you go to movies and know your music or even know what you like, the key above is sufficient to identify the members of this celebrated sextette. Caricature cannot prevent recognition of their familiar features nor can time tarnish these illustrious names: 1. Thomas E. Dewey; 2. Jennifer Jones; 3. Arturo Toscanini; 4. Paul Whiteman; 5. Gene Fowler and 6. Lauritz Melchior.

LOCKE

Sam had a way about him as he strode along in his swimming trunks, gathering flotsam

The Beachcomber of Miami Beach

by HAROLD HELFER

THE first time I ever heard Sam Tankersely say anything about being a beachcomber was one evening when I dropped in at the Musty Oak Tavern. There was a stiff breeze blowing from across the Canadian border and I dropped in to fortify myself with a slug or two. Sam was sitting in a booth by himself, partaking of some ale, and I sat down across from him. We talked about one thing or another, like fellows who grow up in the same neighborhood do, and then I asked him what he was doing these days.

He shrugged. "Mainly meditating," he said.

Now whenever I ran into Sam, which was every now and then, I would always ask him what he was doing these days and he would always say something like "just a little contemplating" or "brooding a bit" or "mainly meditating." Frankly, he never seemed to me to do much of anything, although sometimes he would work on a coal truck and pick up a little change peddling coal at thirty-five cents a bucket. Mostly, though, he would go to the library and read or sit down on a park bench and watch people go by. He was always a little raggedy and a little hungry-looking. Being as he was fifty or so, getting grey around the edges and not any younger, I used to wonder about him—how he could go on frittering his time away.

Naturally, it was none of my business, but I was in no great hurry to get back out into the nippy air so this evening I said to Sam, "Sam, you always seem to sit around and think so much—what do you think about?"

"About being a beachcomber," he said.

"About being a beachcomber?"

"Sure," he said. "More than anything else in the world I'd like to be a beachcomber."

Sam finished another mug of ale and I got another jigger of rye underneath my belt. Then I said: "I've heard about beachcombers, but never did know for sure exactly what they did."

"They just walk around beaches and pick things up that come out of the sea," he said.

"And that's what you want to do, Sam?"

"All my life I've dreamed about being a beachcomber," he said. "That's why I keep playing the numbers every day. Someday I'm going to hit. Then I'm going to have enough money to leave here and become a beachcomber."

From then on whenever I ran into Sam Tankersely at the Musty Oak Tavern, or wherever it was, I always asked him if he had made any progress toward becoming a beachcomber and in his half-dreamy way he would generally answer: "Well, I'm one day closer."

One day I dropped in at the Musty Oak and Mike Schaeffer, the bartender, and myself started talking about who the town's new mayor was liable to be and Mike said, "By the way, did you know that Sam Tankersely hit the numbers last week?"

I said, "You don't say!"

"Yep, he sure did," Mike said. "He won over $1100."

"I guess he's on his way to Tahiti or someplace," I said. "He wanted to be a beachcomber, you know."

"Yeah, I heard him say that once," said Mike. "He always was a queer duck. It seems to me that any sensible fellow if he hit the numbers would get him a first-class outfit, a first-class hotel and a first-class dame."

Well, as the years went by I sort of forgot about Sam Tankersely, being occupied with reconversion, ceiling prices, inflation and the like, although sometimes when I dropped in the Musty Oak either Mike or myself would say, "Wonder whatever became of old Sam Tankersely?"

I might never have known, either, if one year my shoe firm hadn't sent me to Miami Beach to attend a convention. One afternoon, during a lull, I got me a beach chair from the basement of my hotel and carried it across the street to the beach and sat down.

I was watching the waves lapping across the sand and children chasing each other around and things like that when I noticed a man in trunks walking along the edge of the beach. It was hard not to notice him because he was so straight and lean-looking and because he was as bronzed as prewar plumbing and walked with such a proud stride. Besides, he looked familiar to me. When he got closer I saw that it was Sam Tankersely.

"Sam," I called out. "Sam Tankersely."

He came over.

"Hello, Al," he said, really friendly. "How are you?"

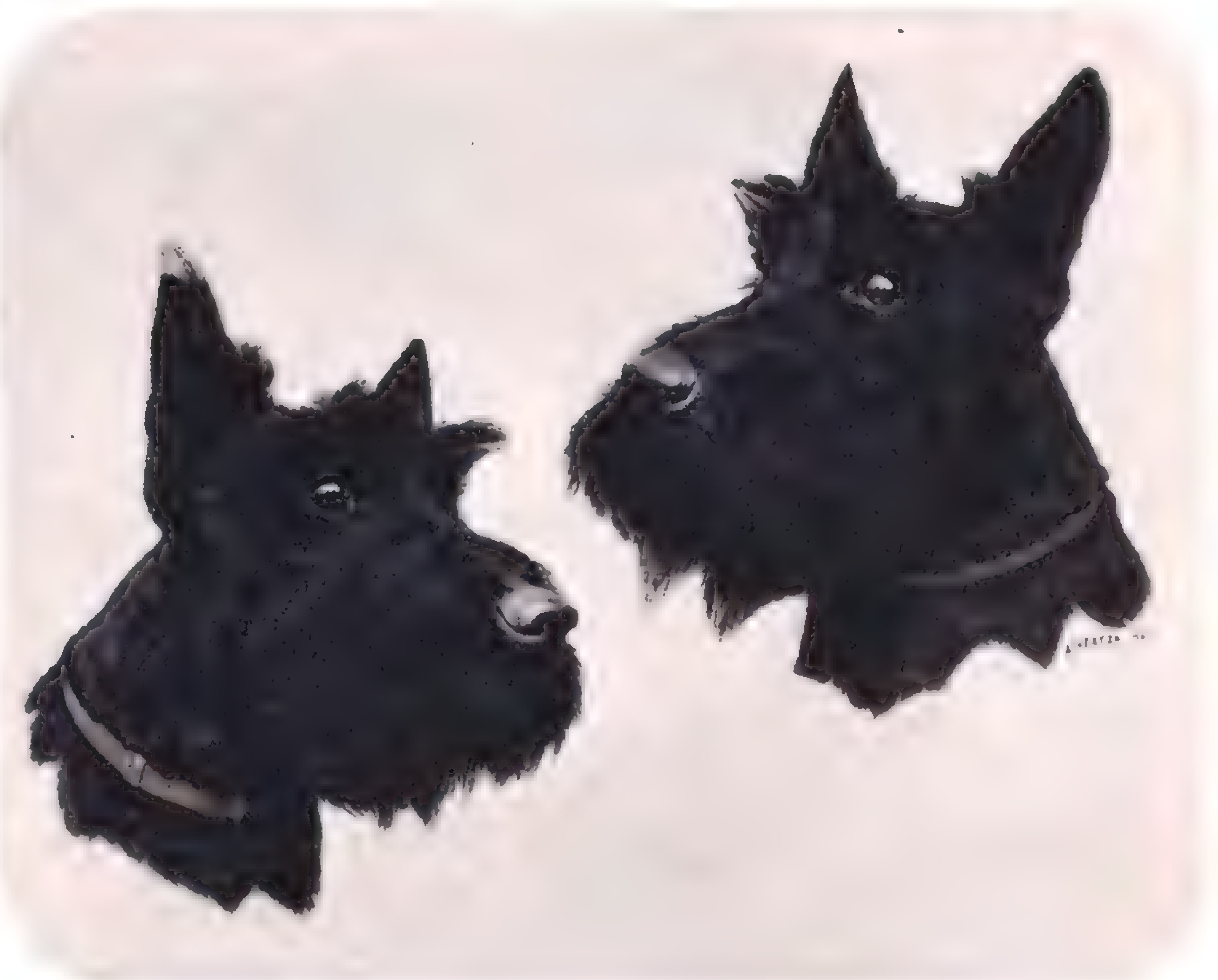
We shook hands.

"I'm certainly surprised to see you," I said. "What in the world are you doing here?"

He sat down in the sand by my chair and said, "Beachcombing."

"But I thought the beachcombers hung around Tahiti and South Sea island places," I said.

"Oh, I guess some of them do," he said, (*Continued on page 149*)



ATHERTON

Scotties: Good company

Stocky, wiry-coated Scottish Terriers are known for their violent loyalty to their masters and vice versa. Scottie fanciers swear the breed goes back to the 16th century and that any historical reference to the Highland terrier should read "Scottish." All debating aside, these short-legged, keen-eyed dogs have been recognized in their current, purebred form for over six decades. Scone and Crumpet, subjects of the portrait above, rate high in American Kennel Club's standard of points for Scottish Terriers. According to their owner, Sherburne Prescott, Crumpy is the brighter, faster and more playful and is given to cordial gestures like jumping on guests' laps and licking their faces. Scone tends to remain aloof; the missing end of his right ear is proof that Crumpy sometimes plays hard.

Blueprinted in Silver

Ore and Haw Tabor built the matchless Windsor Hotel, Denver's shabby memento of the frontier's most halcyon period

by **BILL WEEKS**

TRAVELING men were reminded of a French château in Montreal. Patrons of Madam Jenny's parlor argued, while they waited the attentions of her young ladies, that it must be larger than the capitol in Washington. In that year, 1880, all Denver agreed the Windsor was certainly the finest hotel between San Francisco and New York.

Frontier pushers rubbed elbows with the effete East, quartered their *amorata* in the rooms upstairs, whetted their thirst in the bar beside the billiard room, occasionally shot each other in both.

Today the Windsor stands as a shabby monument to that dead era, a six-story pink lava stone building surrounded by pawnshops and one-arm lunch counters, an aging rococo relic of the days when the Queen City of the Plains was a bawdy mining town, and Haw Tabor was earning the sobriquet "Silver Dollar" by dispensing handfuls of cartwheels to crowds in the muddy streets.

Now half a century's ghosts pace the Windsor's decaying corridors. Through them once walked Oscar Wilde, Ulysses Grant and Sarah Bernhardt; and Eugene Field, Buffalo Bill Cody and John L. Sullivan raised their glasses in the Silver Dollar Bar.

The black walnut doors are painted over now, and the grand ballroom with its $50,000 suspended floor is a Rocky Mountain Leon and Eddie's. Mrs. F. W Hohnbaums and her sons, F. W., Jr., and Irwin, have invested $20,000 to adapt the bar to the family trade. And for six thin dimes, visitors are entitled to roam among the slightly tarnished furnishings of Haw and Baby Doe.

In 1879, 18th and Larimer was the crossroads of a world. For $200,000 a Scot named Duff bought the property for an English corporation, and all that spring the freight trains coming into Denver "were so loaded with stuff for the Windsor that they didn't have any room for the mining machinery," and six-mule teams hauled mahogany, marble and sandstone through the rutted streets.

The next summer it was finished: 250 rooms, some with gold-plated doorknobs; seven miles of Brussels carpets; solid walnut furniture; twelve-foot French mirrors backed with diamond dust.

That was the summer a New England stonecutter named Horace A. W. Tabor struck it rich; the Matchless, purchased for $117,000 paid off at $100,000 a month two years after its purchase.

Typically Haw announced: "I bought it to furnish me pin money, a suit of clothes now and then, a new hat, a bottle of champagne, and other such things as are indispensable to a man of means."

He and the Windsor were cut from the same garish pattern, and their stars bore a strange affinity. When Haw, with a diamond solitaire on either hand, married Baby Doe with President Arthur in attendance and gave her a $90,000 necklace for a wedding present, the Windsor was the bedizened jewel of the West. When Baby Doe died destitute in a tar-paper shack on Fryer Hill, clutching the deed to the Matchless, the Windsor was a shelter for homeless transients at a quarter a night.

But that day in 1880 when his pal, Billy Bush, math teacher and faro dealer, opened the doors, Tabor's silver vein seemed infinite.

William J. Renaud, sporting the huge yellow diamond given him by Queen Liliuokalani, presided over a kitchen which was to become world-famous. Nothing was too lavish. When Renaud wanted milk, twenty purebred milch cows were imported from England.

Charles K. Rowland, Ouray, the Ute chief, and other great frontier hunters supplied the hotel with game, and every menu included antelope, elk, bear, quail, duck and ptarmigan.

There were two bars, one off the lobby and one by the billiard room. Six bartenders were on duty continuously and a Chinese boy in native costume kept the marble floor clear of cigarette butts.

One of the bartenders was a Dutch boy named Harry Tammen, later, with Frederick Bonfils, publisher of the Denver *Post.*

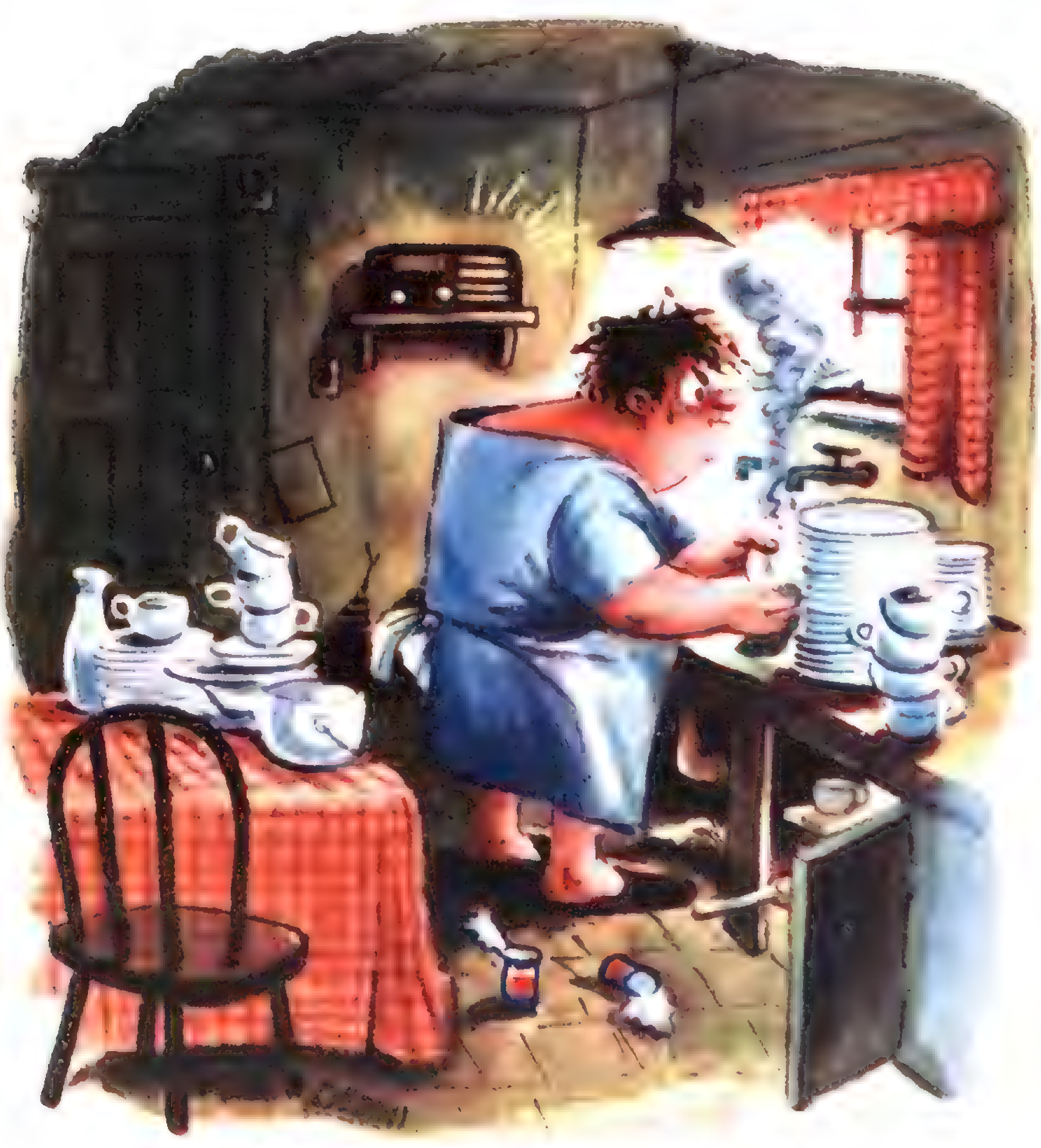
When Billy Bush found him, he was head bartender at the Palmer House in Chicago.

Tammen said, "We had no cash registers at the Windsor and when I got a dollar I used to toss it at the ceiling. If it stuck there it belonged to the house."

It was Tammen who gave Buffalo Bill Cody his famous advice. The long-haired Pahaska had been drinking so much that his trick shooting was a menace to the cast of his Wild West Show. His manager, Nate Salisbury, finally forced him to sign an agreement to forfeit $5000 if he drank more than ten glasses of whiskey a day.

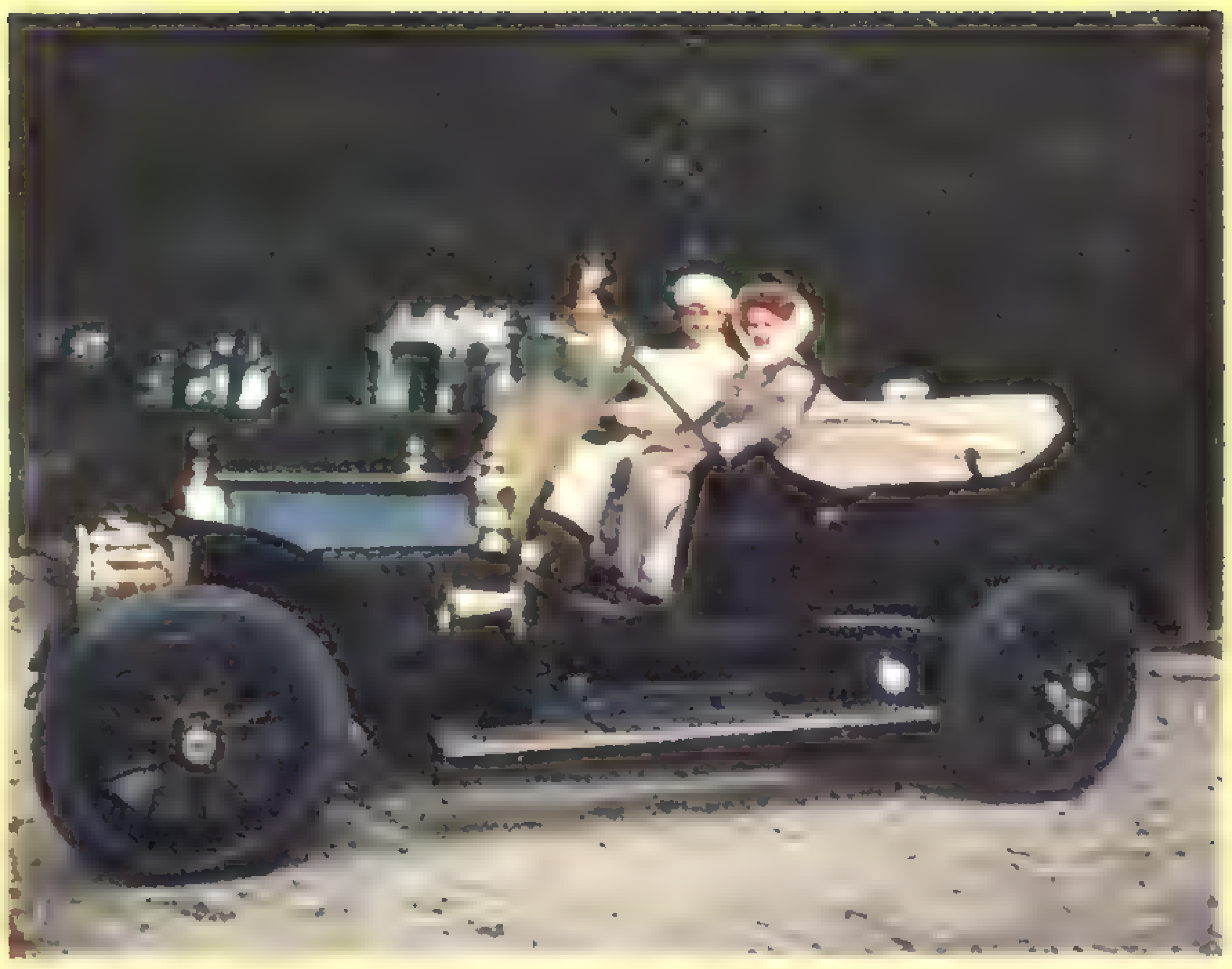
Cody was low in his mind when he walked into the Windsor bar. Tammen suggested that he try stretching the drinks out through the day. The colonel replied testily that he had tried that and by ten a.m. had finished his day's quota. It was then that Tammen pointed out the possibilities in using sixteen-ounce beer glasses. At his next show the colonel was more

(*Continued on page 145*)



". . . and with your new post-war kitchen a woman's life is getting easier all the time"

Locomobile, 1899



Locomobile, 1907

White Steamer, 1907

Mercer Racer, 1914

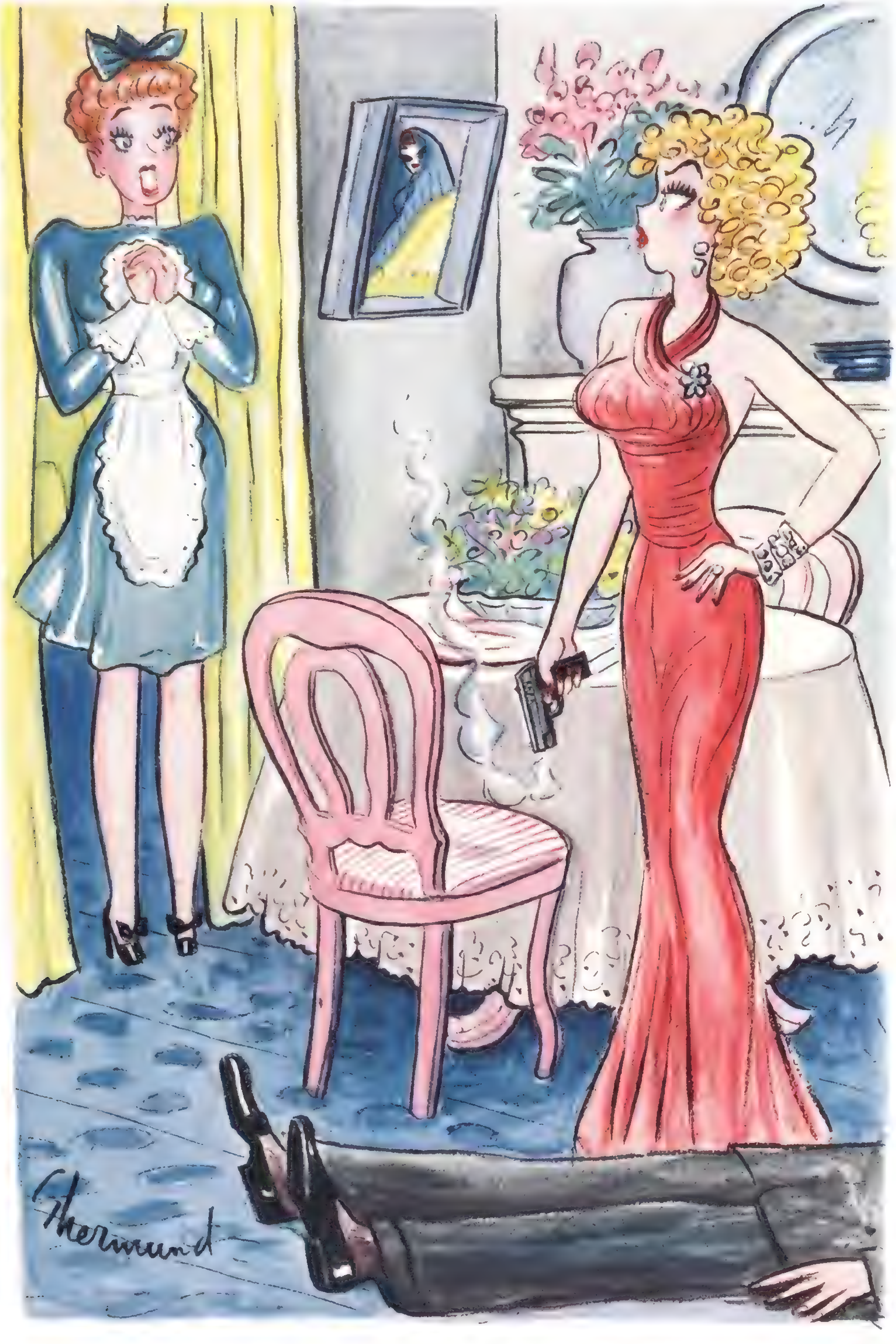
Oldsmobile Ltd., 1911

Stanley Steamer, 1910

MELTON'S MOBILES

Photographs by Glantz & Saltsberg

You should recognize the gentleman with lady and duster in the picture at top right as James Melton, of radio, Hollywood, concert stage and the Met. Mr. Melton has, of course, one of the truly great American tenor voices, and is strapping and handsome enough to make operatic lead roles believable. His avocation alone could make him famous, for he has a phenomenal collection of ancient automobiles. Among the ninety or so archaic mobile buggies which grace his private museum in Connecticut are such items as an 1898 De Dion Bouton one-cylinder and a 1907 Fiat Limousine once owned by Diamond Jim Brady. All of the hoary Melton cars still run, some on gas, others on steam and electricity, and the singer is his own mechanic.



"Oh, dear, I just set the table for two!"

WM. DuBOIS

He was brilliantly gifted in several arts including holding the center of the stage

Our Social Life with a Genius

by ELISE BELL

My introduction to Alan was as fantastic as our entire brief but interesting acquaintance proved to be. I first met him one hot summer night when the peculiarly heavy-scented warmth of the South penetrated even into our little cottage, which, completely surrounded by cool green bamboo, was usually relatively comfortable. He walked into our living room unannounced and stood at the door quietly for a moment, probably fully aware of the spectacular appearance he made. He was very tall, slender and intensely dark, an effect heightened by his naval uniform. Deeply tanned by the sun and with his jet black hair and deep brown eyes, his vividness broke upon the scene almost as if he had appeared in a flash of lightning and clap of thunder.

Bob, my husband, recovered more quickly than I did and introduced me to him as a New Yorker like myself and a naval officer at present, not a man from Mars as I had half expected. Alan flashed a beautiful gleaming smile at me and asked if he could make himself comfortable. I assured him he could and then watched in fascination while he calmly removed his jacket, folded it carefully and laid it on a chair, took off his tie and unbuttoned his shirt, treating them with equal tenderness, and then removed his undershirt, which he also laid on the growing pile of clothes. While I wondered nervously whether his idea of being comfortable was as pagan as his appearance, he turned to me revealing a very bronze and handsome chest and flexed his arms like the strong man in the ads.

"Haven't I got a beautiful chest, Mrs. Bell?" he inquired in perfect seriousness.

I murmured quite truthfully that he had indeed and then watched with relief as he sat down, apparently at last comfortable. I glanced at my husband and saw in his amused eyes a look that indicated he had thought Alan would be a lovely surprise for me, unexpected and unexplained by him. All right for you, I thought to myself—you take over now. I've admired his chest. I've done my part.

Bob seemed to read my thoughts. Glancing at Alan, he said: "Alan was an actor and writer, Elise, before getting into the Navy."

Alan glared at him indignantly. "And producer," he added slowly and with emphasis. "I also write music and sing—very well."

I almost said something about a Noel Coward in our midst but sensed this would not be appreciated. Not that I had a chance to say anything anyway. My entire subsequent conversations with Alan consisted of things that I almost said and hours of things that he did say.

That first evening with us he plunged headlong into an account of his remarkable ability as an author. "The Yale Dramatic Club," he said proudly, "still gives my one-act play every year, which is very unusual. But then it's a very unusual play. There are three characters only—a Jewish lawyer, a young girl and an old lady. They're all disputing about a will. I'll play all the parts for you to give you an idea of what it's like."

So saying, he jumped to his feet and proceeded to enact the entire play for us. It was like magic. Somehow, with his mobile face and lithe body, and above all with an amazing ability to change his voice swiftly from the heavily accented tone of the Jewish lawyer to the gentle voice of an old lady and from that to the clear soprano of a young girl, he transformed himself swiftly and completely from one character to another, and our living room became a stage with all the illusion of a theatre.

When he finished, I had the same feeling of unreality that I get after any good play or movie. For a moment I didn't know where I was, then I gradually became aware of the familiar room and Alan sitting calmly in a chair lighting a cigarette.

"It's very good, isn't it?" he asked as he leaned back comfortably in the chair.

It wasn't necessary to agree. He obviously took that for granted.

"Have you acted very much?" asked Bob.

"No, I've concentrated on writing to a large extent. I only act when the mood hits me. I did a play at the Cape Playhouse last summer for instance. My parents knew nothing about it and my mother was very surprised when Ilka Chase told her some weeks later that I had stolen the show from Walter Hampden. He was in it too."

There seemed to be nothing to say to this, so we said nothing. My husband, however, did attempt to draw a slightly new note into the conversation.

"Elise has written a play too," he said.

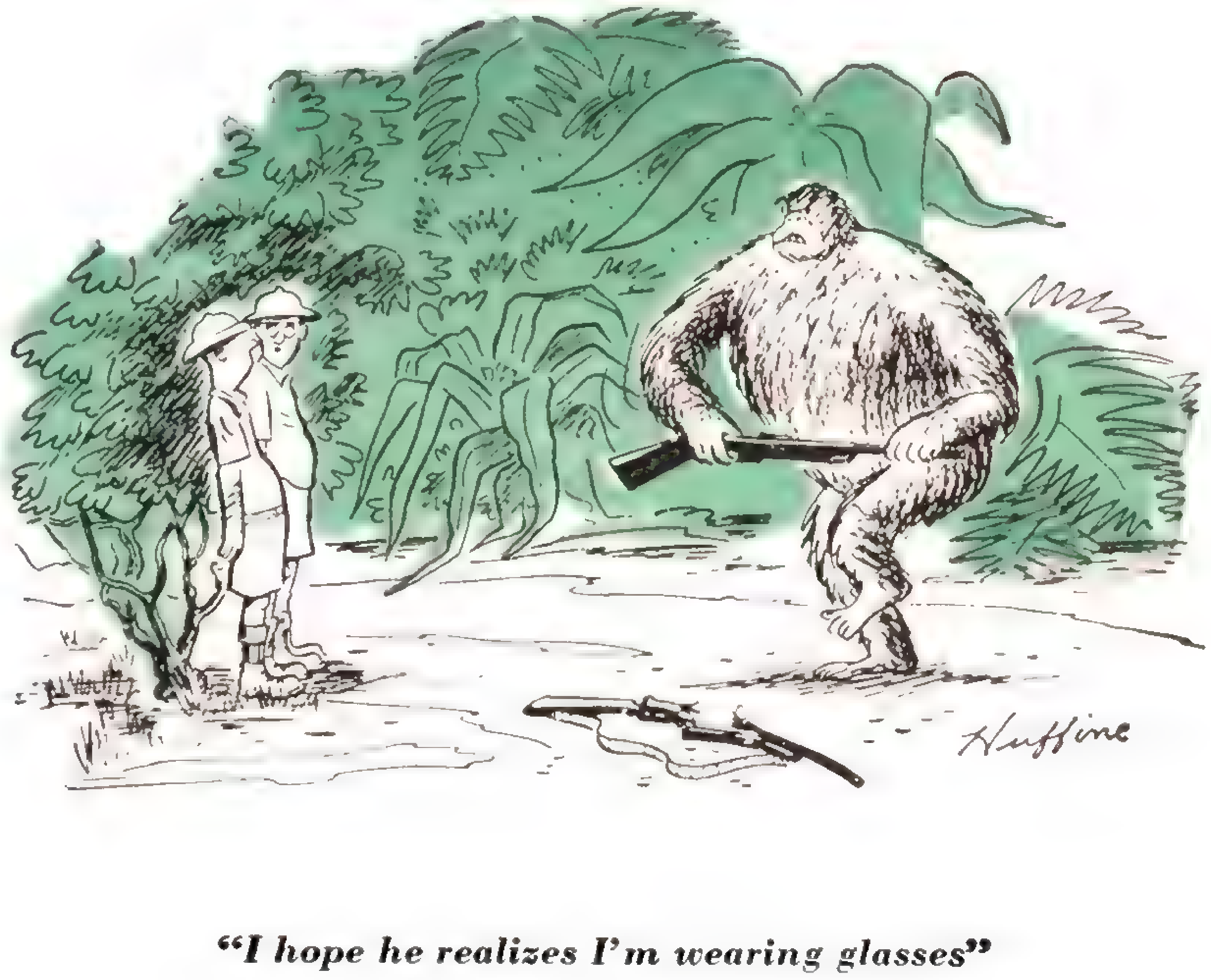
Alan looked only mildly interested. "Really?" he asked. "Tell me about your play, Elise—only not in the detail with which I've told you mine."

This so completely flabbergasted me that I could do nothing but smile sweetly at him, which seemed to satisfy him for soon he said he must leave and, gathering his clothes up, started to put them on. Just as he was tucking in his shirt, our landlady, Miss Evelyn, a small, wrinkled, spry old lady, whisked into the room. She was holding a small dish of jam in her hands. She was always holding small dishes of jam in her hands and she used our cottage as a short cut to her own house behind it, where apparently the mysterious person who got all the jam also lived.

We introduced her, not without some misgivings, to Alan, and she beamed approvingly at him. She approved of handsome young men, especially officers in the Navy. She gave him her quick bird-like nod and then said: "Tell me, Lieutenant Desmond, are you British?"

Alan fixed his sensational dark eyes upon her. "No," he replied, "but I have perfect diction because my mother was a singer and my father came from North Attleboro, Massachusetts."

Miss Evelyn accepted this astounding explanation with a slight gasp and then hurriedly departed. Alan (*Continued on page 164*)



"I hope he realizes I'm wearing glasses"

How Derbforgaill's love for the Mad Dermod became the tragedy of once-proud Ireland

The Cost of an Irish Kiss

by W. A. S. DOUGLAS

HANSEN

THERE are few who know that the chains which enslaved Ireland for seven and a half centuries were first forged with a woman's kiss—that the love of Derbforgaill, wife of O'Rourke, Prince of Breffni, for Dermod MacMurrough, King of Leinster, brought the Norman hirelings of Henry the Second of England across the water—to conquer and to scourge.

* * *

Every unmarried king in Ireland who wasn't busy somewhere else was setting his cap at Derbforgaill, the beautiful red-haired granddaughter of Magnus Barefoot, King of Meath. It was a sight for sore eyes to see that proud woman treat those big fellows like the dirt under her pretty foot.

Her father was Murtagh O'Melaghlin, who had succeeded to the throne of Meath after his father-in-law, Barefoot, had been buried at Tara. The old man was a fighter but Murtagh was a conniver. And so he came to his daughter right after she had upped and told Thurlough O'Brien, King of Thomond, that he didn't interest her a bit and that he was wasting his time talking to her about marriage.

"There's got to be an end to this, girl," he said to her. "Every time you tell one of those lads your opinion of him you make me another enemy. The first you know there'll be a new king in Meath and you won't be even the princess you are now."

She turned her nose up at him and gave a kick of her heel like a young horse just put out to grass.

"I've no time at all for those kings of yours," said the lady. "They're exceedingly dirty men, every mother's son of them. If you have to get me married off try and see if you can find a clean, gentlemanly-looking lad through the length and breadth of Ireland."

"What you need," answered the king, "is to be laid over one of those dirty fellows' knees and get the slapping of your life. Then you'd follow him till hell freezes over. I know you better than you know yourself."

And the old man was talking sense at that—as came to be proved later on.

"But there's Tigernan O'Rourke, Prince of Breffni," King Murtagh went on. "He's a well-educated boy that wanted to be a priest instead of a monarch. He's rich and powerful, although so scholarly. And once you are tied up to somebody these other kings wouldn't be sniffing around my heels and hinting about wars if you don't choose to become Queen of Thomond or Tyrone or Tyrconnell or Leinster—"

"—Leinster?" asked the princess. "I have never seen any King of Leinster around here."

"And perhaps well for you and for me you didn't," the old man told her. "If you think the rest of the boys are rough you ought to lay an eye on Dermod MacMurrough, King of Leinster. There's been so many around I just forgot myself and popped out his name. He's fighting in Normandy at the present time but if he saw you and felt the need of you, you would go right along and I'd be blessing the pair of you whether I cared to or not. There's the wildest man you would ever want to meet, my wee girl. I'd like to see you over his knee."

And King Murtagh let out a howl of laughter at the idea of his dainty daughter taking her correction from Mad Dermod of Leinster.

"All right," the girl sniffed back at him, "ask this Prince of Breffni over for a week end and I'll take a look at him."

So the O'Rourke, as good-looking a lad as there was in Ireland at the time, laid down his books and his paintings and took a dander over to Meath. Sure enough, like all the others, he fell head over heels in love with the red-haired woman and inside of a week had asked her on his knees to be the Princess of Breffni. The girl was taken with him and when he humbled himself so nicely to her she said to herself she could do worse than have him. So they fixed up for a fine wedding to which all the royalty in Ireland was invited.

And who pops back home right about this time but King Dermod of Leinster, the wildest of all the Irish monarchs. Six feet four he was, and strong as a bull. Very fond of the girls, too—near as fond as he was of fighting, which is saying a lot.

"You're invited to the marrying of the Prince of Breffni with the Princess of Meath," his secretary told him as soon as Dermod stepped off the boat at Dublin quay.

"They tell me she's a soncy as well as a doncy woman," said the MacMurrough, "and sets herself as a trifle above the present reigning kings of Ireland. Go out and kill me a wheen of wolves and bring in the skins. I'll be going to the party."

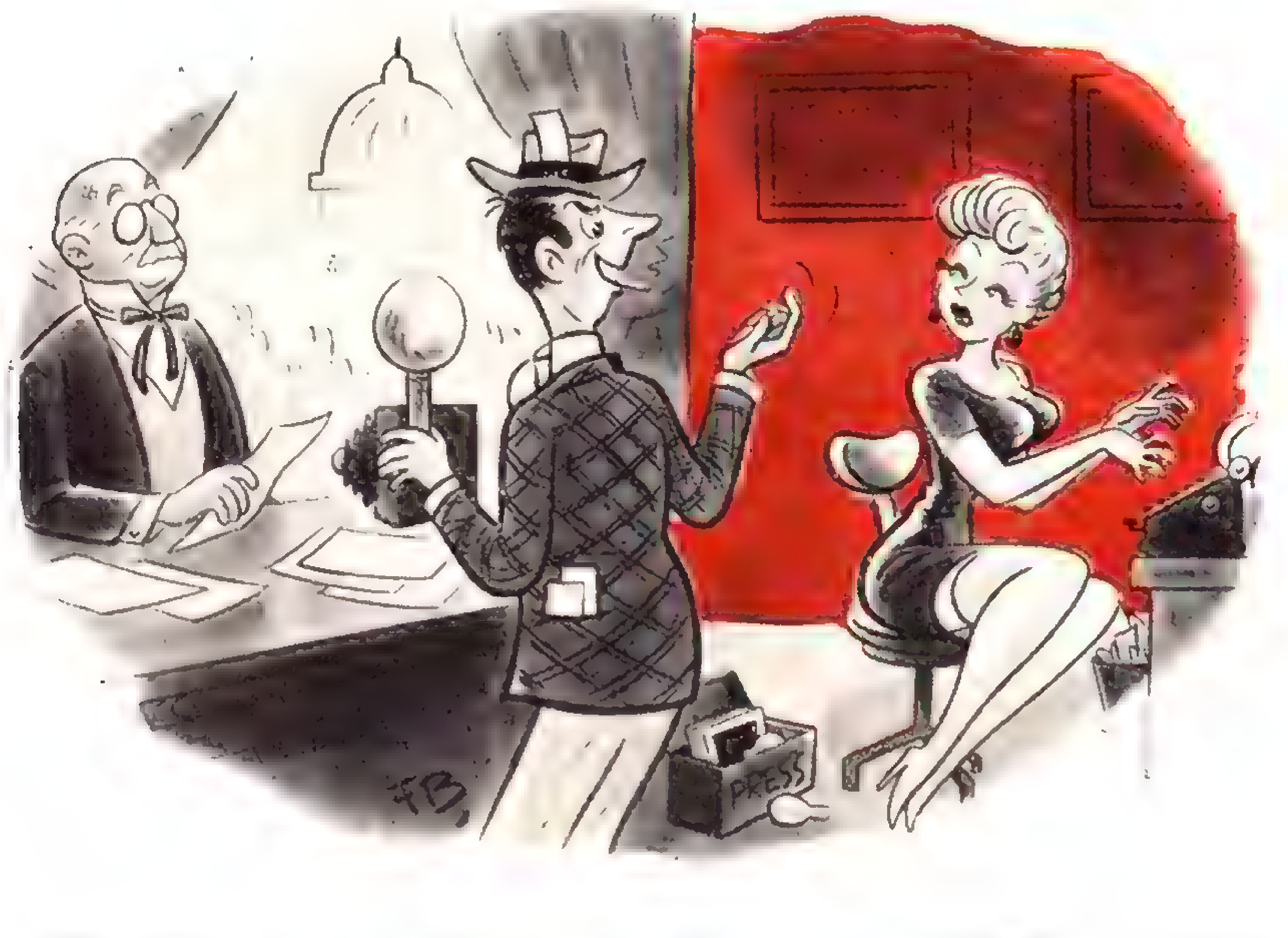
"For the love of Saint Patrick, your honor," answered the horrified secretary. "You wouldn't be going to a wedding as stylish as that dressed up in a lot of fresh wolfskins."

"The hell I won't," said the king, "and if she tips up her nose at the smell of me when I land in, the wedding is very like to be changed to a wake. Get out of my sight and kill those wolves."

And so it came about that when all the other folks were gathered together in the hall of the King of Meath's castle, dressed in silk and velvet and very little warlike display, Mad Dermod comes striding in looking like the resurrection of Brian Boru at the Battle of Clontarf. He had a viking's helmet on his head and the skins of the fresh-killed wolves wound about him so his great arms and his long legs were bare. A big sword swung at his side—the same one that he had used to kill the Duke of Burgundy with in the Normandy wars. He was a noble and a fearsome figure.

King Murtagh got a peep of him and came running over nervouslike, worrying to know what was in the wind.

"Dermod, my boy," he said, holding out his hand which was shaking a good wee bit. "You must have come right out of battle and had no time to change your clothes. It's deep honor you've done me and



"Would you mind sitting on the Senator's desk, Miss—I want to show that everyone is interested in this vital issue!"

my daughter and the Prince of Breffni to be rushing like that. Can I lend you some other things so you'd feel you'd be dressed proper?"

"I'm dressed right for either a fight or a frolic, Murtagh," the MacMurrough told the King of Meath, "and that goes for every king that's in here, not excepting O'Neill of Tyrone—" and he gave the black northerner a dirty look—"but bring on the bride and present me. I call her to mind only as a snot-nosed wee lass."

He had hardly finished talking in this fashion when the throng of fine people parted and the Lady Derbforgaill came along the hall to where her father and Mad Dermod were standing. O'Neill of Tyrone and his friend, the O'Donnell—King Donnell of Tyrconnell he was—were on the edge of stepping upstairs for their battle-axes to fix Dermod's piece of impertinence when the red-haired princess and her women came floating by. And too, old Rory O'Connor, the Ard-ri, or over-King of Ireland, was getting in hand to prevent an argument. But all of them stopped still a-watching —even the King of Leinster.

Prouder fighting men than Hugh O'Neill or Donnell O'Donnell or Dermod MacMurrough have never been recorded in history. So it must have been something very grand and impressive that stayed their sword hands. Och, she was the lovely lady. She was wearing a green velvet dress that trailed behind her and the ends of which were carried by Denis and Tordelbach MacCarthy, the wee sons of the King of Desmond. Her red hair hung over her white shoulders and down to her knees. To describe her beauty would leave me gasping for breath and hinder my story. Her chin was up and her nose tilted as though she had caught a whiff of Mad Dermod's wolfskins and didn't like them at all, at all.

The quality of all Ireland made a path for her as she sailed up to her father, the King of Meath, and the King of Leinster. She started to run her eye over Dermod in the fashion of a cattle buyer who is letting the man who has them know in very positive fashion that his yearlings are the worst ever. She looked him over disdainful from the top of his viking's helmet, his wolfskins, his arms and his legs and the great sword that killed the Duke of Burgundy.

Their eyes met again, the while the people all around stood quiet, waiting. Something came to the two of them right there. Love of a sudden that should never have been; love of a man for a maid and a maid for a man that might mean a small thing to you and me that never knew them, but a love that has spelled tragedy for Ireland down through the hundreds of years.

The Lady Derbforgaill remembered of a sudden she was a Princess of Meath and, what's more, the betrothed of the O'Rourke. She swept down in a noble curtsey and her red hair splashed over the white stones of the great hall.

INK
Bob Gallivan

"Why, I'd be delighted to buy a ticket to the policemen's ball"

"Your Majesty," she said—and she stopped a second or two, her head bowed low. "Your Majesty has honored me in coming from the wars to my wedding."

She rose slowly. The disdain had gone from her blue eyes. Instead there was wonder, a touch of fear—and something else that has a power over you which cannot be mastered. She loved this great wild man—and he loved her!

And then the people saw something happen that they never would have believed but for being there themselves. Mad Dermod knelt before the Lady Derbforgaill. He drew the sword that killed the Duke of Burgundy and with his two hands he broke it in half and dropped the pieces to the floor at her feet. He said nothing to her for he dared not.

Rising up he caught Hugh O'Neill's eye.

"The King of Tyrone will excuse the bad manners of a rough soldier," he said bowing to the Ulsterman. "I've been riding hard and long and only dropped in to wish her ladyship good luck."

And with that he swung on his heel and before a soul could say a word was out of the door and on his horse's back. A mile down the road from the castle, as he and his men were galloping to Dublin, they came on the Prince of Breffni riding to his wedding.

"Good luck to you," shouted Mad Dermod to the O'Rourke—but he didn't mean a word of it.

* * *

There was a time, falsest of women,
When Breffni's good sword would have sought
That man, through a million of foemen,
Who dared but to wrong thee in thought.
While now—oh degenerate daughter
Of Erin—how fall'n thy fame;
And through ages of bondage and slaughter,
_Our country shall bleed for thy shame._*

Seldom has a woman been loved as the young Prince of Breffni loved his bride, the Lady Derbforgaill. After the fine wedding and with the blessing of all Ireland on them, he and she rode across the bogs to what is now the county of Leitrim in Connaught and which was the land of the O'Rourkes. He housed her in a castle that was a wonder all over Europe for the grandness of its furnishings and for the number of fine hand-painted and hand-written books that were in its library. By right and all she should have been a very happy woman.

But the sorrow was on her. Try as she could there was no getting big Dermod of Leinster out of her mind. Terrible near she came on that wedding day to calling the whole thing off, but at that time she set the honor of her father's house ahead of what her own heart was spelling for her. She knew that it was wrong now to even think of the man and, what with the love and kindness showered on her by her husband, the woman's heart was about fit to break.

And then the fates took a hold of things. Tigernan O'Rourke, unsuspecting, and knowing well that he owed a lot to the Almighty for the blessings that had been showered upon him, undertook to make a pilgrimage to St. Peter's Church at Rome. He took notice of what he considered a bit of coldness on the part of his wife, but he had set down that as being part of her nature, concluding that he couldn't right now expect as much in the way of love from her as he was showering upon her.

"She picked me among all the kings of Ireland," he was in the habit of saying to himself, "and therefore there's nobody but me for her. Eastern women are cold till they get used to things."

But the poor fellow had missed the look that Derbforgaill gave to Mad Dermod on her wedding morn. The eyes of the lover would have seen that for what it was and Ireland might have remained free. And after his mind was made up to journey to Rome, there were signs aplenty that would have warned him not to, had he been in a warning mood. By the shores of Lough Allen, one misty morning, he saw a very young red-haired girl who sat there, the tears streaming from her eyes. And when he jumped off his horse and came forward to ask what ailed her, there was nothing there but the blue water and on the green grass a drop or two of new-spilled blood.

And once on a misty afternoon, coming home from an inspection of his great property, he saw ahead of him, walking slowly, a very old woman with a cloak wrapped round her shoulders and her white hair streaming to the wind. And as she went along there came from her the clank of chains dragging on the road. O'Rourke spurred his horse forward and was just level with her when she faded into nothingness. But on the ground at his horse's feet were the clear marks of the chains. The little girl he had visioned was Ireland, wounded near to death by the soldiers of Henry of England. The old woman on the road was Ireland through the centuries, chained by the oppressor. But the O'Rourke had eyes and senses for nothing but the Lady Derbforgaill.

Gloriously beautiful, she bade him good-bye at the gates of the castle of Drumahaire. The tears were in her eyes for though she didn't love him she knew that the Prince of Breffni would always be her man and no other woman's. And O'Rourke, though leaving her, felt his heart rise within him, for weren't (*Continued on page 152*)

It was obvious to anyone who knew racing, the little filly couldn't beat the colt

The Horse with the Beautiful Name

by LOUIS SIDRAN

He stuck the wrong end of a cork-tip cigarette in his mouth and told himself that if Sally picked one more winner he'd divorce her. He moved his lips angrily, glaring at her as he felt around for a match.

"Honey, your cigarette's backwards," she said. "Haven't I been having just the most wonderful luck?"

He switched the cigarette and spoke with it going up and down in his mouth. "That is the classic understatement of all time."

Her laugh mocked him. "If I didn't know you better, Honey, I'd think you begrudged me my luck." It was obvious she was too delighted to resent the fact that he *did* begrudge her her damned luck.

"What's the next race all about, Honey?" she asked. "What are the conditions and jockeys and things?"

"The next race will collapse you right on your pretty face. It is a stake race. And it will make a monkey out of you because in stake races horses run to form and not because they have pretty names."

"Goodness," she gasped, playing the small girl to his worldly man. "I know better than to expect that many winners. But I do think you needn't be so vindictive about it. After all, I only asked a civil question."

Laboriously, he explained things to her. It was a $10,000 stake race, for two-year-olds. It was called the Weasel Purse. Yes, he agreed that was a silly name for a horse race, but Weasel had been a famous horse years ago and they had named the race after him. It might interest her to know that Weasel had once run six furlongs in 1:09 and one-fifth. He stopped short when she did the inevitable and asked him what a furlong was.

"Sally," he said, spacing his words for emphasis, "you don't have to know what a furlong is. What if I told you a furlong was the part of a horse a horse sits on? What if I said it was the place in the stable where the grooms sleep? Would it help you any? Would it stop you from cashing tickets? Would it?"

For the first time, she was offended. "I don't like your attitude, Harry," she said. "I don't like it at all. You act as if it's my fault I'm having luck. After all, the money all goes in the same pocket, and if you're not doing so well—"

"Oh, for God's sake, stop it!" he snapped back. "I'm glad you're having luck, you understand? I'm tickled silly."

He began to fret with the *Racing Form*, pulling on his cigarette like a ham actor. He could see she wasn't satisfied. He forced his eye to rest on the past performance charts, meanwhile steeling himself for her complaint.

"I don't like your attitude," she said again, bitterly. "I hate to think you're always this way when you're playing the horses, because if you are, Harry—I swear, if you are, I'll—"

He didn't say anything except, "There's a horse in this race you will want to play. Murmuring II. My high school English teacher told me murmuring was the most beautiful word in the English language. Naturally, you will want to play Murmuring II."

She seemed willing enough to let the argument drop, because she said, "That sounds very good. What are you going to play?"

"Would you mind if I didn't tell you this time? You know, change of luck?" He smiled at her for the first time since the first race.

She was big about it. She reached into her purse and handed him a twenty-dollar bill. "I'm shooting the works, Honey. I want you to put this whole twenty dollars on his beak."

Automatically he corrected her. "Nose," he said. "Are you sure you want to bet this much?"

"How much will I get when Murmuring wins?"

"*If* he wins, you'll get twelve to one. That's 240 dollars plus your own twenty."

"That settles it then. I'll shoot the works."

As he shoved through the crowd to the ten-dollar-win window, the name Murmuring II kept running through his brain. His own selection was strictly chalk, the favorite, Pony Boy, eight to five. He was half a hundred out. Fifty dollars on Pony Boy would pull him up even with thirty to spare. But he couldn't get Murmuring II and Sally's damned fool luck out of his mind. Five times he'd played chalk; five times he'd lost. Five times she'd played names; five times she'd won. It was the craziest thing that had ever happened at a race track. He'd lay a thousand to one she couldn't do it again. But there it was, and there was that beautiful name, Murmuring II, bumping around in his head and daring him to shake it off.

Without thinking, he grabbed the elbow of the man ahead of him in line. "Look, friend," he said. "Is Murmuring II a mule or is he a mule?"

The man looked perplexed and then said, "The horse in this race is Pony Boy, Mister. Murmuring II is a mule."

"Thanks." When he got to the window, he said, "Gimme seven tickets on Number 8, Murmuring II." He was like a man in a daze. He had spoken the name and number to the seller without thinking. He had spoken it because suddenly he had lost faith in charts and past performance because he no longer believed that the six-point markings in the *Form* were important. He shoved the tickets in his pocket and started back through the crowd to the rail. It wasn't until he saw Sally that he realized he had just made his first bet on a horse that was a damn fool bet. Just like any hick, he was playing with his fingers crossed, banking on a fairy godmother.

He handed her the two tickets and leaned his head on the steaming rail. They were parading past him now on the way to the post. A sleek chestnut colt, his coat glistening in the hot sun, was up with the outrider, his head draped around the lead pony's neck, Pony Boy. The outrider kept a good hold on him, and Pony Boy walked along as if he didn't want to walk. He seemed electric, charged with running.

"There's Pony Boy," he said. "He's the favorite." He looked after the chestnut as the field headed for the clubhouse turn.

"He's cute," Sally said. "Which one is Murmuring?"

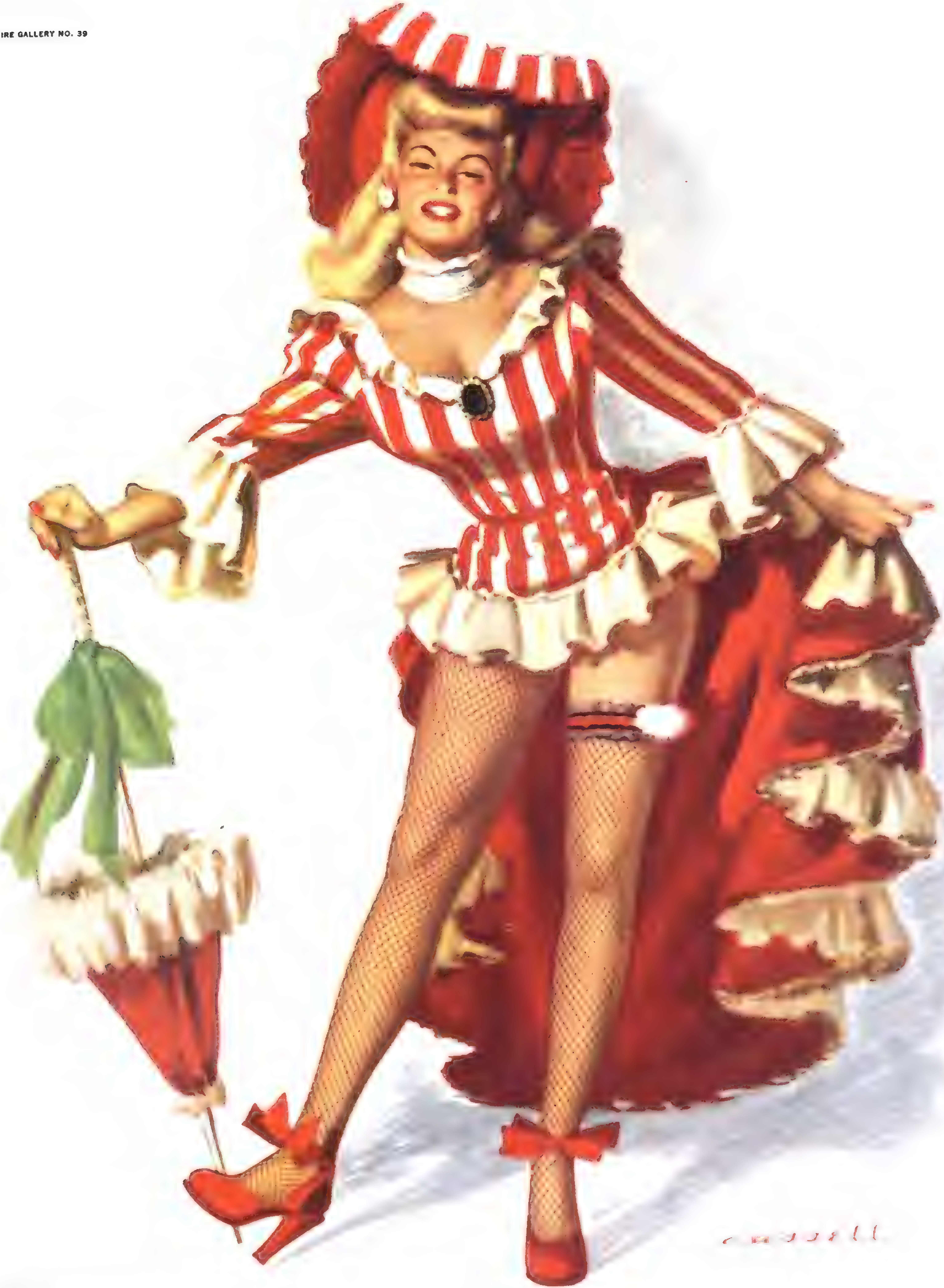
"She's the little filly toward the back, the one with blue and white colors." He took a good look at her. She didn't look like much, flimsy-legged, calm, a little flat-footed in her walk.

"She seems awful tame," Sally said. "Pony Boy looks better."

"Pony

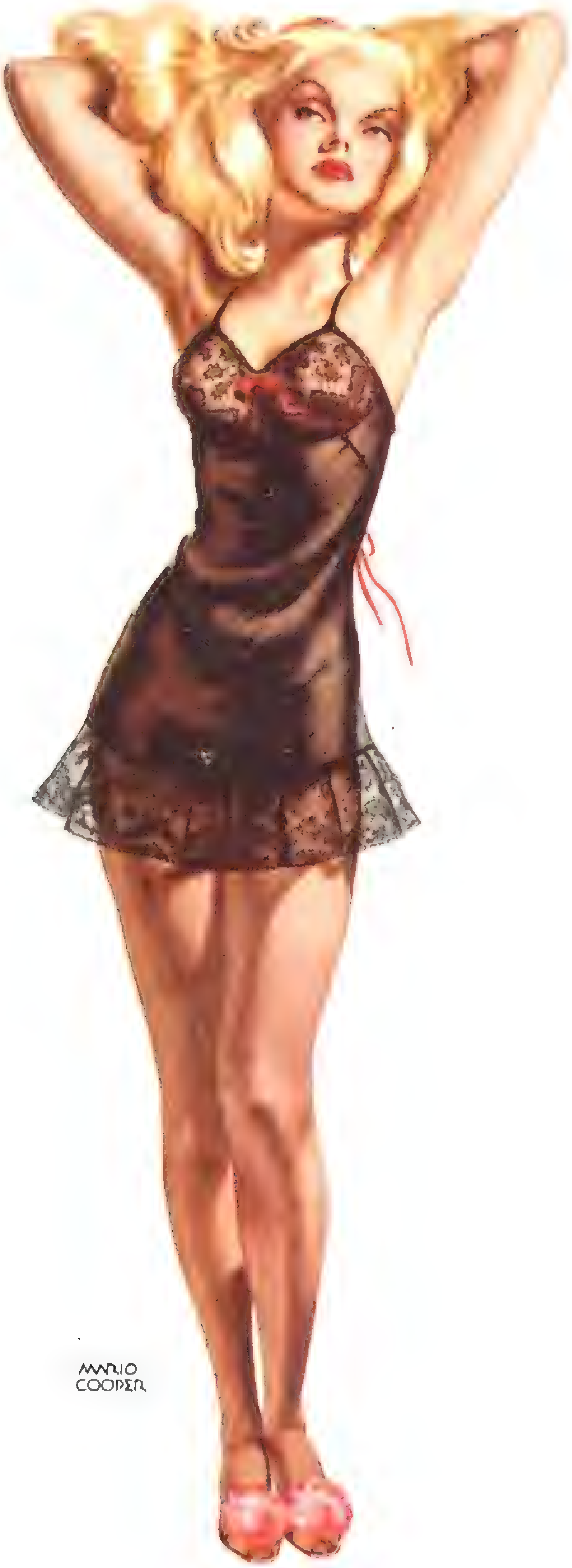
(*Continued on page 184*)

ESQUIRE GALLERY NO. 39



Ornament by BOB CASSELL

This decorative Esquire Girl, bedecked in the peppermint trappings of a chorus line, blossomed into the artist's vision like a lovely apparition. You have seen her before—or dreamed her—the girl second from the left, dressed like the others, but somehow not like the others. Something incandescent in the smile, something altogether wonderful in and about all of her, informs the male that here is a woman meant for worship, not ogling. Her environment, where charm is turned off and on like a neon light, serves only to intensify the worth of a female such as this—born perhaps to be a moment's ornament, but inhabiting the masculine memory for a million moments.



Patience by MARIO COOPER

Woman is danger, an ancient and masculine cynic once said, undoubtedly in a fit of reminiscence over an encounter with such as the above Esquire Girl. For she is that rare woman who is strong with the strength of her own power to attract. She waits, figuratively flexing her coils, her face a mask. For she is patience on a monument of her own contrivance, secure in the knowledge that what will come will come and is altogether worth anticipating. And as for the man she has magnetized—he is infinitely more to be envied than pitied, for who among us would not trade an infinity of peace of mind for a modicum of excitement?

WM. DuBOIS

Charles Feldman is so able a ten-per-center even his clients pay him grudging respect

Portrait of a Hollywood Agent

by CAMERON SHIPP

In Hollywood, where today's blazing convictions are tomorrow's cold potatoes, there is at least one point of unanimity to which the villagers cling with all the fervor of your Aunt Mary's indorsement of red flannels, calomel, and hell-fire.

This is that agents are no good. Hollywood professes to believe that agents are crafty-eyed bloodletters who would peddle their grandmothers to perdition for half a pound of flesh. This notion has taken such firm grip on the floating population of this manufacturing town that it has acquired the sanctity of folklore. It is never debated.

When a screen writer client of H. N. Swanson, formerly editor of *College Humor*, gave his plasma to the Red Cross Blood Bank, he solemnly advised his nurse to "send ten per cent to Swannie."

When Leland Hayward married his client, Margaret Sullavan, he was widely congratulated on "getting the other ninety per cent."

When an agent dines out, he avoids tomato juice—and the jaded gag that he is drinking his client's blood.

One of the town's most elderly witticisms is the one about the actor who kicked his agent in the heart and broke his toe.

Stories like these are told all over town, daily. I could confidently wager Bernard Shaw's beard against a cupcake that there does not exist today in the motion-picture industry a single performer who, under oath, torture, or even for money, would publicize a higher opinion of his agent than that of ghoul, poniard-wielder, purse-snatcher, or venal leech.

Actually, this unanimously libelous opinion of agents is a back-handed tribute, a wry but realistic accolade. The fact is that actors would be working for goobers in comparison with today's opulent salaries were it not for the agents. Since the agents have obtained for them so much more than they know they are worth—more than any human being could possibly be worth, it might be reasonably argued—the actors have come to the not illogical conclusion that their representatives are bandits.

Charles K. Feldman, an improbable young man who reads the novels of Henry James before breakfast, is forty-one years old, lives in a small house surrounded by geraniums and ivy, and never goes to his office before noon. Having reported there, he barricades himself behind a façade of secretaries, dons an old-fashioned sweater with buttons, and nibbles on crackers dipped in honey while swapping telephonic anecdotes and fancy figures with good friends Jack Warner, Joseph M. Schenck, Darryl F. Zanuck, or Sam Goldwyn. The Feldman office, which has 300 clients, is one of the largest agencies in the world dealing exclusively in motion-picture talent. It does an annual business in excess of ten million dollars.

In the evenings, Feldman dines at Romanoff's, which he uses as office annex for conferences with customers or with such clients as Irene Dunne, Tyrone Power, Hedy Lamarr, Marlene Dietrich, Lauren Bacall, Lizabeth Scott, Charles Boyer, or George Raft. He spends the remainder of the evening playing gin rummy for high stakes. He is a popular opponent, since it is a matter of record that he never wins.

After losing money until a late hour, Feldman hurries home, props himself up in bed, and ends his day as he began it, devoted to literature. His favorite is Henry James, but his tastes are so catholic that, if no other reading matter were available, he would probably study the Los Angeles telephone directory with a hopeful eye, looking for a plot. He examines, attentively and regularly, all the works of fiction writers who contribute to the popular magazines, unpublished stories by both professionals and amateurs, and hundreds of novels and yarns unearthed from forgotten corners of public libraries.

These activities do not describe the usual routine of a successful Hollywood agent. Certainly, Feldman is the only one who reads before breakfast, and there are reliable witnesses who would swear that he is the only one who reads at all. Also, he has clients who, when pressed and in privacy, say good words about him.

They should. Feldman has done far more than his share of inducing producers to part with enormous sums of money in return for the services of his people. On various occasions, his energy on behalf of his stable has been expressed in such optimistic figures that he has been barred from every studio in town. There have been times when the producers treated him with all the Old World courtesy they would accord an epidemic.

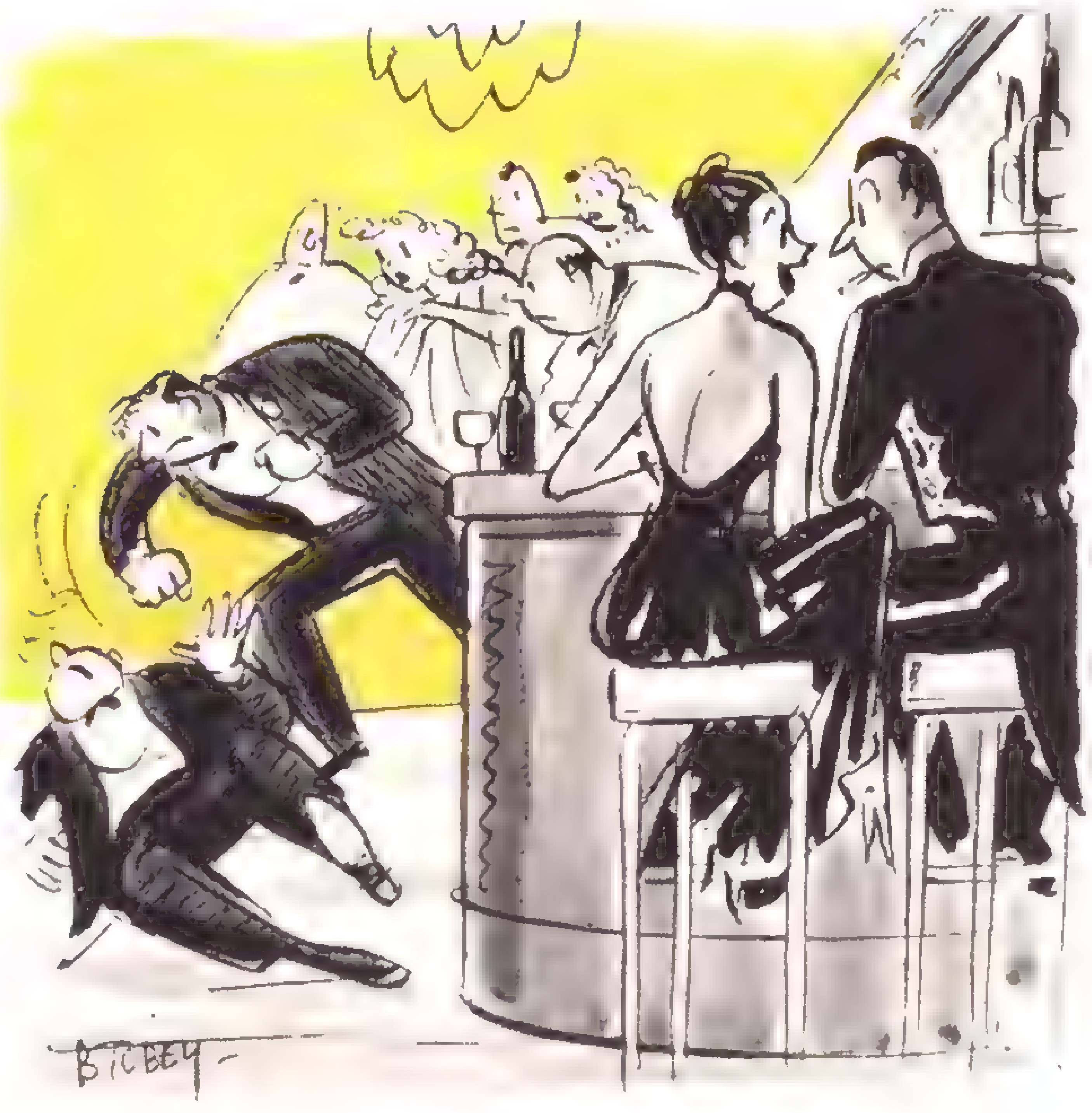
Charlie Feldman's advent in Hollywood was no more auspicious than that of any law school graduate who rents desk space and hangs out his shingle before the ink on his diploma is dry. That is precisely what Feldman did, picking the heart of Hollywood, of all unlikely places, as his location. As any horrified attorney will tell you, the odds against success in such an enterprise are preposterous. Feldman confesses that he simply did not know any better. He was accustomed to going places in a hurry, under his own power, a good habit he had picked up early in life as the result of winning a foot race in a furniture store.

Charlie was ten at the time, one of seven orphaned brothers and sisters. Their name was Gould. Their home was in Bayonne, New Jersey, where a kindly furniture dealer and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Feldman, decided they could take one of the children for adoption. Unable to decide which one, Mr. Feldman lined them all up on one side of his store, walked to the other, and announced that he would take the first child who ran into his arms.

Charlie won, tripping over a stack of carpets and knocking over a chaise longue in his haste. His name was changed to Feldman before his bruises healed.

The Feldmans came to California when Charlie was seventeen, but Charlie beat his way back East, and attended the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor for two years as a self-help student. He made expenses by delivering mail. Later, in order to be near his foster parents, he returned to California and attended U.C.L.A. and the University of Southern California. To everybody's astonishment, he wound up with a law degree. Everybody was astonished because it was widely believed that he not only never opened a book, but did not even own one. But he was near the top of his class.

As a means of getting through school, Feldman worked for various studios during his vacations. Alongwith (*Continued on page 121*)

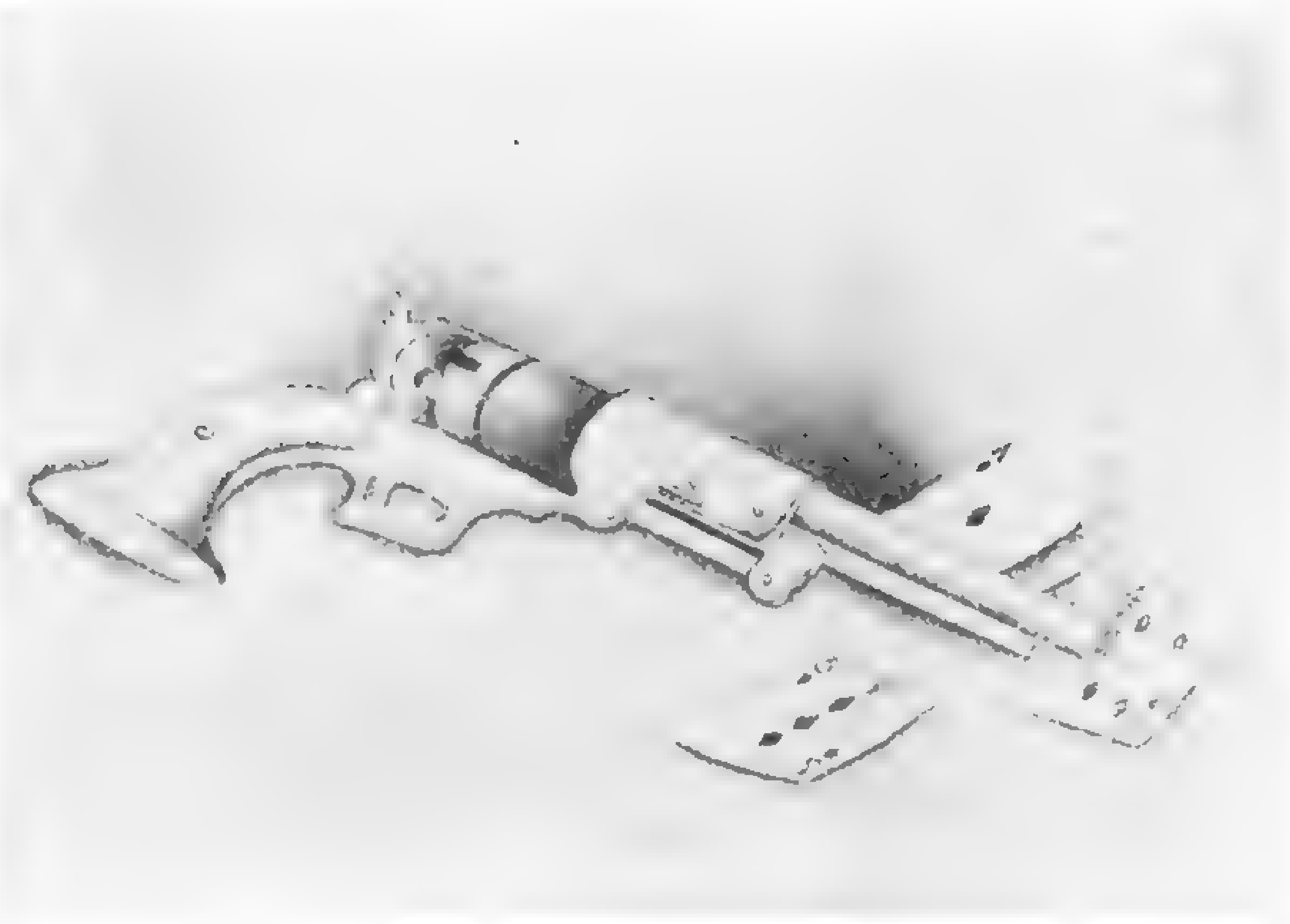


"Please get their names . . . I'd like to put this in my diary"

He could see his wife's imaginary gambling at solitaire had become a silly obsession

Where Are You, Canfield?

by SIDNEY B. CUTRIGHT, JR.



BROWNJOHN

Mr. Hemple closed the front door behind him and laid his hat on the table in the hall. "Good evening, Edith," he said to the maid who was retrieving a frayed overshoe the dog had been working on. The dog was a wire-haired terrier named Tinker that had never quite got used to Edith. Everywhere she went, she tiptoed, and this annoyed the dog considerably. Occasionally he took a playful nip at the silent feet. Edith had given notice twice when he snagged her best nylons. However, she had been persuaded to stay on, and Tinker continued to follow.

"Mr. Hemple, you're going to have to do something about that dog. It's either him or me. He's driving me crazy. Just look at what he did today," and she stuck up her heel for Mr. Hemple to see the snag and slight scratch under the stocking.

"Um—lucky he didn't draw blood. Well, I'll speak to Mrs. Hemple about it. Maybe a muzzle will break him."

He walked into the library where Irene Hemple had a card table set up in front of her. She was finishing a game of solitaire. Cripes, he thought, she's probably been playing for hours.

"Hello," he said, as he kissed her lightly. "I guess we've got to do something about the dog. Edith's on the warpath again. Irene, I wish to hell you wouldn't sit there playing solitaire all the time I'm home. It makes me nervous. If you like cards so well, why don't you get up a bridge game?"

"We've just been playing bridge. Irma and Marge and Ella just left. I was plus twelve," she said, placing a red jack on a black queen. "Anyway, I just won $654 in the last half hour."

"What the devil are you talking about?" he asked.

"At Canfield, Jack," she replied patiently. "I was pretending I was at Monte Carlo where you buy the deck for $52 and get back $5 for every card you play in the center. I beat twice without cheating. Didn't do so well the last time."

"What's the idea of the display of jewelry?" he asked. She had her engagement diamond ring, the large square emerald that he had given her when Jody was born, and the star sapphire her father had given her when she finished at Farmington. On her wrists were seven or eight bracelets of assorted sizes and values.

"Oh—that's just part of my game. Everyone who goes to Monte Carlo takes their jewels with them. Then when they lose, they hand over a piece of jewelry to the croupier and he gives them credit to go on playing," she said. "I really should have a pearl-handled revolver, too. You're supposed to go out on the terrace and shoot yourself if you lose all your possessions in the Casino."

"Oh, my God!" he exclaimed. "You know, Irene, I think that game is getting the better of you. I suggest you take up knitting."

"Jack, don't be so silly. I don't like to knit. Besides, I've never finished anything I ever started to knit. I like Canfield. It gives me something to do during my odd moments."

"Odd moments is right," he grumbled as he picked up the paper.

After dinner Mrs. Hemple again settled herself at the card table.

"What! Again?" exclaimed Mr. Hemple, exasperated.

"Well, what else do you want me to do? Do you want this chair? If so, I'll sit over there," she said, and started to get up.

"Hell, no. I just can't see what you see in that damn game."

"Darling, I do believe that it's *you* who's letting my game get the best of you," she said, smiling sweetly.

"Oh nuts," he said and picked up his paper.

Nothing disturbed the quiet of the room except the occasional rustle of the newspaper, the whirring sound of cards as Mrs. Hemple shuffled them, the snapping and clicking as she played them. Each time she started a new game, Mr. Hemple shook the newspaper.

After a long while Mrs. Hemple gathered the cards together in a pile and sat there at the table with her hands folded.

"Well—I've lost the star sapphire," she said.

"What?" cried Mr. Hemple. "Oh—" he said, as it dawned on him what she was talking about, and he turned back to his newspaper.

"But I'll get it back tomorrow night. I never did like the setting, anyway. I think I'll go up now. I'm tired. Are you coming to bed?" she asked.

"I'll be up soon," he replied. "Just want to finish the paper."

He sat for a short while, got up and stretched and started to put out the lights and go to bed. The card table was still up, and he thought that he would put it away. Instead, he sat down and began placing the cards. "Can't see what Irene sees in this damn game," he said to himself. The first game, he got eleven cards out in the center. "Well—$55 I collect. Made three bucks," he mused.

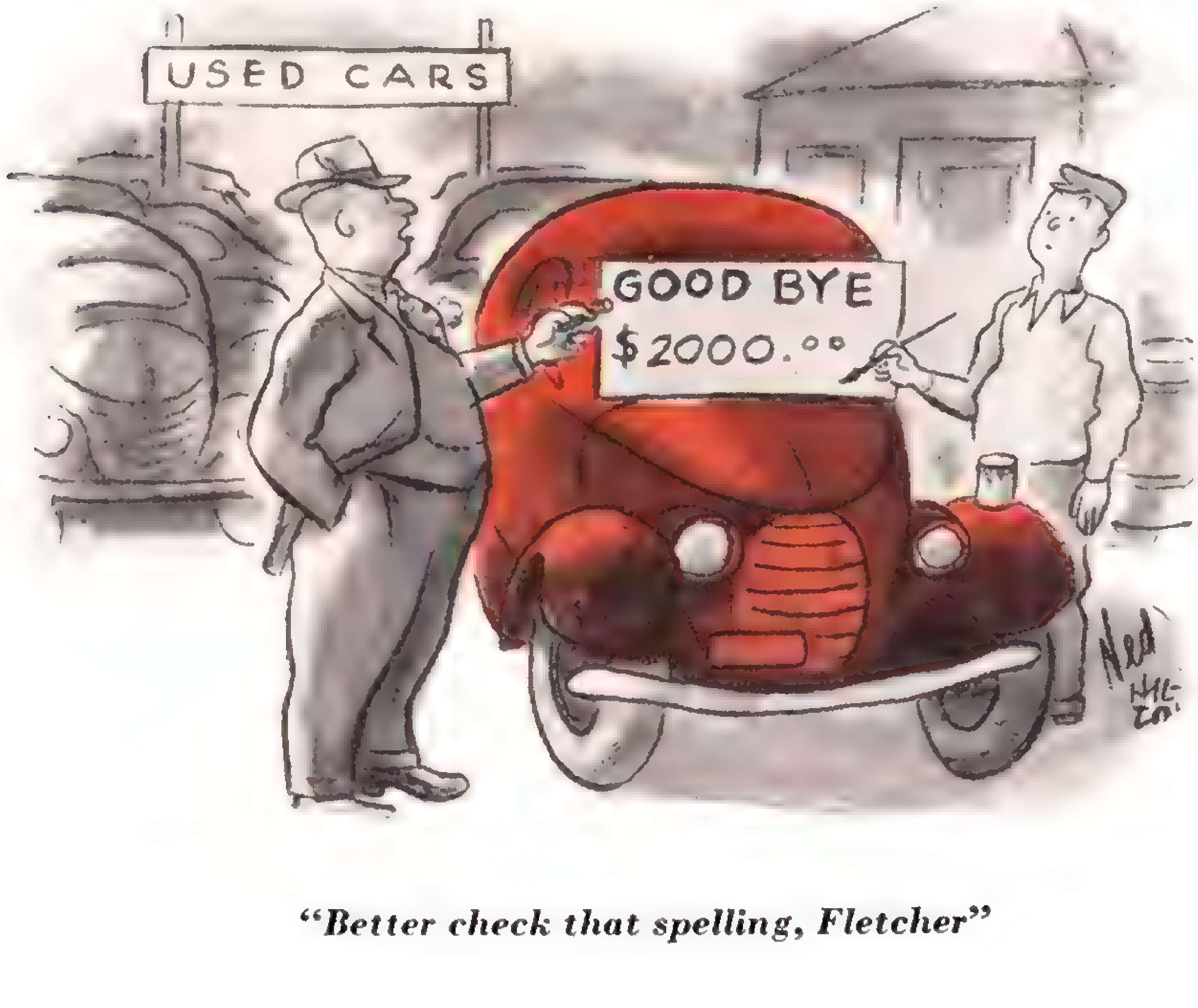
Mr. Hemple played for an hour and a half, keeping his winnings and losses on a piece of paper. "We'll get Irene's star sapphire out of hock, yet," he said as he glanced at the score sheet which showed that he had won $1,278. He subtracted $1,000 and said, "I believe you gave my wife $1,000 for her star sapphire earlier in the evening, Mr. Croupier. This will redeem it." He was talking aloud and mentally handed the croupier the stack of bills. "And I've got $278 to start on tomorrow night," he thought to himself. "Now, to give the ring back to Irene and show her what I can do with her game in one night. No—I mustn't let her know I fell for her foolish make-believe. I'll just give her the ring and let her think I had to buy it back. That'll finish the damn game with her."

"My, you're home early this evening, Mr. Hemple," Edith said as she opened the door for him.

"Yes, it gets dark so early these days that it fools me. Mrs. Hemple home?"

"No," replied the maid, "she went to a tea."

Mr. Hemple went into the library, poked at the fire and threw two more logs on it. He went into the closet where all the game equipment was stored, brought out a card table and set it up. He pulled out a deck of washable playing cards—all of which



"Better check that spelling, Fletcher"

reminded him that he had never seen any of them washed. Must try it sometime and see if it works, he thought. "Let's see now. I've got $278 gravy to play on," he said to himself. "That'll buy at least five decks." However, it wasn't his day at the tables, and he was minus a good $400 when he heard Mrs. Hemple close the front door.

"Don't tell me you're playing Canfield, dear. What's the matter? Don't you feel all right?" she chided.

"Yes, I feel all right," he said, mimicking her speech. "I just wanted to see what you see in the stupid game."

"Good," she said, taking off her hat. "Maybe tonight we could have a game of double Canfield. It grows on you, doesn't it?"

"It's stupid," he answered. "And why do you call it Canfield?"

"Why Canfield was the man who invented the game," she replied.

Canfield, he thought. Canfield. Canfield is a jerk.

After dinner, Mrs. Hemple came into the library carrying a large tapestry bag. She pulled the lamp over nearer to the small chair by the fireside, sat down and placed the bag in her lap.

"What, no solitaire tonight? Don't *you* feel well?"

"You know, dear," she said, "I think you were right. That game was getting under my skin, so I decided to knit something."

"Oh—" said Mr. Hemple, "that sounds like a good idea."

"Good evening, sir . . . a new case of Scotch arrived today"

When Mrs. Hemple had kissed him good night and gone upstairs, he got up and walked over to the card table. He sat down, pulled out the slip of paper with his current debt on it and began playing. Can't lose all the time, he thought. And then the idea came to him. Why piddle around with such small stuff as a paltry $52. "Let's buy the deck for $52,000. That will be $5,000 you pay for each card in the center, right? Very good." Mr. Hemple did very well at the tables that night. He left the Casino with $465,000 in thousand-dollar bills. He hired a squad car and two detectives at $1,000 apiece to take him home in case he was followed, and to guard him until he could put the money safely in the bank in the morning. He stuffed thousand-dollar bills in Irene's satin mules, and pinned one to Edith's door with a note: "For the stockings Tinker snagged."

The next morning before leaving for the office, Mr. Hemple went into the library, slipped a deck of cards into his overcoat pocket and left the house whistling. Might get some time during the day to make a little dough, he thought. Make a little dough. Two deer in the forest. No, two bucks, they were. Here, here, Hemple, what goes on? Canfield. Wasn't he the gambler who was shot during the row over that actress? Canfield.

"I don't want anyone to disturb me for the rest of the afternoon," Mr. Hemple told his secretary, and when she was out of the office and the door was closed, he pulled out the deck of cards. "Now," he said, "buy the baby some new shoes." But this wasn't the day for baby to have new shoes. In fact, by three o'clock, Mr. Hemple's baby had been barefoot for quite a spell. Mr. Hemple was in the hole just $663,000. He had called Allan Ward, who handled all his properties and financial dealings, to see what he could afford to lose. The block of A. T. Consolidated had gone first, then the Acme bonds, all the gilt-edge stuff, the Hemple Block building and the lot had followed. There was still the house and Irene's jewels which she had always said were as much his as hers, because wasn't he the one who gave them to her? Should he let Irene know the fix he was in? No, Irene would insist on letting her father help me out. Nothing doing, Hemp, you married Irene, not her family. Remember? But the worst part of it all, Hemple was still losing. Losing to Canfield. Why—he might even be dead by now, Hemple, and here you are losing money to the jerk.

Mr. Hemple's secretary knocked on the door. He stuffed the cards in his pocket and yelled "Come in."

"Excuse me, Mr. Hemple. I just wanted to say good night. Will you be staying on, or shall we lock the office?"

"No, I'm leaving now," he said, and started putting on his coat. Yes, let's get out of this joint, he thought. This den of iniquity. It's a clip joint. They've taken your bottom dollar in less than four hours. Home. That's where you belong, with Irene and Jody. Just one more night. Don't let them know, though. You're not licked yet.

Edith, the maid, was in the hall when he opened the front door.

"Another stocking gone," she said, pointing down at her ankle. "This is the last time, Mr. Hemple. The dog or me."

"Dammit," he said. "I just gave you enough money to buy stockings for you and your whole family till kingdom come."

He walked into the library, leaving the maid there gaping.

"What's all the shouting, dear?" asked Mrs. Hemple.

"That stupid maid and the dog again. Does she think fairy godmothers pin thousand-dollar bills on her door?"

"Whatever are you talking about?" asked Mrs. Hemple.

"Oh nothing. Skip it. Let's have a cocktail tonight."

"All right. Fine," she said. "You look awfully tired."

"Had a hard day," he said, and sat down to await the cocktails.

Mrs. Hemple had one Martini and watched Mr. Hemple drink five but said nothing. Mr. Hemple brought the brandy decanter into the living room after dinner and poured out two glasses full. Mrs. Hemple said it made her sleepy after eating. Mr. Hemple said fine. Sleep is good for one. Mrs. Hemple drank one glass of brandy, Mr. Hemple drank five waiting for her to get sleepy.

Dammit, he thought as he watched her knit, is she going to sit there all night? Don't rush her though. Ah, there she goes.

"Good night, dear. Don't drink any more. You know how you'll feel tomorrow," she said, and kissed him on the forehead.

When she was gone, he set up the card table, brought out the washable cards, and sat down to wipe out a debt of $1,370,000. Higher stakes, Hemple. That's the only way to catch up. Double up. "Mr. Croupier, I'll buy the deck for $104,000. That will be $10,000 for each card in the center." This shouldn't take long with any luck at all, Hemp old boy. But something was wrong. None of those big lucky strikes came through as they did the first day he started playing.

This is the last hand, he would tell himself at the beginning of each game after he had been playing desperately for two hours. But at the end, when he would add up his debt, he would say, "Just one more, and then bankruptcy."

Then, at about one-thirty, came the blow. He went through the entire deck without a single play. He threw the last card on the table and ground his fist into it, as if to wipe the spots off it. Tears of anger and helplessness were streaming down his face. He seized the cards in his hands and rushed from the library into the powder room at the foot of the stairs. He dumped the cards into the washbasin and turned on the hot water. He punched the cards, mangled them, violently cursed them, but the plastic cards would not be destroyed. The faces of the kings, queens and jacks leered up at him, distorted from the water. And there it was. A black jack on a red queen. The jack of clubs. It was the face that mocked him. It was Canfield's face. Canfield. I'll tear you limb from limb, and he made one last effort to rip the card to bits.

Mrs. Hemple heard the shot, as she had not been asleep. She rushed down the stairs and into the library. The doors leading out onto the terrace were open, and Mr. Hemple lay, face down, in the snow. In his hand was a small, pearl-handled revolver.

"If he had only told me he had needed money so badly, I could have helped him out," sobbed Mrs. Hemple.

"Nonsense," Allan Ward said. "His affairs are in A-1 shape. Why, I told him only yesterday the top-notch condition of his finances."

"He must have needed money," she insisted tearfully, "because—" and she showed him a slip of paper with figures on it. "I found it on the table right after—." There were two columns, one for assets, one for debts. The assets were canceled as the debts mounted in the right-hand column. The final accounting was "Assets—0, Debts—$8,560,000."

"I can't understand it," she whimpered. "I can't understand it." #

True tale of Jimmy Kilpatrick, the singer, who cast his bread upon the waters during his service in France

Madame's Tall Son

by BETH BARNES

You're pretty sick about things in Europe right now, aren't you? You believe that all American soldiers, with their yen for women, money and liquor, have miserably failed as diplomats and have earned nothing but scorn and disgust from the population of Europe.

Let's suppose you are one of those ex-G.I.s. Suppose, for instance, you are Jimmy Kilpatrick. You don't believe everything you read in the papers about European ill will, and you are right. Because, as Jimmy Kilpatrick, you are backed up by a true story as fantastic as any to come out of the war.

You never thought of yourself as a fighting man; you were just a guy who wanted to sing. After years of struggle and one-night stands, your first real break came in 1941. You got a chance to sing with Herbie Kay at the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles. If you were lucky, this could lead to anything: a contract, a picture role, your name in lights.

You were a hit that first night, and you went home feeling that something important was going to happen—something that would change your whole life. You were right. You landed a part in the biggest show of the century just two days later. You were drafted.

You were in the African campaign, then you landed at Anzio, the bloody beach, and by this time you had quit counting the months that had passed since you lost your chance to get the big break, and you kept track only of the years. You were in chemical warfare, a far cry from the bandstand and a carnation in your tux.

This was Italy, and the guys with the grimed faces and the dead eyes were taking a mountain called Cassino. You watched the medics bring in the wounded. Then you watched guys bring in the medics, the red crosses on their arms stained with their own blood. Five medics had gone up; five medics had come down—dead. The men holding out and grubbing their way up the mountainside had no medical care whatever. That's when you volunteered.

They gave you one day's training as a medic, and sent you off with your packet of bandages and morphine and sulfa. It was three days before you got yours. Shrapnel. When you came to in the field hospital, they said you had been five days on the mountainside before help could come. And they also told you that you'd snagged a Purple Heart and that you were due for a free ride home—lucky boy.

But you didn't come home. You were still a guy who wanted to sing. So when you got out of bed you changed your shoulder patch and became a member of "Outpost on Parade," touring the Foxhole Circuit.

From Italy you went into France. It was in Baccarat that you met Madame Marchal. You'd always thought of Baccarat as something you played with cards, but here it was—a small French town, with bombed shells of buildings snaggle-toothed against the dour sky. Your outfit was quartered in the railroad station, where trains had run in better days.

The station cafeteria was converted into a mess hall, and you'll never forget your first meal there. You looked up for some reason toward the window. There was a face peering in. Another face joined it, and soon all the windows were full of faces—just looking. They didn't speak, but their eyes were fastened on the mess kit in front of you—on the lumpy potatoes, the cold rolls, and the dehydrated carrots. And they watched you lift each forkful to your mouth like spectators at a badminton game keeping an eye on the bird. Pretty soon you decided you weren't very hungry after all. Lots of the other guys weren't very hungry either.

The French civilians were waiting out by the garbage cans where you were supposed to dump the remains of your rations. Ragged, cold and hungry, they were a people reduced to essentials. Every day at every meal they were waiting, and soon it became a matter of fact that you saved a little for them. Some of the guys kidded about it. Tried to see who could pick out the prettiest girl to feed. But somehow you never found hunger very funny. Perhaps that's why you, of all the crowd, noticed the old lady.

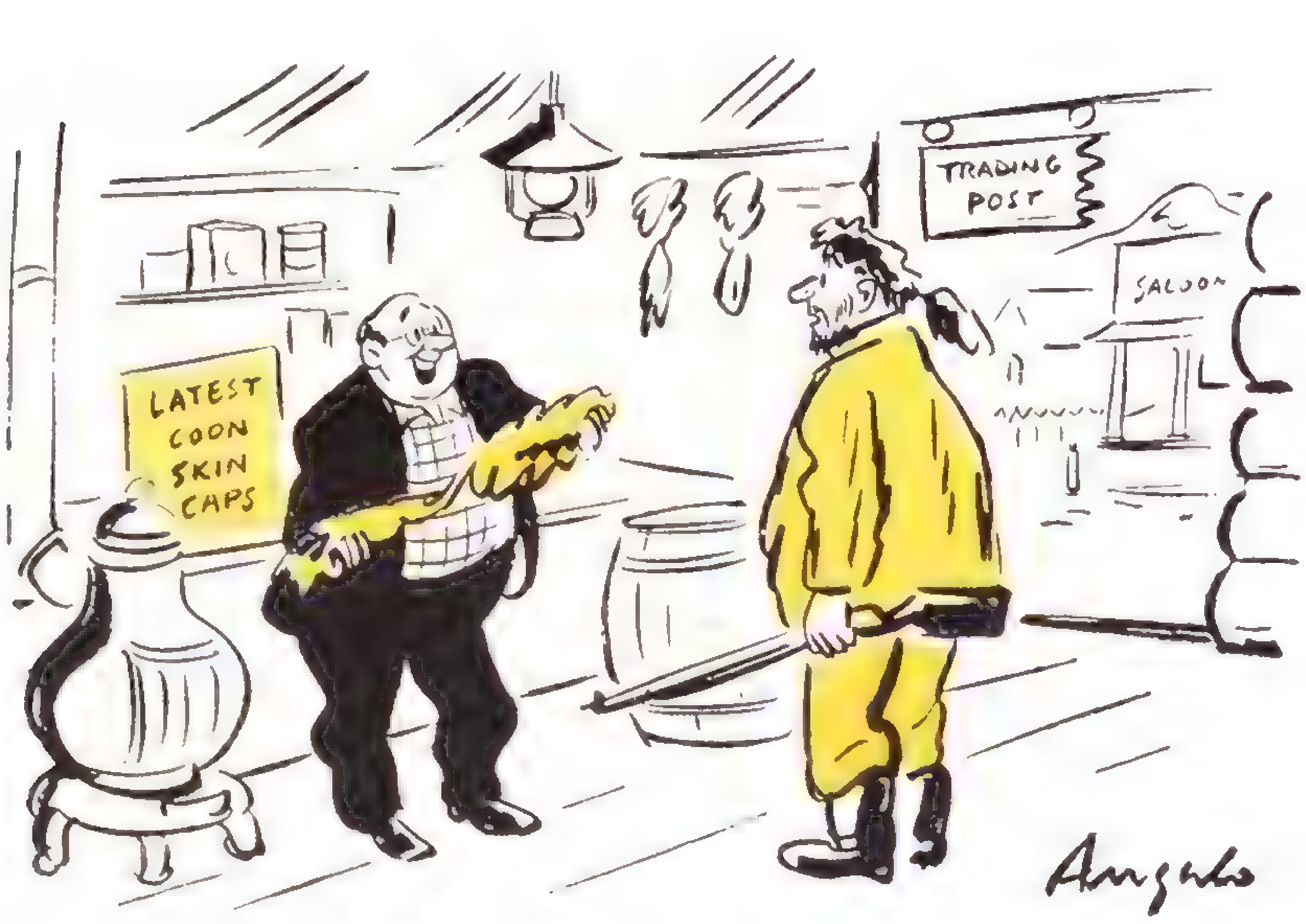
She stood apart from the rest. Alone, thinly clad, and quite old. The first day she just stood there watching from a distance—then turned away. But you followed and offered her some of your rations. She refused in polite English. She wasn't a beggar, she explained. She had just come to the station to—to see about a train. You accepted the explanation, though you both knew that no train had run through that station in a year.

The next morning she was back, and you were waiting for her. Today she was more hungry than proud, and soon you were sitting on the edge of the platform with her as she ate beans and potatoes.

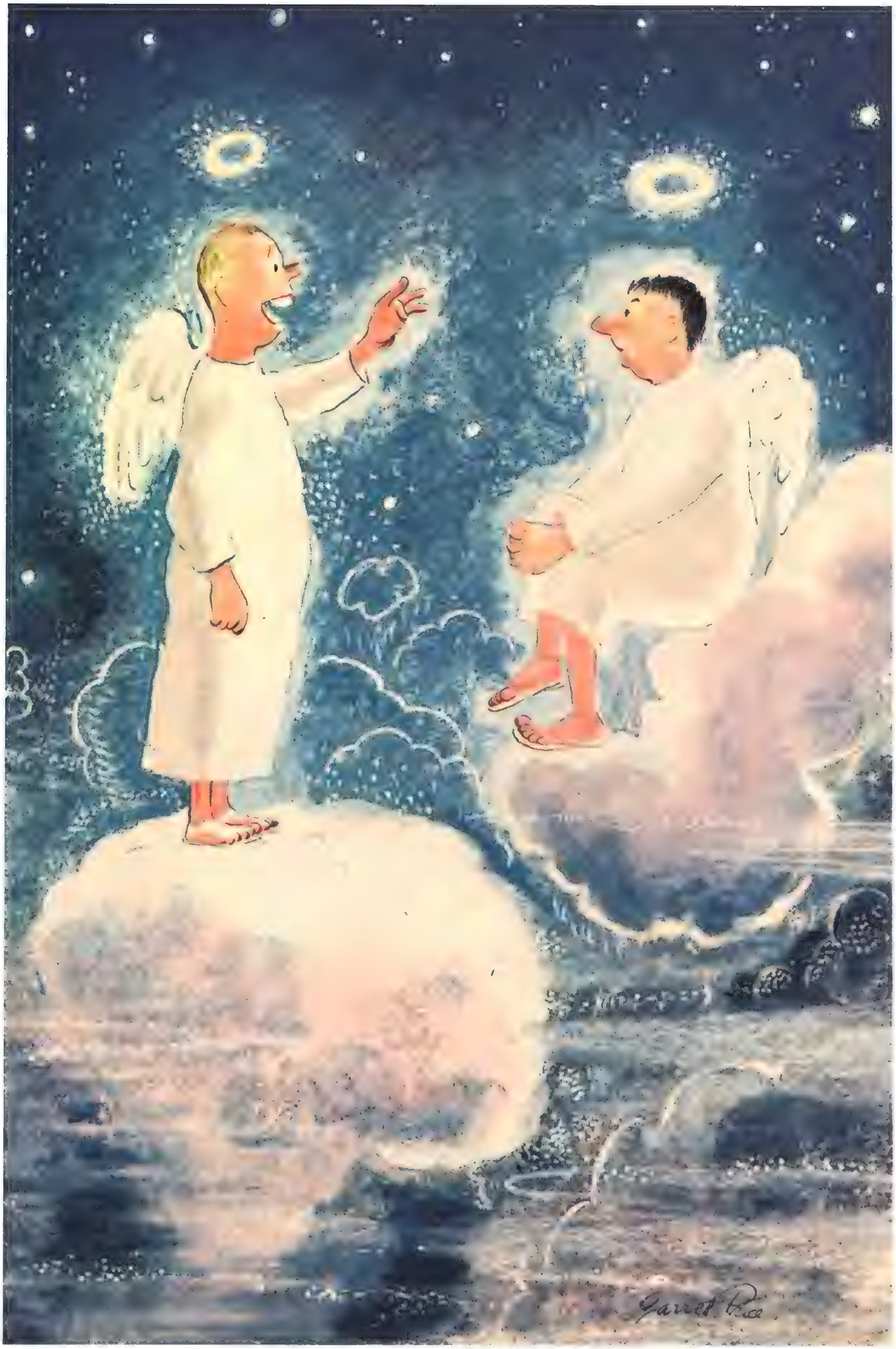
Every day she came and stood waiting for you, apart from the noisy begging crowd of urchins, old men and women, her worn black coat brushed neatly, her feet in clumsy wooden shoes. She told you of her husband and her seven sons and her grandson—all dead—all killed by the Nazis. Now she was left alone. Her name was Madame Jeanne Marchal, and she was eighty-three years old. You called her "mama," and she called you her "tall son." All her sons had been short, she said, and she had always wanted a tall son.

One day she didn't come. When three days had passed you decided she was sick, so you set out to look for her. You found her in a small gardener's cottage at the back of what had been a magnificent estate. Now the lawns and gardens were bomb-cratered, the stone lions in the drive were nicked with shrapnel, and the great château was a pile of grey rubble. Madame Marchal was lying on a straw mattress in the larger of two tiny rooms of the cottage. She was ill, and from your brief experience as a medic, you decided she was well on the way to pneumonia if something wasn't done.

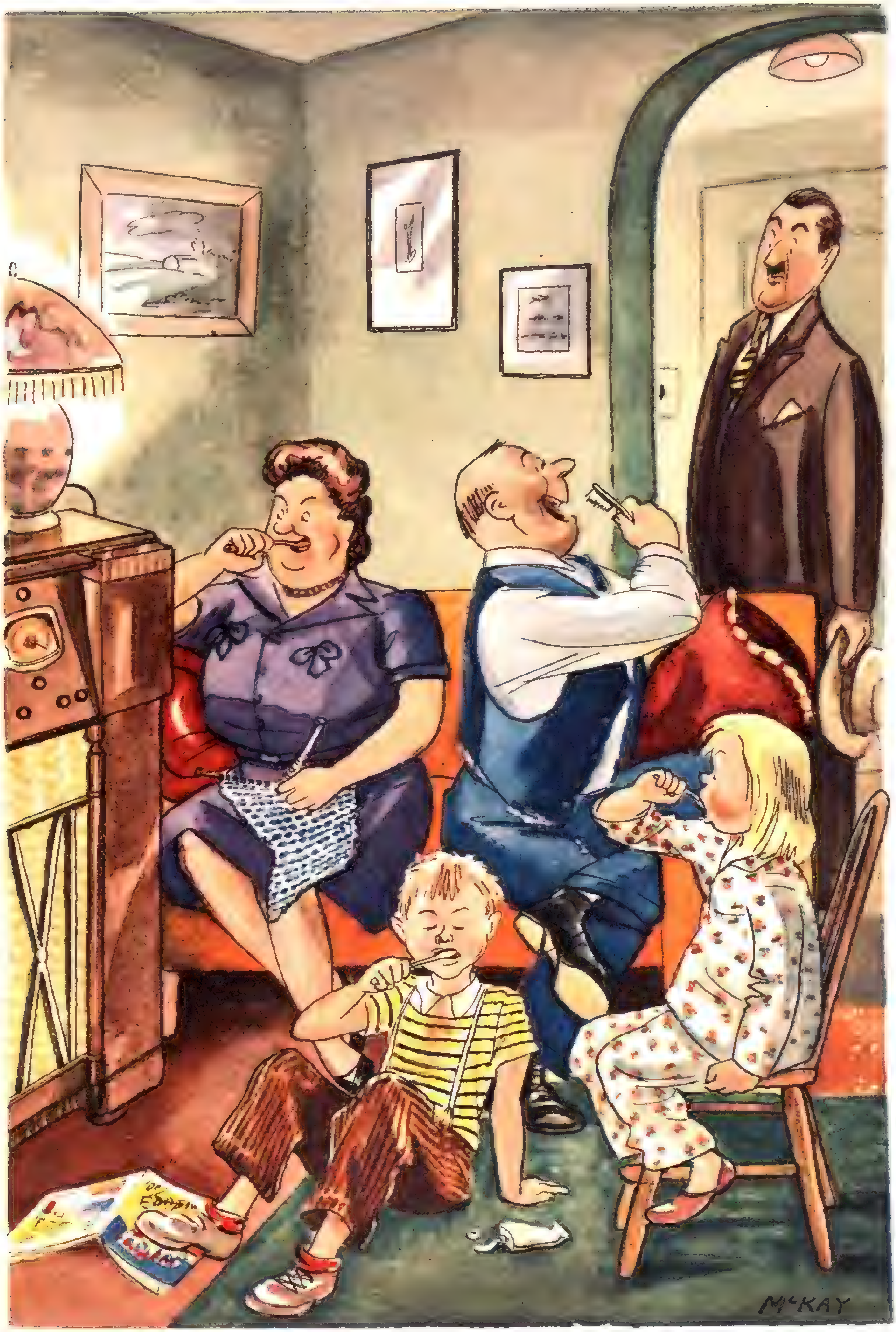
You went back to camp and dug up some aspirin and talked the doc out of (Continued on page 178)



"Tails have been decreed three inches longer this year"


Garrett Price

"Then he dared me to put in a teensy weensy more uranium"



"Won't you join us? We're listening to Bob Hope"

GREENE

He had to admire Flo for insisting they delay their marriage for security's sake

She Knew All the Answers

by ROBERT C. MOORE

Joey Garcia grinned happily at the girl sitting across from him. It was visitors' day at the State Prison and Joey was usually happy when he could spend the all-too-short visiting period with his girl.

"You're lookin' great, Flo," he said.

Flo smiled wanly. She was a small, rather attractive girl. Her red hair set off the startling whiteness of her skin, and Joey's grin broadened when he remembered that the first time he saw her, he had thought Flo's face looked like a marshmallow with a glob of catsup on top.

"I've really missed you, kid," Joey said. "I thought I'd go nuts before I got to see you this week."

"I missed you too, Joey," Flo answered.

The two talked for awhile. Small talk. There had been many visits over a period of many weeks and sometimes the conversation lagged. It did today.

Joey fished a cigarette from a crumpled pack; thumbed a match and inhaled deeply. Flo didn't smoke. Glancing aside, they listened idly to the spots of conversation that cropped up hopefully here and there like the seeds in a new garden.

Regarding her again without speaking, Joey's thoughts turned back to the days when he had first met Flo. She hadn't changed much—though she was a little paler now, perhaps. They had both worked for Old Man Nelson, who ran the big liquor store on the North Side. Joey drove the delivery truck and Flo—she had always been a smart kid—was Old Man Nelson's bookkeeper.

The two hit it off from the start and it wasn't long before they were making plans to get married. Joey wanted to have the wedding right away, but Flo, with characteristic foresight, insisted that they should save up $1,500 first. Joey argued long and vehemently; however, he finally had to admit that Flo was right. She always was.

At first it was fun. Joey got a thrill out of hoarding a certain amount each week. It was the first money he had ever saved. Flo did the same. But careful though they were, it didn't add up very fast. After ten months they had accumulated only $600. At that rate it would take another fifteen months. Such prolonged resignation wasn't for Joey, no, sir!

One night, between deliveries, Joey walked into the dingy office in the back of the liquor store. Flo was there, working on the books. Old Man Nelson and the mottled-faced kid who helped him were waiting on trade up front. Joey teased Flo a bit and finally, just half kidding, told her he had an idea on how to pick up the last $900 so they could get married. The old man did a tremendous business on a Saturday night. He couldn't get the cash to a bank before Monday so he hid it in the store. Joey knew where he kept the cash, so did the kid helper, and a lot of other people for that matter.

Flo flared up and slapped Joey. "You dumb cluck," she wailed. "If you ever talk like that again, Joey Garcia, I'll never speak to you." Then Flo cried. Joey couldn't stand to see her tears and he felt like a cad. He wouldn't hurt her for the world. He'd certainly made an unforgivable blunder, but this nickel and dime romance was enough to cloud a man's thinking.

Flo cooled off finally and she never mentioned the incident again. Things went along pretty much as always until one Saturday night, about an hour after closing, when Old Man Nelson came back to the store. He had forgotten his pipe. He thought he heard someone skulking in the shadows and he bellowed for the varmit to come out. As he fumbled in the dark for the light switch, the person came out, on the run, and headed for the open front door. The old man couldn't move very fast and he grabbed only a handful of shadows, but he did manage to get a good look. There was nothing wrong with the old man's eyesight. As a result, Joey's marriage had to be postponed far longer than expected.

"You'd better stop your daydreaming and watch your cigarette, Joey," Flo said, breaking the long silence.

"Huh? Oh, the cigarette. Yeah, you're right, Flo," Joey said tonelessly. Dammit, he thought, as he slowly mashed the cigarette in a tray, you're always right, and you've gone to plenty of trouble to prove it.

"Okay, the time is up," a guard called brusquely.

Joey and Flo slowly rose.

"So long, Joey," Flo said with forced cheerfulness. "I'll see you again next week, won't I?"

"Sure. Sure, Flo, you'll see me next week."

Joey squeezed Flo's hand encouragingly, picked up his hat, and walked out of the room. The guard winked. Joey managed a wry smile as he turned down the long corridor. He walked the entire length of the long corridor and out into the fresh open air of the street without once looking back at poor Flo in her drab prison uniform. It was easier that way. #

STONE

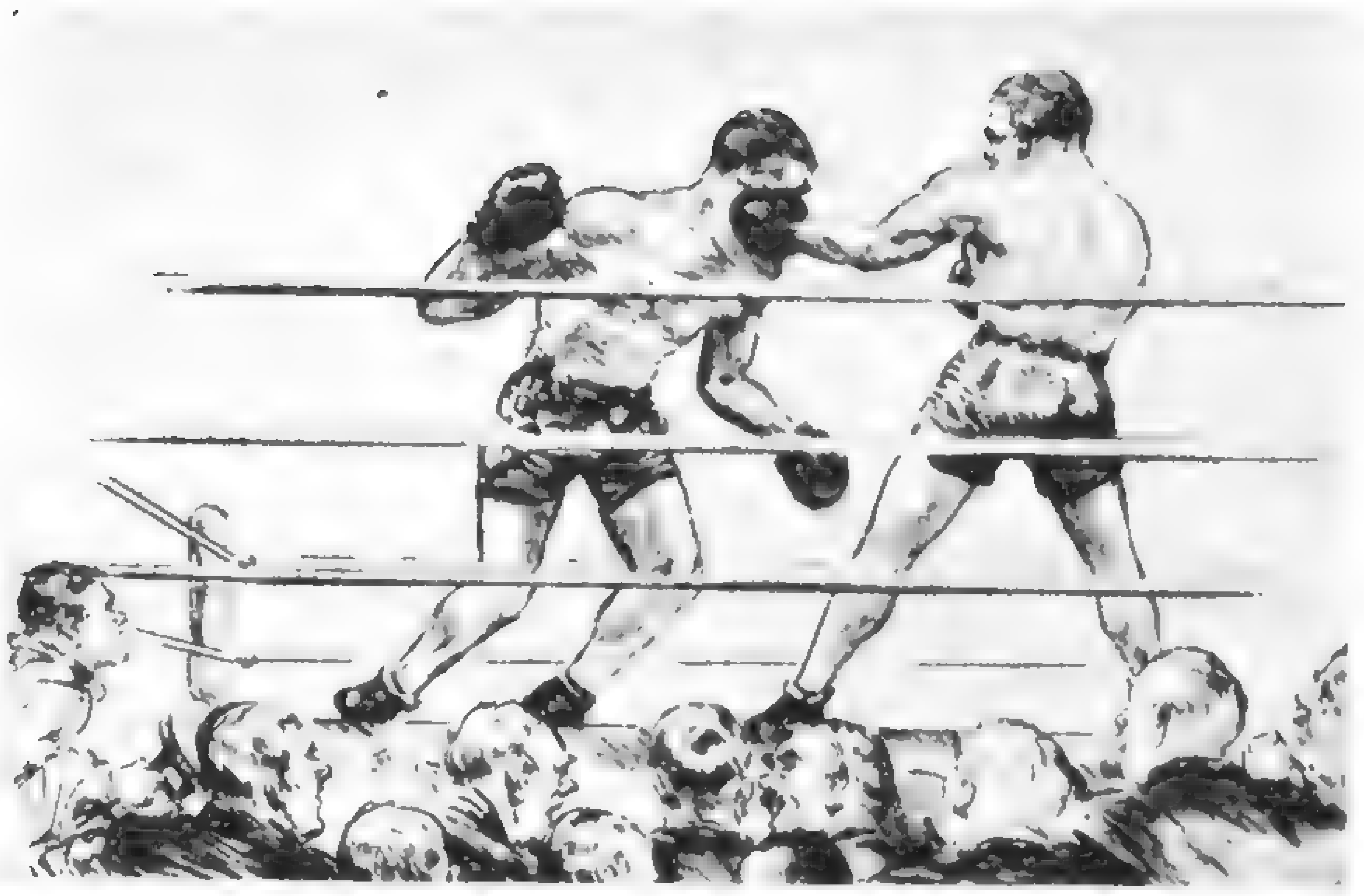
Solveig Lunde: She carries 88 keys

Since her Town Hall debut, titian-haired Solveig Lunde has earned such critical garlands as "most musical of brilliant young pianists," with "a flair for personalized playing" and "technically clean, skillfully colored" performance. Her Norwegian father (an amateur violinist), began Solveig's piano lessons when she was four, never forced her prodigious talent, encouraged her great delight in sailing and horseback riding during her childhood in California. Immediately after concluding her studies at the Juilliard Graduate School two years ago, the young virtuoso began her country-wide concert tours, keeping her emotional balance despite the ever-increasing acclaim that she received. "I don't believe a good artist must highlight his gifts by peculiar social behavior," says Solveig.

Relating some of the tastier tales in the boxing career of Fred Fulton, the fainthearted and horizontal plasterer

The Fulton Folly

by BOB BURRILL


DIANA THORNE

Up in the Wisconsin-Minnesota North Country, where they make their cheeses big and the saga of Paul Bunyan is told with a straight face, boxing men recall Fred Fulton as the most "horribly successful" heavyweight of them all.

Fulton was a gangling fellow, standing or reposing around six-feet-six, with a lantern jaw that invited and invariably played host to opposition leather. He had been a fair-to-middling plasterer before he was seduced by boxing's plunder, and evidenced a semblance of promise in the swaddling stages of his career. As he moved into faster company, however, his size and cute capers in the ring had considerably more bearing on his substantial purses than did his aptitude for manhandling opponents.

One of the most amused perpetuators of the Fulton legend was the man who promoted and managed the Falling Plasterer in many of his fights, the late Mike Collins. Mike, who died in 1944, once told the writer that Fred Fulton was potentially a great heavyweight, but Mike qualified this observation with, "Freddie's fascination for his own well-being made him a clown."

That bit of sagacity prompted Collins to plunge his hand into a desk drawer and produce a photograph. "This," Mike announced, "is probably the rarest picture in any boxing library. And I own it. I wouldn't part with it for the world."

It was an 8 x 10 of Fulton, assuming the boxer's stereo stance for a portrait photographer. I had no alternative but to ask what made this photograph so precious.

"Why," said Collins, dead serious, "this here is photographic evidence of Fred Fulton on his feet."

One of Collins' choice recollections of Fulton was the Falling Plasterer's first encounter with Carl Morris, a bulky heavyweight of sorts, in Hudson, which is near the Wisconsin-Minnesota border.

Morris, who had been idle for several months, weighed 255 pounds, forty-five over his usual fighting weight. He was managed by Billy McCarney, no dolt among boxing's double-thinkers.

Fred first saw his opponent during the weighing-in ritual at the Chapin Hall Hotel. McCarney made elaborate ceremony of introducing Fulton and Morris, and Carl wrung the plasterer's hand so hard Fred thought the fight was on.

Later that day Fulton found Collins. "Hey," he said, "have you seen Morris today?" Collins said yes, several times. "Gosh," exclaimed Fred, "he sure is a strong fella. I suppose he's gonna knock hell out of me tonight."

Collins, leery of a runout, confided to Fred that Morris was not only in pitiful condition, but he had bad hands and so many other physical shortcomings that he hardly qualified as a punching bag. "As a matter of fact," Collins confessed later, "if what I said about Morris was true he should have been in the hospital instead of the Hudson Arena."

"Well," Fred decided, "if he's in that shape I have a chance."

Mike exhaled a relieved sigh when the reluctant plasterer and the tubby Morris were finally in the ring, but he winced when Billy McCarney sauntered to Fred's corner.

"Hello, Frederick," McCarney said pleasantly. Then he did a double-take, stared at Fulton's neck and reached for the base of his skull which he fingered professionally. "My God," he said, "have you got one of them things, too?"

Startled, Fulton asked, "One of what?"

"Why, man, a rectangular vertebra!"

"What the hell's that?" Fred asked.

McCarney clucked and wagged his head. "Just the thing that poor Luther McCarthy had, that's all. Very dangerous, and just take my advice, don't fight any more after tonight—that is, if you get by tonight."

Gullible Fulton almost choked. "Hey," he said, "if that thing, the rectangular or whatever-you-call-it, is bad, I better call this thing off right now."

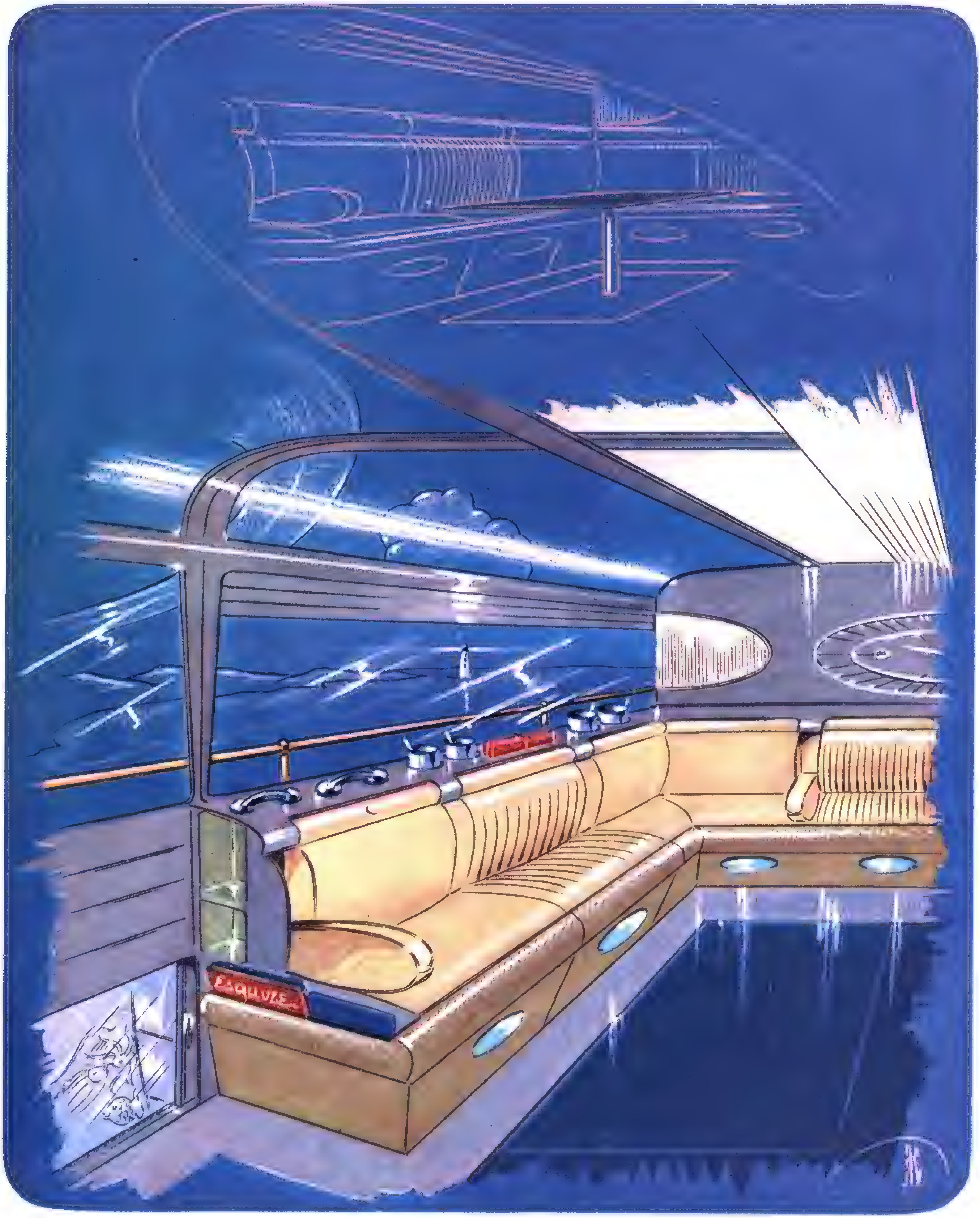
McCarney, entertaining no notion of bungling chances for Morris to collect his purse, quickly salvaged the situation by telling Fulton, "No, just keep both hands high and don't let him hit you around the head." Fred mulled over that one and then conceded that that might do the trick, but he warned McCarney to advise Morris to be careful.

Morris charged at Fulton, about as careful as a rabid bull. Fred beat an ungainly but adequate retreat until Carl ensnared him on the ropes where Fulton finally nullified his opponent with a tong-like embrace. When the referee broke up the love nest, the plasterer frantically fortified his head with both gloves. The forewarned Mr. Morris promptly thumped his opponent's stomach and Fred sat down. The punch was hardly an excuse to sit out the ten-count, so Fulton returned to his feet for the balance of the round.

The opener cut the general pattern for the ensuing rounds, only Morris' (*Continued on page 176*)

GEORGE WOLFE
d'alessio

"Oh, boy—with that picture and a liquor license!"



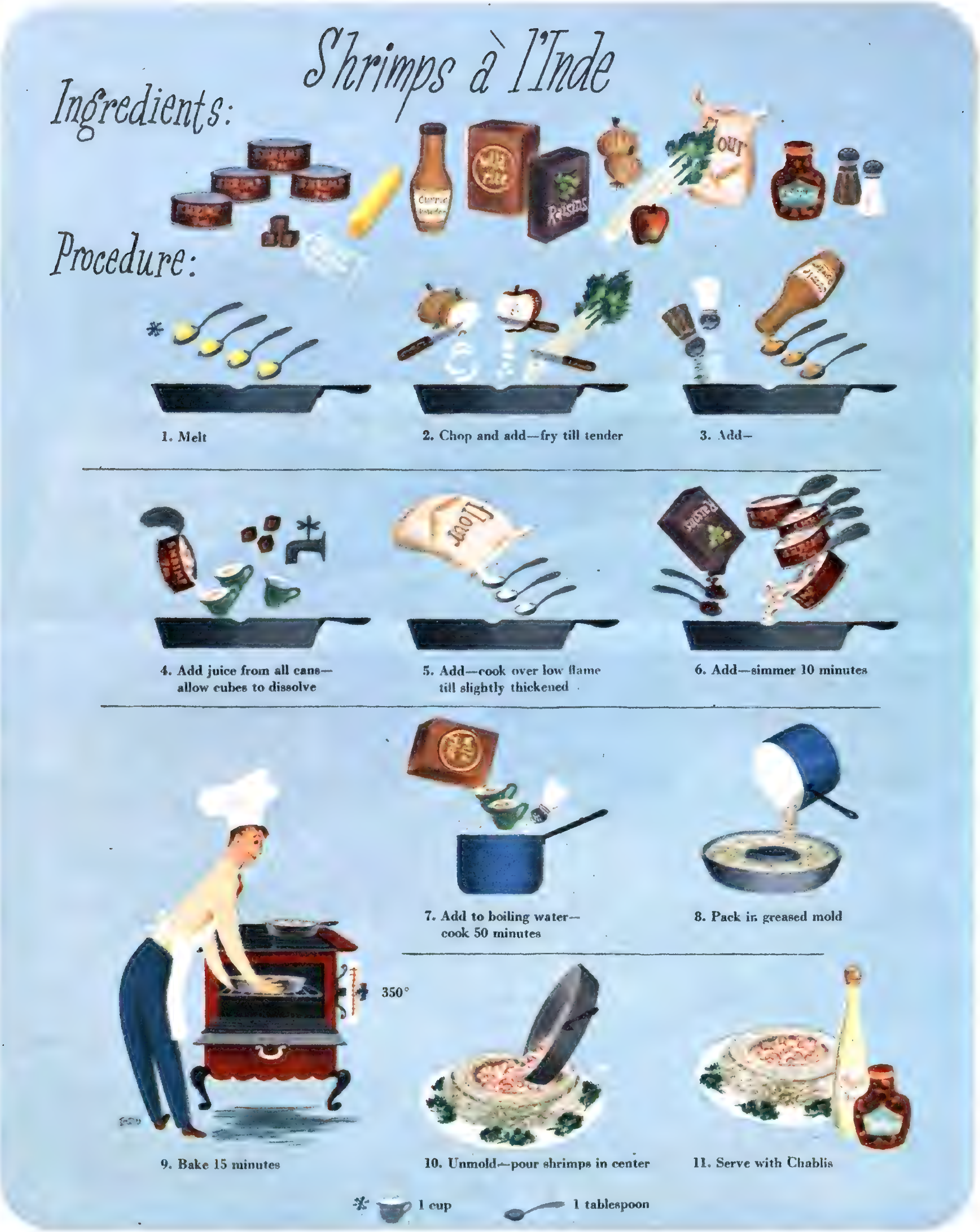
MECHANICAL PROPHECIES, No. 10

Home for the Sailor

by Alexis de Sakhnoffsky

Although the man who puts to sea in a yacht may not be going far, he may also be a long time getting back. In recognition of that fact, Count de Sakhnoffsky has designed this "get together" room on behalf of gentlemen tars who like to take their environment with them when they sail. The Sakhnoffsky floating salon harbors a super sofa with disappearing armrests. Large windows and a plastic roof throw the sky and sea open. Those with downcast eyes can cop ganders at the fish through the sliding panel at lower left. Finally, the square in the floor becomes a quaffing or card table mounted on a hydraulic shaft, and the oval lights under the seats can be used to illumine the polite little gambling game men are wont to play on floors.

Shrimps à l'Inde



1. Melt

2. Chop and add—fry till tender

3. Add—

4. Add juice from all cans—allow cubes to dissolve

5. Add—cook over low flame till slightly thickened

6. Add—simmer 10 minutes

7. Add to boiling water—cook 50 minutes

8. Pack in greased mold

9. Bake 15 minutes

10. Unmold—pour shrimps in center

11. Serve with Chablis

* 1 cup

1 tablespoon

Esquire's
LOOK AND COOK
Recipe No. 4

Sketches by Mina Gow

Continuing our series of cooking briefs for the bachelor who would whip up something tasty, but not be distracted too much from the main business of the evening, now comes a subtle dish, simple to make. For with this exotically spiced gustatory offering, readied here for the kitchen with only a glance to make sure your commissary is complete, you are equipped to serve a supper to anyone from a visiting maharaja to the potentate who signs your weekly check. Accompany it with a colorful bouquet of salad greens, a choice bottle of Chablis, and you may even succeed in wafting him into the land of minarets and magic carpets where every man's a sultan to his harem, albeit how small—and all for the price of some spice.

FAULKNER

A famous Hollywood producer admits that culinary work satisfies the ham in him

For My Hobby, I'll Take Cooking

by **JOE PASTERNAK**

THEY tell me no man is complete without a hobby. Okay, then here's a pitch for mine—cooking.

While I turn to the kitchen for true relaxation, don't think for a moment I overlook the underlying psychological force which sends me, and the legion of other culinary hobbyists, to the pots and pans.

It's all ham, brother, ham and a yard-and-a-half wide.

Amateur chefs are insatiable suckers for the prandial, lip-smacking praise of their guests. And, so long as the guests know this, we shall continue to be suckers and they the nonpaying guests. But don't get me wrong; we love it.

So far as I have been able to observe, culinary hobbying seems to be confined wholly to the male sex. Outside of a domestic science class, perhaps, I doubt if you could find the ladies talking cookery and properly enthusing over the subject. But when two or more of the so-called stronger sex get to swapping recipes and mentally drooling over their own gastronomic concoctions, then you really have enthusiasm.

The sparsity of feminine cook-bugs is quite easily understood. Women who are tied by duty to a kitchen—and this goes for the professional, masculine gender, too—are understandably too fed up with the drudgery of it to talk shop after hours, and those who do not have to do a three-a-day stint in front of the stove just don't bring up the subject lest friend husband suggest firing the kitchen help.

So that leaves the avocational phases of the art almost entirely to us males.

But whence comes the cookery fiend?

Tracing my own case history, for instance, I find that I was first infected with the virus in the year 1922 in a hole-in-the-wall hash house on Ninth Avenue, near 110th Street, New York, in which I served as "cook," dishwasher, cashier—in fact the whole labor and executive force—after eight o'clock each night.

The restaurant could accommodate—and I say this advisedly—no more than eight persons at a time, and the bill of fare was limited to sandwiches, pie and coffee. The only cooking I was called upon to do was the frying of an occasional egg. Mainly the call was for ham, or corned beef, or cheese on—.

As night factotum I received $7 a week. This, mind you, was all take-home pay, with no income tax, social security or other deductions; yet, somehow or other, I felt I was underpaid.

Apprehensively I asked the owner for a raise. He couldn't see it. The limited night take wouldn't stand the added burden and besides he was thinking of closing up at eight, anyway.

But if the night business could be increased? Well, that might be another story.

With visions of getting, perhaps, another dollar or so in the weekly envelope, I decided to add a hot dish to the monotonous nightly menu. My initial attempt with a ham bone and peas resulted in a fairly good pea soup and so, using other leftovers from the day side, I successively experimented with goulashes and stews.

The novelty of an entree resulted, as I anticipated, in a business pickup, but that wasn't all that got a boost, for I found myself almost dizzy with pride whenever a nocturnal patron grunted praise for one of the new dishes or Oliver Twistishly pushed his plate across the counter for a refill.

Right there was the first outcropping of the ham that was latent within me and there, although I wasn't aware of it at that exact moment, a cookhobbyist was just beginning to emerge from the chrysalis stage.

Now, in the trade parlance of Hollywood, comes a fade-out and a new scene—the commissary of the Paramount Studio at Astoria, Long Island. There officially I was bus boy and waiter, but unofficially I whipped up an occasional Hungarian dish for a favored customer. And when Gloria Swanson went into an epicurean rave over a chicken porkolt I had surreptitiously prepared, and asked for another helping, the ham in me really manifested itself.

If this were an Horatio Alger success story, I could trace a well-defined trail between that Swansonian incident and my later endeavors in the film world, but, being a tale of a hobby, I shall continue to hew to the ham line and let the gravy spill where it may.

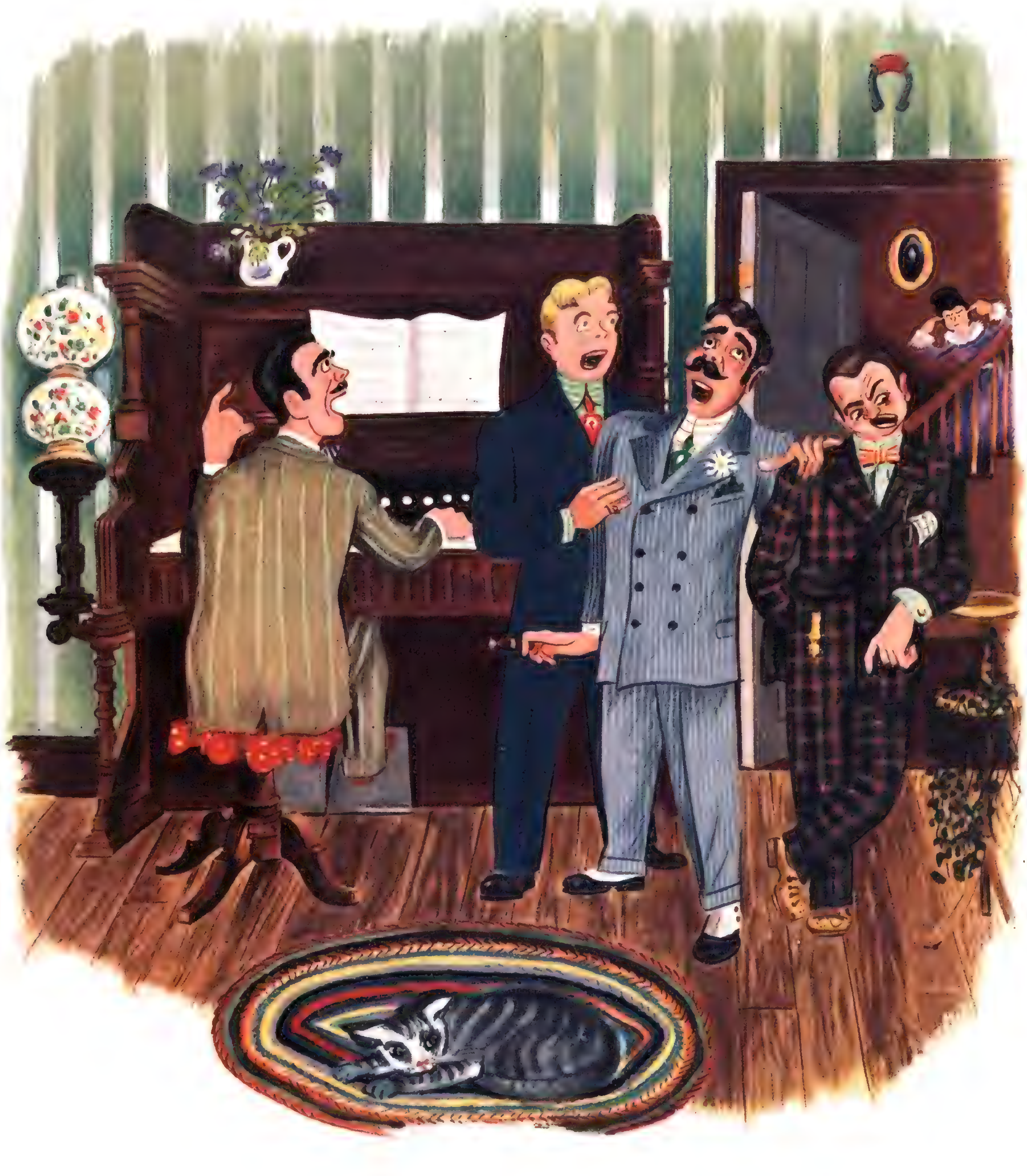
During my career as a producer of screen musicals, particularly in my more recent years at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, I have experienced the thrill of material success, counted perhaps in terms of box-office returns, favorable reviews and yes, income surtaxes, but I never have known a sensation of pride to equal the one I experienced the day La Swanson asked for more chicken porkolt. But that's the cooking amateur all over!

In Hollywood we doubtless have every species of cookery hobbyist extant. One of our outstanding culinary (*Continued on page 180*)

GLANIZ

Cook's Tour: Frank Romersa

Regaling the appetites of celebrities is old stuff for Frank Romersa of Rumpelmayer's in New York. Since starting at the Gotham as second cook's assistant and working ever upward at the Savoy, Hoffman House, Holland House and other first-line kitchens, he has nourished delighted patrons ranging from Teddy Roosevelt, Flo Ziegfeld and Diamond Jim Brady to Eleanor Roosevelt, Fiorella La Guardia and King George of Greece. Once upon a midnight when Italian-born Romersa was challenged by the surprise visit of Caruso to the café where he was then employed, the ingenious chef composed this dish, now called Rumpelmayer Swingus: Bring to a boil a pint of water and 4 ounces of butter. While boiling, add a half-pound flour, then cool. Slowly mix in 8 beaten eggs till smooth, add pinch of salt, grated lemon and rum. In large pot containing 3 pounds hot fat, drop half tablespoons of mixture. When nicely brown and crisp (in 3 to 5 minutes) serve with chopped nuts and honey.



SWEET ADELINE

Painting by Tony Palazzo

A sweetheart warmly welcomed to bar, barbershop and house party, *Sweet Adeline* has passed the half-century mark without losing any of the charm that endeared her to our sentimental antecedents. In 1947, as always, give the American male a modicum of cheer (bottled or otherwise), and three kindred spirits (preferably of varying voice ranges), and the air is forthwith sundered with four-part harmony to make the dead enjoy their solitude and the living envy them for it. The celluloid collar and button shoe have long ago gone into Salvation Army collection barrels and the hook and eye and bustle have been shelved by the zipper and the figure *naturelle*, but there remain good fellows and gallants who pine at night for the maid who bewitched their fathers. For Harry Armstrong's magnum opus is entrenched in the hearts of caroling America like few other tunes born in Tin Pan Alley. Perennially evergreen, pink-cheeked and youthful whatever the season, she is the unchallenged toast of the convivial evening. Baptized during the leisurely Umpty-oughts, glorified as a defiant symbol in the speaks of the raucous Twenties, the little girl is still the flower that blooms in the hearts of men of good will wherever they cluster about a piano or bar table, lock elbows and let 'er boom.

The story of *Sweet Adeline* is the story of a man and his abiding love for a song

The Flower of Our Hearts

by ED McNAMARA & SIDNEY LEWIS

A MAN is never so poor that somewhere in a lifetime he doesn't have a moment of triumph. And when he is astute enough to milk that moment successfully for the rest of his days, he is rich indeed. For proof of which observation, consider a sixty-seven-year-old resident of the Bronx named Harry Armstrong.

Harry was born in Somerville, Massachusetts, where his hands were trained to play Mozart and Chopin on the piano and tattoos on the faces of other young men in the local boxing club. Harry was a kid with tunes on his mind and so he created a simple ditty which he called *My Old New England Home.* He was no lyricist, so he sent the chorus off bald to a publisher—like that—and it came back. And Harry, undaunted, bought a ticket to Tin Pan Alley and arrived in New York with the price of a meal and a room, his song, and little else.

For seven years Harry sent his song to publishers; for seven years they threw it back. Finally, Witmark and Sons accepted it—but in the meantime several significant changes had been made.

Harry loved his song with an abiding bitterness that comes when the public rejects something a creator knows is wonderful. So he gave it to Charles B. Lawlor, the man who wrote *Sidewalks of New York*, and Lawlor struggled for a few weeks and couldn't fit a lyric to the tune. The late Jimmy Walker had a stab at it; and indomitable Jimmy who wrote *Will You Love Me in December as You Do in May?* met his match. So Harry played honky-tonk piano for his keep.

Then came an epic meeting with a Greenwich Village writer named Richard Gerard who wrote a lyric for Harry's song extolling the merits of "Sweet Rosalie," of whom he said,

> *At night, dear heart, I pine for thee,*
> *You're the flower of my heart, sweet Rosalie.**

And still Harry couldn't sell his tune. One day he was walking down the street with Gerard and the latter noticed a sign announcing the opera singer, Adelina Patti. The creative impulse clicked and Gerard shouted, "Adeline! Adeline! Sweet Adeline, for you I pine!"

The boys dashed into a gin mill and rewrote the lyrics. Rosalie became Adeline, and Adeline was soon to become the darling of the heart of every tippler, barbershop-quartet tenor and a lot of temperate, non-vocal bystanders as well. Harry got a job with Witmark; in 1903, Witmark published *Sweet Adeline*, and Adeline forthwith languished in the stock room. Harry signed over his rights for $1000; Gerard took $1600 for their long-cherished tune.

But they had not reckoned with a man named Harry Ernest. Ernest managed the "Quaker City Four," a top quartet of the day. Harry introduced him to the flower of his heart and the Quaker City boys sang it at Hammerstein's Victoria, the vaudeville capitol of the nation. Adeline was a smash, a sensation, a one-girl musical epidemic.

Those were the leisurely days before radio and the movies competed for a man's spare time. The stiff collar and enormous mustache boys hung around barbershops, bars and street corners, exchanging comments, bending, telling the usual jokes and—of course—singing. Adeline was a four-part harmony natural, because she was built for obbligato and the worst tenor could consider himself good filling in the pauses. The boys took to her like mustard plaster. In a few years they bought over a million copies. Armstrong and Gerard signed a new contract with Witmark and proceeded to get moderately fat on the proceeds of their little heart-flower. Gerard's royalty checks reached him at New York's 33rd Street Post Office, where he took a job and remained for over forty years.

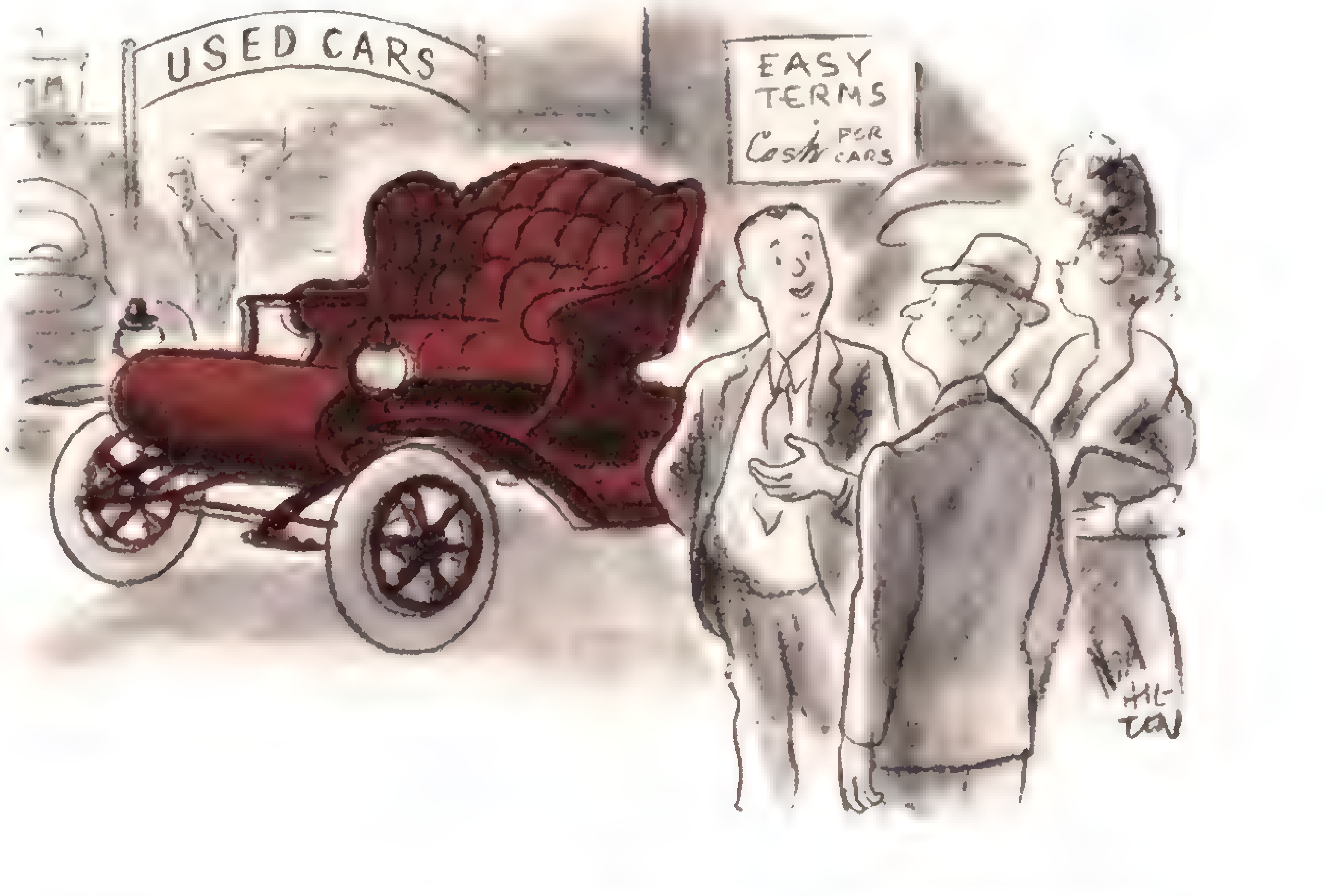
Both Armstrong and Adeline triumphed. Harry went into vaudeville, played Tony Pastor's and one-nighters alike. A Boston mayor used Adeline for a campaign song. President Wilson loved her dearly and prided himself as a renderer of the tenor part. Came World War I and Harry sang Adeline to sell Liberty Bonds and entertain the troops. And when Prohibition forced the tipplers into the blind pigs and speak-easies, Adeline went along, as a challenge, a symbol, a declaration of independence and a darned good song to sing when merry.

The copyright on *Sweet Adeline* was to expire in 1931. In 1930, Witmark renewed it and Armstrong and Gerard signed a new contract with Witmark calling for a royalty of two cents on each copy. A Broadway musical was built about the song and Helen Morgan—more royalties. Warner Brothers made a movie using the song and forgot to clear it. Came a lawsuit, a settlement, and more money.

Meanwhile, Harry had promoted his sweetheart into a steady meal ticket. He became a fixture at Rotary conventions, Masonic lodge meetings and dinners. Wherever he appeared, Adeline made the papers. Congress had Harry write a special copy to be enshrined in the Congressional Library. Harry sang her and told her story over the air. He stuck a sign in front of his home telling the world he gave it the sweetest girl ever eulogized in four-part harmony.

Adeline and Harry were top-drawer entertainment at the San Francisco and New York Fairs. And in 1942 and again in 1944 the triumphs attained grand and exalted proportions in what was perhaps the greatest testimonial affair ever awarded a pop-tune composer. At Soldier Field in Chicago, 90,000 people rose in the darkness and sang the song reverently while a spotlight played on the proud composer sitting in a limousine on the field. And when The Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Quartet Singing in America banned the song for its alcoholic connotations, that was more grist for the Armstrong publicity mill. SPEBQSA withdrew the ban and Adeline settled down to a steady sale of some ten thousand copies annually.

So today, though a bit crochety and lacking some of her bloom, she remains the flower of hearts which beat in an age faster than sound and atomic. Know where we can find a good second tenor? ⧻



"It's in excellent condition—it belonged to an elderly couple who drove only on Sundays"

**By Richard H. Gerard and Harry Armstrong. Copyright 1903, M. Witmark & Sons. Copyright renewed, used by permission.*

Rocks and bullets spoke louder than law when the D & RG Railroad fought with the Santa Fe

FAULKNER

Battle of the Royal Gorge

by SCOTT HART

When the peaceful burdened trains these days hammer through the Colorado gorges, the old natives listen to the thunder and recall a wilder, lustier noise in the mountains some seventy years ago.

Against the Colorado backdrop of high Rocky Mountains and windblown valleys, two young railroads, fighting for an empire of mineral wealth, collided at the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas River in a rail-laying, disputed right-of-way race to the boom town, Leadville.

On one side was the narrow-gauge "baby" railroad, the Denver and Rio Grande, led by Brig. Gen. William Jackson Palmer, late of the Union cavalry, an aristocrat with a hard mind and a hidden pugnaciousness in his Quaker soul. Against his dream of a peaceful railroad stretching from Denver to Mexico City, and with spurs thrust into the mountainside wealth along the way, came the Santa Fe Railroad.

To General Palmer, the hard-pressed, groping little road which came in from the East out of Kansas to poke along, imitatively, on his aggressive heels, had first seemed a trifling thing. He had even *tried to help it, believing that railroads, like people, should get* along together. He knew all the skulduggery of the early railroads. But he didn't realize that the Santa Fe symbolized the inevitable battle over rights-of-way and rates, with all the complexities of nationalization of the railroads. He didn't know that it was impossible, in those railroading days, to live and let live. So with the violence of a wronged man, he hurled himself upon his competitor in God's beautiful handmade arena in the Gorge.

The battle resulted, actually, following a horseback ride which Palmer took to Leadville in the Fall of 1877. Leadville, center of a great mining region, showed every indication of booming. Palmer would at once fling a spur upon it from his railroad.

The only approach was through Canon City and the eight-mile Grand Canyon of the Arkansas River. It was one of the world's most weirdly beautiful phenomena. Running for eight miles before opening out, there was in its middle a narrowing known as the Royal Gorge, only thirty feet wide and overshadowed by canyon sides 2,000 feet high. Palmer saw that it could accommodate only one railroad track.

If oblivious to the beauties, the Santa Fe's engineers realized the same thing, but they waited for Palmer to move. They had made a haphazard survey of the route and their plat and profile was lodged with the court. Palmer, they knew, had earlier made a thorough survey, but had never filed the papers.

Palmer called the move. Riding from his house in a hidden fold of the mountains to his Colorado Springs office, he sent a coded message to his chief engineer, John Z. McMurtrie: "Move at once with a construction crew from El Moro to the rail end three-quarters of a mile east of Canon City and push the line into the Royal Gorge."

The old cavalryman, suddenly distrustful, made a tactical feint toward important, mutually desired Raton Pass to the south where his main construction line was proceeding. But arriving there, his graders and gandy-dancers looked in the long barrels of rifles held by Santa Fe men who had learned to use them in the Civil War. The Denver and Rio Grande men fell back northward, upon Palmer.

Meanwhile, the Santa Fe general manager who apparently obtained and decoded Palmer's message, wired his chief engineer to rush upon the Canyon and Royal Gorge and hold it at whatever cost. The chief engineer, then near Trinidad at the southern end of the main operations, tried to charter a special D & RG train to reach Pueblo and the Gorge. Refused by his competitor, he wired W. R. Morley, his assistant, at La Junta, sixty-two miles east of Pueblo, to rush to the Gorge. Leaping on a switch engine of the Santa Fe, Morley made a record run to Pueblo. There he tried vainly to board a D & RG train. He bought a horse on the spot and came up four miles short of Canon City in the night with his horse dead beneath him. Morley ran on foot into the town, bought another horse and galloped two miles to the entrance of the Gorge by dawn. When the D & RG engineers piled expectantly in, they looked upon the solitary figure in the cliffed immensity, fatigued almost to collapse but happily plying a spade in a land-clinching manner.

By afternoon, D & RG gangs brought the road through Canon City and swept into the canyon entrance. They had been heckled by the citizens, angry at Palmer's practice of avoiding towns with his trains to place his stations on company-owned lands.

In the midst of this ungodly mess the Santa Fe went to law and got from one Judge Moses Hallett a restraining order against the D & RG on grounds that it had not filed a plat and profile.

Next day the D & RG gangs, by a flanking movement, went to the western end of the canyon, pitched camp and deployed their ranks for action. Responsive to the Court, the D & RG ceased work and began a program of harassment of the Santa Fe workmen.

For twenty days a noisy guerrilla war sent shouts, curses and snarls up the canyon. The D & RG men seized high vantage points and on the approach of an opponent hurled heavy, clattering boulders, sometimes from heights of 1,000 feet. They burned construction bridges and tore up tracks. Frustrated in their work, the Santa Fe workmen climbed the cliffs to hurl boulders at D & RG men.

The wild spirits of the Western saloons, the quick-trigger men, the mountaineers, the Mexican and Irish laborers, were drawn haphazardly together into semblances of armies. Palmer's men, bunched in squads and platoons, charged down the cliffs one day, chased off a Santa Fe gang and its tools into the river. They pulled up grade stakes and, more insidiously, they began hiring Santa Fe men. The Santa Fe's entourage of gunmen, hired in Kansas City, became ineffective in the melee. Loyalties were inevitably confused, and many workmen rampaged for each side on odd days. Deputy sheriffs hastily appointed, hostile as the townsmen generally to Palmer, arrested D & RG workmen as "trespassers" but released them upon promise to

"This is our fact-finding board"

work for the Santa Fe. The Santa Fe had one disadvantage: it was supposedly building a railroad. The D & RG men, on the other hand, could devote their entire attention to frustrating this aim.

Running the Denver and Rio Grande field strategy was pistol-tempered, barrel-chested J. R. DeReemer, Palmer's assistant engineer. On his head lay a $10,000 Santa Fe reward. Foreseeing a long war, DeReemer built a system of forts. One stone bulwark, twenty-four miles west of Canon City, stood fifteen feet square and five feet high. Another, like it, had also a wall four feet high stretched from the river to the mountain slope.

The resounding struggle had by now shattered Judge Moses Hallett's judicial calm. He ordered both sides out of the Gorge.

His mandate only adjourned the battle to another arena, upon more maneuverable grounds on the way west and then northwest to Leadville. Battle weary, the Santa Fe dismissed its gunmen. They returned to their old shooting grounds, Kansas City, grumbling because they weren't paid. In Colorado, the vagaries of the law moved Judge Moses Hallett to rule that the Santa Fe could, after all, build in the Gorge. The D & RG, said he, could build in afterward. There was one flaw in this: God hadn't made the Gorge so the D & RG and the Santa Fe could operate together. At one point the single track had to be flung from steel girders against the cliff sides.

"All right, Sergeant Hinkeman . . . that's enough 'Tail Gunner' for today"

Now on the battlefield rose a long, fearsome shadow. It wore a derby and a short beard, clipped to the impeccable finish of the best Eastern barbershops. And it wore a heavy golden chain across the belly to be reflectively fingered during a deal. This was the shadow of Jay Gould, the rampaging railroad baron. He held substantial interests in the Denver and South Park Railroad. Bluntly, he didn't want the Santa Fe in the beautiful Gorge of the Arkansas River. Palmer, a lesser quantity, was where Jay Gould wanted all other promoters to be, in a financial jam. Already, Palmer had abandoned work around Alamosa on his main line leading into the Rio Grande Valley. He had declined an offer of help from Gould in exchange for an interest in his little railroad. Palmer was desperate, so what did he do? He leased his line to the Santa Fe.

The seemingly victorious Santa Fe rushed its construction, for Palmer had appealed to the U. S. Supreme Court, the decision giving the Santa Fe first right-of-way through the Gorge. The Santa Fe now controlled the D & RG and could use its line into Canon City to service and supply the crews.

But here, even, DeReemer took nothing for granted, including the Supreme Court. His fighting men manned his two forts and under their protection D & RG workmen graded roadbed and laid rails toward Leadville, beyond the Royal Gorge battleground.

Faster and faster worked the Santa Fe crews in the Gorge. The Santa Fe owners planned to confuse the already complicated legal mess with a finished railroad.

Down came the Supreme Court's decision. The D & RG had prior right through the Gorge. The Santa Fe had filed plat and profile, the D & RG hadn't. But the Santa Fe's surveys were inadequate. The Palmer survey had been competent. The frock-coated Santa Fe attorneys leaped to their feet. That's just fine, said they, in effect. The D & RG has been leased to us, we can control its stock and no suit is existing at all because we're the D & RG officials now, and we wouldn't sue ourselves.

The attorneys for Palmer cried: the lease is invalid. It was violated. The Santa Fe had hauled men free to work in the Gorge; newsmen, lawyers and legislators had been lavishly treated to passes. Roadbeds and equipment had fallen into disrepair. And the Santa Fe was killing the D & RG in a rate war with the Kansas Pacific. Indeed, the new Santa Fe rates made it cheaper to ship goods from New York to Colorado Springs than from Denver to Colorado Springs.

The D & RG had become a part of Palmer's imagination and life. He had seen it through an economic panic. He had weathered the ridicule. It was said nothing wider than a bean pole could sleep in a Palmer berth; mountain men had laughed about "narrow-gauge hash" and "narrow-gauge drinks" and had called their burros "narrow-gauge mules." Buffalo and wild cattle had stopped his trains. Through the '70s, Palmer's engineers, scratching, clawing southward under his driving dream, had learned to lower themselves down dangerous canyon sides to paint the way his rails would go. The road had climbed to 9,300 feet, the highest ever reached on this continent.

The Supreme Court, in its decision, must have seemed a group of black-robed, meaningless images to the fighters of the Santa Fe. They went right on building. They rehired their Kansas City gunmen, this time under the leadership of the famous sheriff, Bat Masterson.

Bewildered, Palmer appealed to Judge Bowen of the County District Court at Alamosa for a restraining order on his tormentors. But he was some time getting it, for the court clerk had been induced by the Santa Fe to take a quick vacation and take the court seal with him. A new court seal was rushed to Alamosa. Judge Bowen had, himself, defied a kidnapping threat in signing the injunction.

But armed with the papers, Palmer acted. Summoning A. C. Hunt, his long-time land boss and former State Governor, he dispatched under Hunt some two hundred tough employees on a ride from Alamosa to Canon City, dispersing every Santa Fe worker en route.

It seemed the climax and a wild joy, an arm-swinging, pistol-shooting dash of heroes, full of uproarious mirth and violent fulfillment.

Four days after Hunt's ride the Santa Fe construction crews got through the Gorge and reached DeReemer's first fort. A Santa Fe superintendent ordered a workman to place a tie in the DeReemer territory. Out walked Palmer's big, bull-chested man, rifle in hand.

"If that man crosses that line he's going to be pumped full of lead," he said slowly. Said the Santa Fe foreman: "By what authority are you trying to stop this man?" "By the authority of the United States Supreme Court and these fifty armed men behind me," said DeReemer.

The Santa Fe stopped right there: but the legal winds were yet to subside. Judge Moses Hallett declared Judge Bowen had exceeded his authority and ordered the D & RG redelivered to the Santa Fe. He appointed a receivership. Matters by this time, with the Santa Fe stopped by DeReemer's fort and Palmer stopped by Hallett's interminable postponements, were in complete confusion. It was a hell of a way to run a railroad. And just then, Judge Hallett suffered a serious accident and the last glimmerings went to pot.

The stout DeReemer clung to his forts. The winter spread and the white snow lay on the high dismal peaks and the winds blew their wild lonely horns in the valleys. Then the shadow of Jay Gould rose up through the thin spring light into the great baron himself, Jay Gould in the flesh. Palmer sold him a chunk of stock.

His dreams of a neighborly little railroad, independent, uninvolved, winding downward through his dream to the sun and wealth and guitars of Old Mexico, had crashed.

Here was the deal as Gould manipulated it on both sides: The Santa Fe would abandon the Royal Gorge Route and not enter the Colorado Mountains. It received $1,400,000 for the completed road it built from Canon City to DeReemer's fort. Palmer would not enter the city of Santa Fe nor compete south of Colorado nor west along the 35th parallel to the West Coast.

The war thus ended out of court and off the battlefield. It had lasted from April 19, 1878 to April 1, 1880. The cost of lawsuits alone stood at a half million dollars. A celebration was in order.

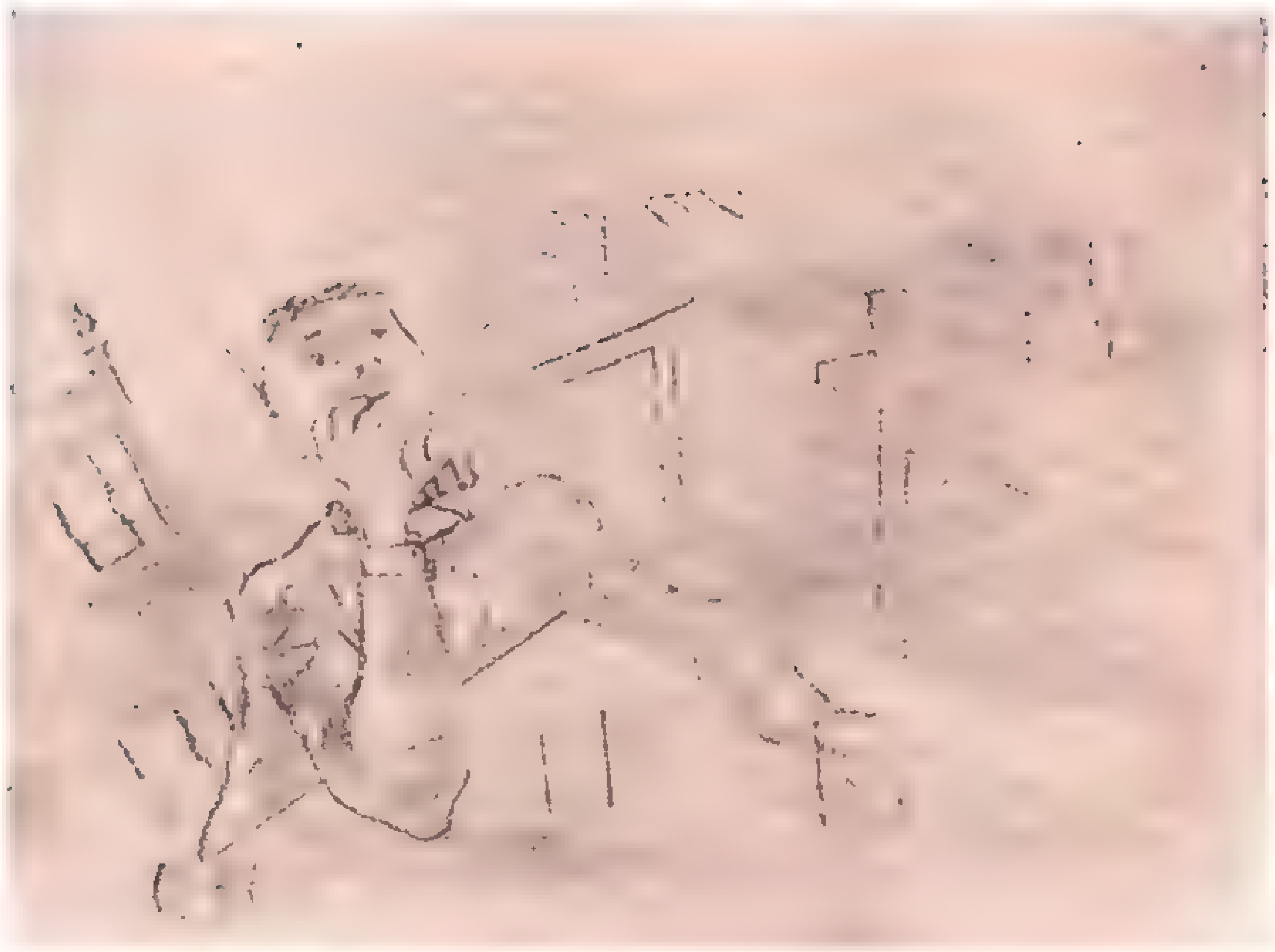
Instantly, in a rousing offshoot of steam, the bewhiskered Denver and Rio Grande Railroad officials boarded a special train, festooned and garlanded, and rode in triumph out of Canon City through the beauties of the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas River, over the tracks laid in embattled sweat by the Santa Fe. Up ahead, the panting little locomotive with the name *Fort DeReemer* on its side, took the delicate curves with whistle blasts of mourning triumph.

And when the peaceful burdened trains these days hammer through the Gorge the old natives listen to the thunder and say that that rumpus in the Gorge was the damnedest thing ever seen. ###

Rupe was one fraternity steward blessed with certain vision and a golden thumb

Who'll Buy My Mincemeat?

by T. W. PAPE



GREENE

I GUESS there isn't a property owner in the country who doesn't get letters headed up, "Rupert J. Waldin, Mortgages." But everybody calls him Mince, and the training he got in getting his nickname had a lot to do with his success in the mortgage business.

He came to college from a little town downstate. He joined a fraternity and when he was a sophomore the boys elected him steward. You know what a steward is. He keeps the books and does the wholesale ordering and such. It's up to him to see that the fraternity budget works. In fraternity houses when the meals get kind of lousy it's mostly the steward's fault because he messed up his budget. Then, until the checks came in at the first of the month, the boys would get a steady diet of prunes for breakfast every morning with prune whip or prune cobbler for dessert at noon and again at night. And for lunch they'd get maybe plain, ordinary, white cooked spaghetti, over which they'd dump a lot of ketchup.

Sure there was griping, but what the heck! If they weren't griping about the meals, they'd gripe about something else. Stewards learn early to keep their mouths shut, and if the cook gets blamed, well, that's what she's getting paid for.

One time when Rupe was steward, a wholesale grocery salesman came down from the city. He was a fatherly-looking man, and he went over Rupe's books with him and played him up big.

"Why, boy," he said, "I sell big hotels that would give a lot to have the budget control you've set up! Any time you want a job you just give me a ring up in the city. Why, with your record I can get you fixed up in a minute with any of the big food chains."

"Well," Rupe said, "I certainly appreciate your kindness, but I aim to be a lawyer."

"Great!" said the salesman, "I can see you'll make a good one."

When he had packed up and had thanked Rupe for his small order, he said, "Say, I notice that you have a little money ahead on your accounts. If I hadn't seen that, I wouldn't say this, but I just thought of a little way you could stock up and really make that extra money amount to something. You know it's only those who save who can take advantage of sharp buys."

I suppose it was that "sharp buys" that got Rupe itchin'.

"Well," he said, "I don't know that I want to touch that nest egg. I was kind of saving that up to give the boys a surprise."

"What I've got," said the salesman, "would really be a surprise. Here, just taste that."

And he opened his sample case again and gave Rupe a spoonful of stuff from a jar.

"Know what that is? That—is genuine, rum-cured mincemeat! Why Jim Statler makes a specialty of that mincemeat. Puts our name right on his menus! Now here it is. See? A number ten can—that's about a gallon—costs just three dollars. But because you have run your house so sensibly I can let you have it for just thirty cents a can!

"How? Because you're in a position to save some real money. You deserve a break like this, but that isn't the reason. It's simply a business matter. If you'll take just a thousand of these number ten cans, you get them for only thirty cents a can!

"Now before you say a word, I'm going to tell you how to turn these over at a nice profit for a real surprise for the boys. When you get the mincemeat, have your cook make up a batch of beautiful, flaky, dark-golden, hot mince pies. Then ask the stewards of the other fraternity houses over for dinner. Don't worry. They'll ask you where you got the mincemeat. Just sell them as many cans as they want, for one dollar a can. You know your figures. Seventy cents profit a can on one thousand cans is what? It amounts to seven hundred dollars!"

Maybe by that time the rum was working on Rupe. Anyway, he bought the thousand number ten cans!

Do you know how many cans a thousand is? Well, Rupe didn't. He never came to all the time that order was on its way. He not only didn't come to, he was in a daze. He went around with a superior air and a cagey smile on his face. Yes sir, when he got through being steward, the fraternity was going to remember him! Thirty cents a can! A number *ten* can!

I don't doubt that those were the happiest days of Rupe's life. His first dreams of profit. His first hope for an early million. His first killing! I was the only other one in on that dream of his. Rupe used to lie on his bed with his hands under his head and one leg crossed over the other knee.

"Three hundred thousand by the time I'm thirty!" he used to say. And I'd echo, "Three hundred thousand by thirty."

Lucky for us a freshman interrupted us before we got to "four hundred thousand by thirty-one."

"Rupe," said the freshman, real courteouslike, "there's one of those trailer trucks down back. Guess he wants to dump a couple of cans off his load. Should I sign for them?"

"Heck, no!" shouts Rupe, who had never left the middle of his back before when a truck came. "You hit the books. I'll take care of this."

Boy, you should have seen that truck! It was big as a freight car!

Well, Rupe just stood there and drank it in.

"Mincemeat!" he whispered. "All mincemeat."

His eyes shone like a kid just met up with Santa Claus.

"Pal," he said, "this is just the start! Just the start!"

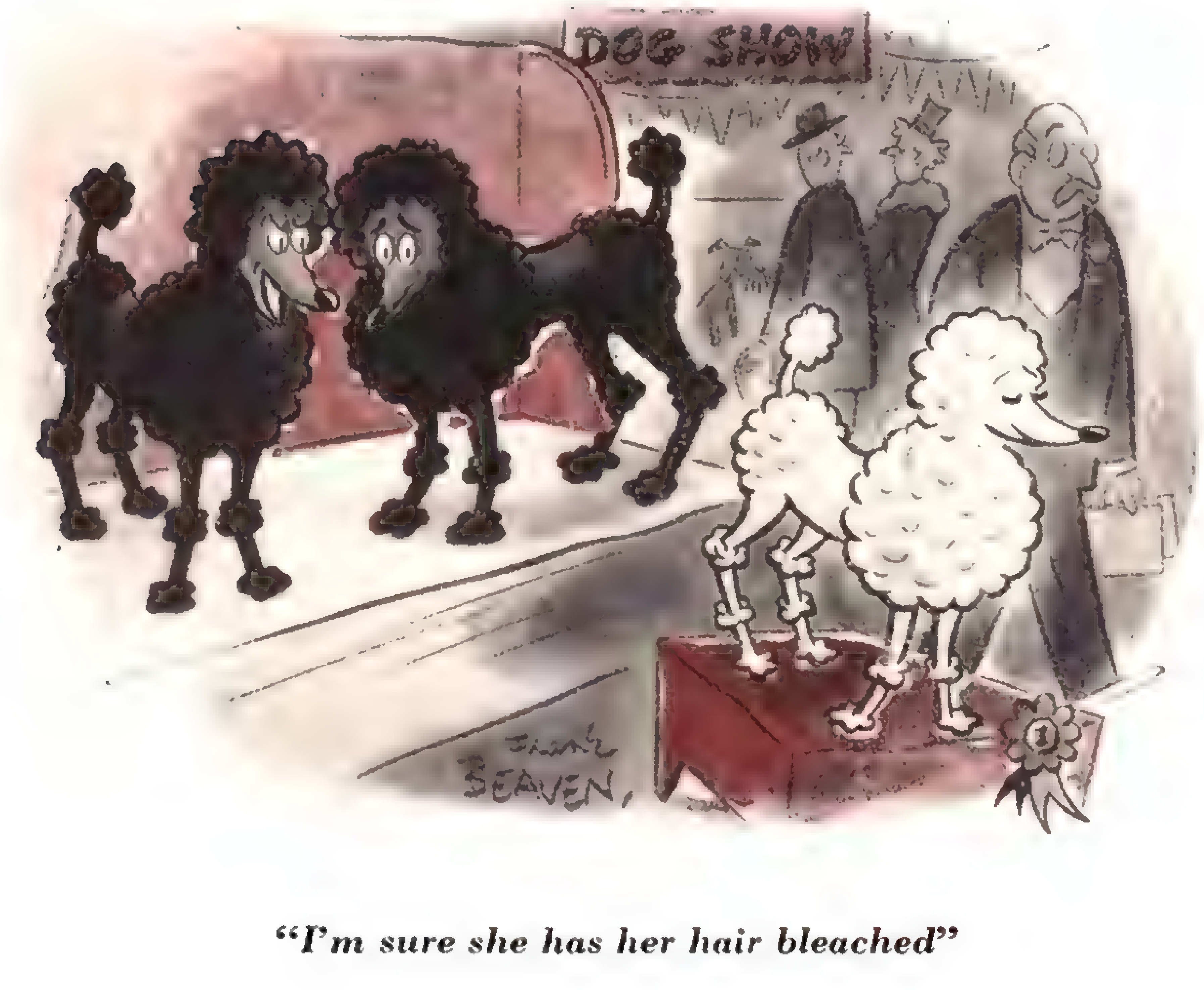
Rupe never spoke truer words.

Boy, when those men opened up the doors to that truck it was loaded right clear to the gills. Can after can right up to the top and loaded clear to the back. I didn't say a word and neither did Rupe. We were both thinking pretty hard.

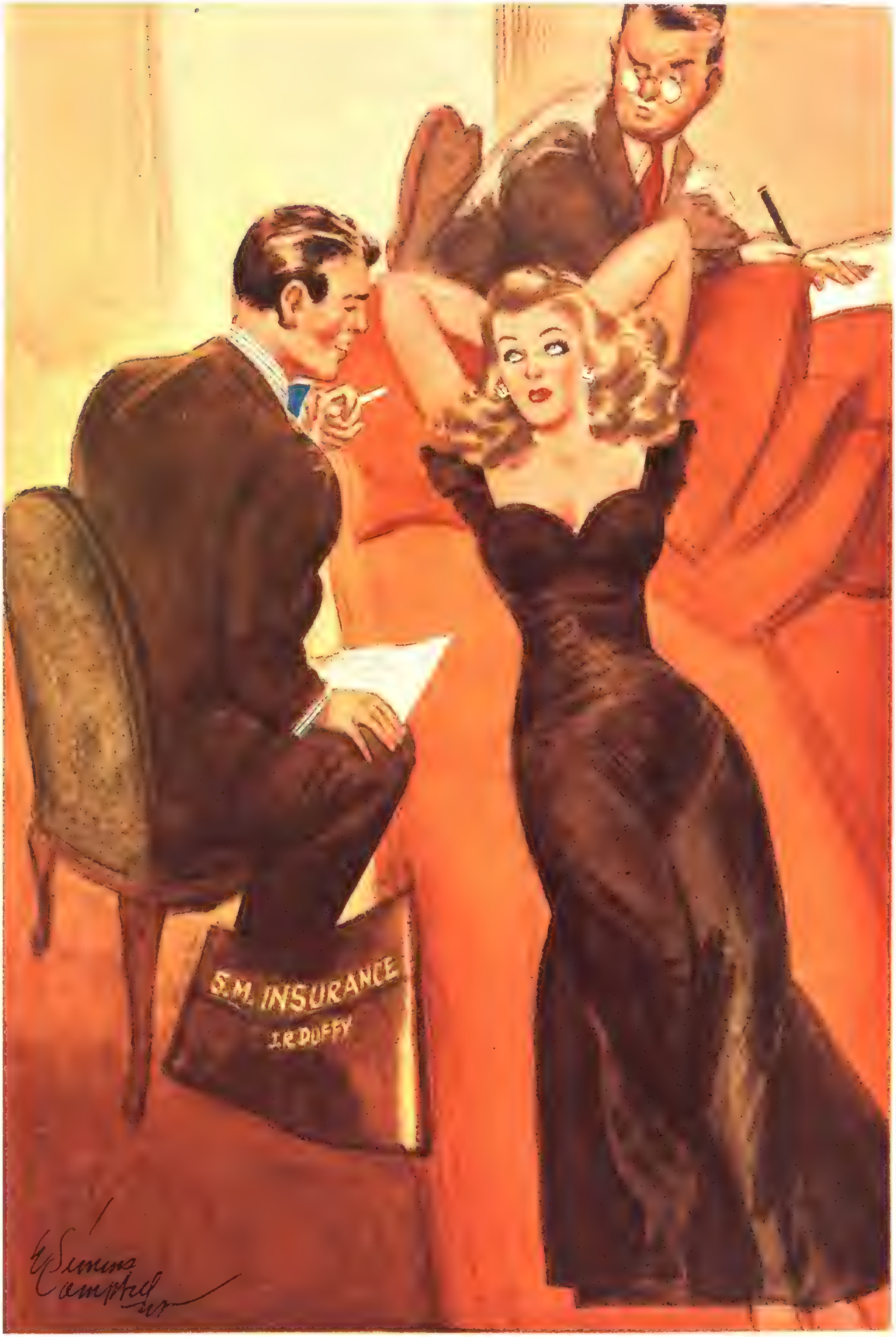
"Where do they go?" asked the man.

Rupe had poise, I'll

(*Continued on page 182*)



"I'm sure she has her hair bleached"


S.M. INSURANCE
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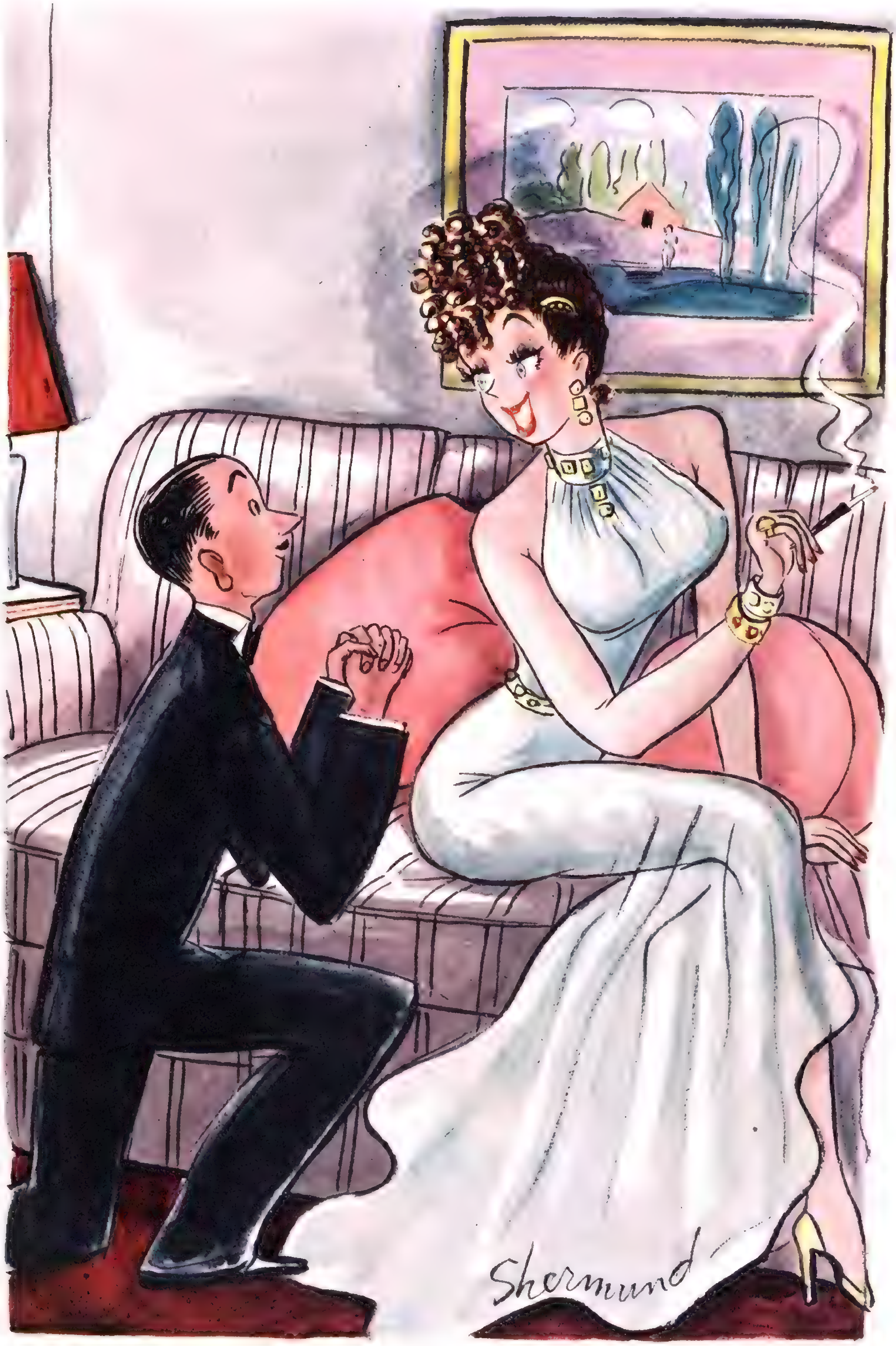
". . . and now if anything should happen to you, Mr. Bolger, your dear wife will be taken care of by St. Louis Mutual Life"



"Oh, there you are!"

FAULKNER

THE SPORTING SCENE:

Harness Headache

Trotting officials are learning that even prosperity is no unadulterated blessing

by JIM CROSSETT

BACK in 1940, a now-forgotten character stepped up to one of the newly opened mutuel betting windows at Roosevelt Raceway in New York and sent an historic two-dollar wager through the tote machine. With that perennial gambling gesture, the gentleman touched off the harness racing revolution, for he inaugurated a flow of cash which has since catapulted the sport into a major business enterprise.

Before pari-mutuel betting, the standardbreds pulled sulkies for the edification of rural crowds of hundreds who were more concerned about the conformation of an animal than how much they could make betting on him. But now the "city slicks" have taken it to pocketbook, if not to heart. Today the standardbreds scamper under the arc lights for the edification of thousands who don't know a trot from a pace and who would just as soon be investing their money on a cockroach race across a kitchen linoleum. At Maywood and Aurora, Illinois, at Roosevelt and Goshen, New York, at Hollywood and Santa Anita, California, it is not unusual to find 10,000 or even 15,000 people jamming the harness parks and cramming the mutuel lines. However rapid the race on the track, the race to the betting windows is even more rapid.

Sudden prosperity forces changes—even in a business as hidebound and traditional as harness racing. Time was when a trot couldn't get underway until a half-dozen false starts had taken place. Today starts are regulated by automatic, folding starting gates attached to automobiles, which lead the horses to the line in "go" order. The old wooden sulky, a fine piece of craftsmanship in its time, has given way to the aluminum two-wheeler which is even more efficient and also shines. And tradition really received a brush-off when the moguls eliminated the best-out-of-three-heat system in favor of single, sudden-death races more adaptable to wagering.

To date there are only fifteen harness tracks operating on the mutuel system, but these tracks are literally dwarfing the others in importance and wealth. It is significant that when Roosevelt Raceway opened as a harness track in 1940 after failure as an auto speedway, the gentleman who turned the key was not a harness man but a Wall Street broker. Big business, it seems, attracts big businessmen.

The broker, Robert Johnson, had long been a harness enthusiast as a spectator, but he is now in the business for keeps, also heading up the Maywood track just outside of Chicago. With him are two attorneys who, like himself, were ardent followers of the sport and who are now devoting all their time to the business. These men are typical of the new blood being infused into a sport which once literally bred its own practitioners even as it bred its horseflesh. Johnson and his partners are high-caliber operators of the kind the old-timers are proud to welcome to the sport. Not so are some of the others who have greyed the alabaster escutcheon of the sport elsewhere.

Today, the United States Trotting Association, governing body of gaited racing, is profoundly concerned over the sleight-of-hand machinations of fast-talking money-changers who are beginning to invade the sport. Already instances of crooked dealing have been uncovered and dealt with by the association sans mercy.

One of the most popular gimmicks employed by the shady characters was to beat the time-bar system of classing horses which dictated that a horse raced in events set up for its best time in the previous year. A 2:12 trotter was thus an animal whose best time last year for the mile was 2:12. When he raced, he competed with others whose best time was likewise. The crooks who invaded the tracks began to bribe drivers to hold back or "snatch" their steeds in minor races for the purpose of keeping their time up in anticipation of a betting coup in a future race for bigger stakes and longer odds.

The U.S.T.A. discovered the time-bar dodge and immediately junked time bars in favor of a system which classifies horses according to the amount of money they have won. That they instituted this change, which is equivalent to eliminating the three-strike rule in baseball or the four-down dictum in football, indicates how determined the U.S.T.A. is to root out crooked practice.

President of the U.S.T.A. is Henry Knauf, a native of Ladd, Illinois, and a man who has spent a lifetime breeding trotters and pacers for the sport that is as American as the corner drugstore. A slight, fiftyish, grey-haired man, Knauf is a kind of Judge Landis of harness racing. Although his police power is not equivalent to that of the late baseball stick-wielder, his intentions are just as unrelentingly honest. In co-operation with district governing boards, he swings the big stick over the owners, drivers, trainers and track operators from coast to coast.

Confronted with skulduggery and foul

(*Continued on page 174*)

GLANTZ

From Boston to Bradley's to you

Pancho Pelaez is the cheerful Latin behind the Manhattan bar, and the cocktail he is pouring is a drink with a past. It's called the Ward-8 after the section of Bean Town where it sprung inspired from the brain of a forgotten bartender who invented it for the womenfolk who liked their liquor on the sugary side. The Ward-8 is a sweet whiskey sour, but don't let that slow your steps to the hobby bar. It's one of the more popular house specialties at Bradley's Restaurant in Manhattan's swankier East Side, where celebrities of the caliber of Cary Grant and Robert Alda ask Pancho for more. The latter complies as follows: an ounce-and-a-half of bourbon, a half-ounce of grenadine and ditto of lemon juice, a cherry, an orange slice, shake well with cracked ice and pour into tall glass.

CAMPUS PORTRAIT:

Stanford University

Esquire's tour of U. S. colleges pauses at the school which blossomed on a farm

by **BEN HIRSH**

MOORE

Leland Stanford had a farm. And on his farm he built a college. Stanford was a pioneer, a transcontinental railroad builder and a Senator from California back in the days before Bagdad was evacuated to Hollywood and there was no Culver City. Through the years, he accumulated a fortune of some twenty million dollars which he devoted to a memorial and an ideal. The memorial was for his son, Leland Jr., tragically dead at sixteen. The ideal was a university in the Far West which would be dedicated to nondenominational, scrupulously free and democratic learning.

Where the peninsula meets the Santa Clara Valley, Leland Stanford had his farm and built his school. One mile from Palo Alto, thirty-three miles down the Bay from San Francisco and so close to the hated U. of Californians at Berkeley that bored students can go slumming in the enemy recreation camp at Oakland, the University is nestled like a city in a garden. They do things big at Stanford where a middle-sized student body (normally under 3,000 but now inflated with veterans) can literally rattle around in a home of 8,800 acres, 1,500 of them pure campus. And just as a bonus from nature, which has been overkind to say the least, 200 miles east of the campus are the High Sierras, where the more rugged "Indians" can pursue one of their newer avocations, skiing.

It's a long haul since that October morning in 1891 when 465 students and fifteen professors were mustered at the college on a farm "to show the world that Stanford would work." What began auspiciously has thrived splendidly, whatever the troubles. The school, built along a finger of San Francisco Bay, had a lasting spirit that could shake off an act of God, like the quake of '06, and an act of man, like a lawsuit which threatened to block Stanford funds.

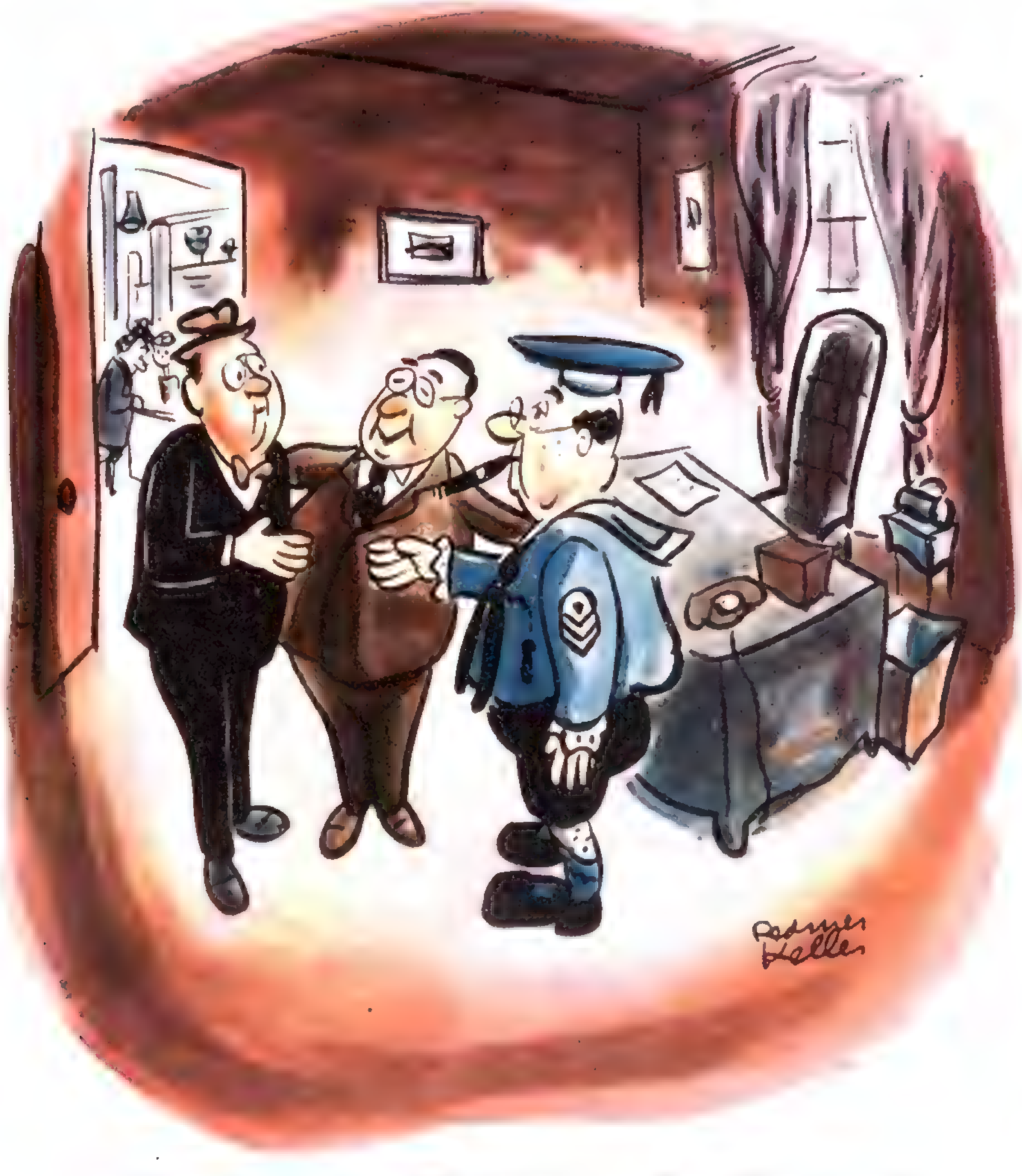
Now that the T-shirted gentry are back on campus after their wartime excursion into geopolitics, Stanford again resembles the casual and somewhat sentimental place it was. You still don't smoke on Quad, because Mrs. Stanford requested it years ago. And you don't chisel on exams because the famed Honor System is something which works only with people of honor. And you know that when Charlie, the horse near the Stanford golf course looks up from grazing to match glances, you've arrived on campus. You belong.

Now the "Roughs"—"tough" as ever—are working feverishly on a proselyting program to recruit fugitives from Brooks Brothers among the younger beneficiaries of the G.I. Bill. And the Cellar at the Union once again rocks with the loud talk of kibitzed bridge games and the recurring and raucous saga of the deadbeats who drink their cokes and "walk out," but not past the cashier's wicket. You can't tell the class of '42 from the class of '49 on the farm these days, or on the masthead of *Chaparral*, the campus humor mag, for that matter. Chappie, blessed with more good editors than ever, simply basks in the luxury and goes on picking coed Queens for the wolf pack.

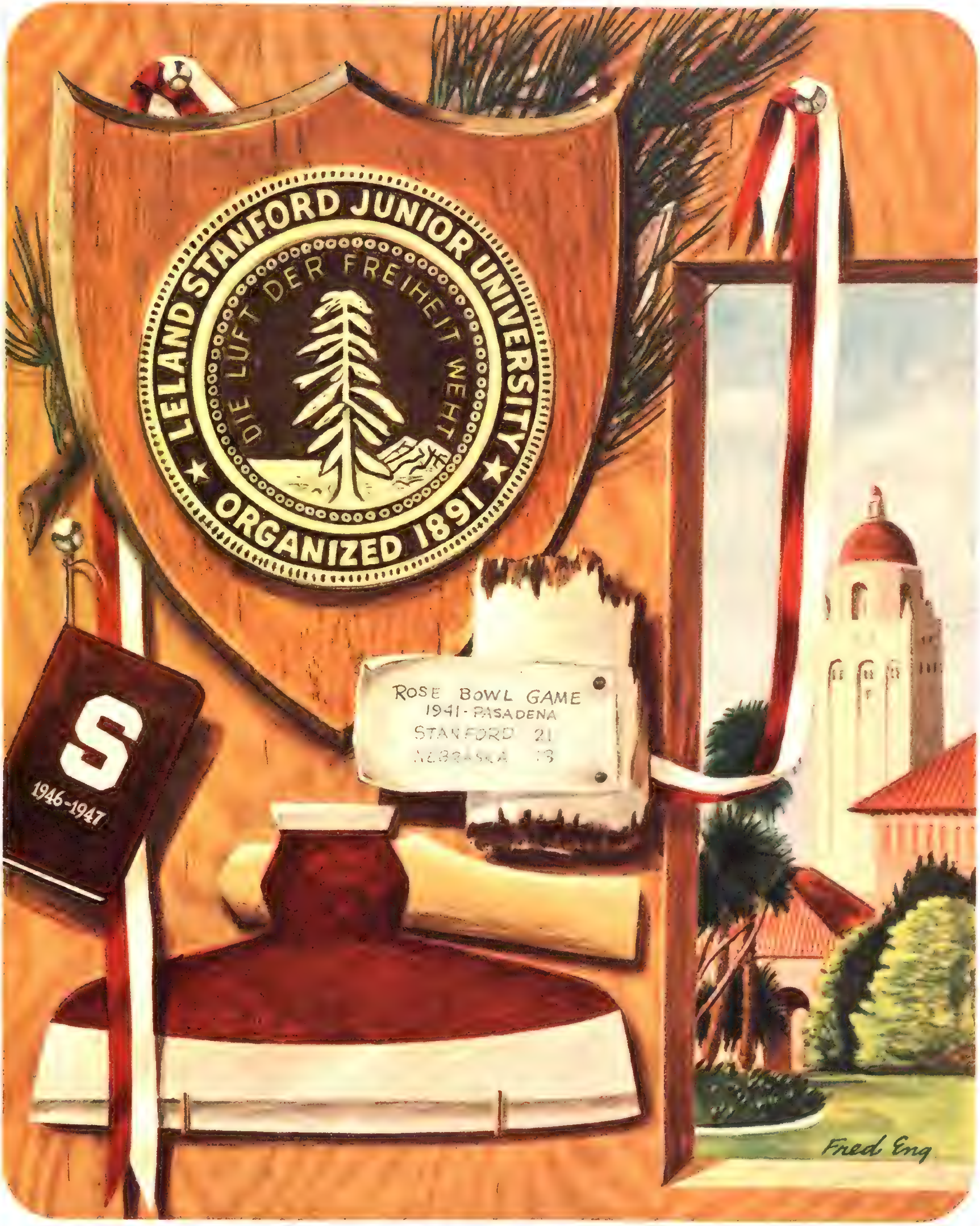
The revisitation of the rough old guard coincides with the general return to normal in the shadow of the gigantic Palo Alto redwood—which, they'll tell you, is 950 years old and fourteen stories tall. Athletics, junked for the duration, have been resurrected in force, and happily, too. For the Indians put the finishing touches to a successful season by digging the Axe into the scalps of the Bears from California in the "big game." In between times, much skulduggery and manipulation (California stole it, it showed up again, it remained) made Axe headlines from Frisco to L. A. While it was gone, the Roughs spent many evenings making rumbling and volcanic sounds, some plotting to do a job of theft on it reminiscent of the "Immortal 21" who stole it from Berkeley back in 1930 and were forever after enshrined in the hearts of all wearers of the red.

The famous "Axe Yell," composed by Will Irwin in '96, is, of course, just about the best-known something to come out of Stanford and into the college tradition. "Give 'Em the Axe, the Axe, the Axe—Right in the Neck, the Neck, the Neck," has become as much public domain as any college chant. It's a matter of pride with alumni, but far from the item they'd like to be remembered by.

Traditions born of adversity—and they have Chancellor Wilbur's word for it—are the kind which are strongest and last longest. So when two ex-Cardinals prop themselves against a bar to talk convivial talk, their mutual adoration doesn't stem from the Axe or even from the prodigiousness of an Ernie Nevers punt or a Frankie Albert pass. The pride which is so apparent when they speak of the Rose Bowl team of '41 becomes less apparent but even more real when the subject of their truly magnificent campus comes up. Maybe they don't talk about it, but they're proud of the Hoover Library, the Memorial Church, the Honor System and other kindred matters for which you just don't go around waving banners. And they're proud, too, that "*Die Luft der Freiheit*," which Leland Stanford so admired, still blows sure and steady over the Farm. ⁂



"I want you to meet Mr. Farady, our Boys' Wear buyer"


LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY
DIE LUFT DER FREIHEIT WEHT
ORGANIZED 1891
ROSE BOWL GAME
1941 - PASADENA
STANFORD 21
NEBRASKA 13
S
1946-1947
Fred Eng

STANFORD UNIVERSITY

A profile

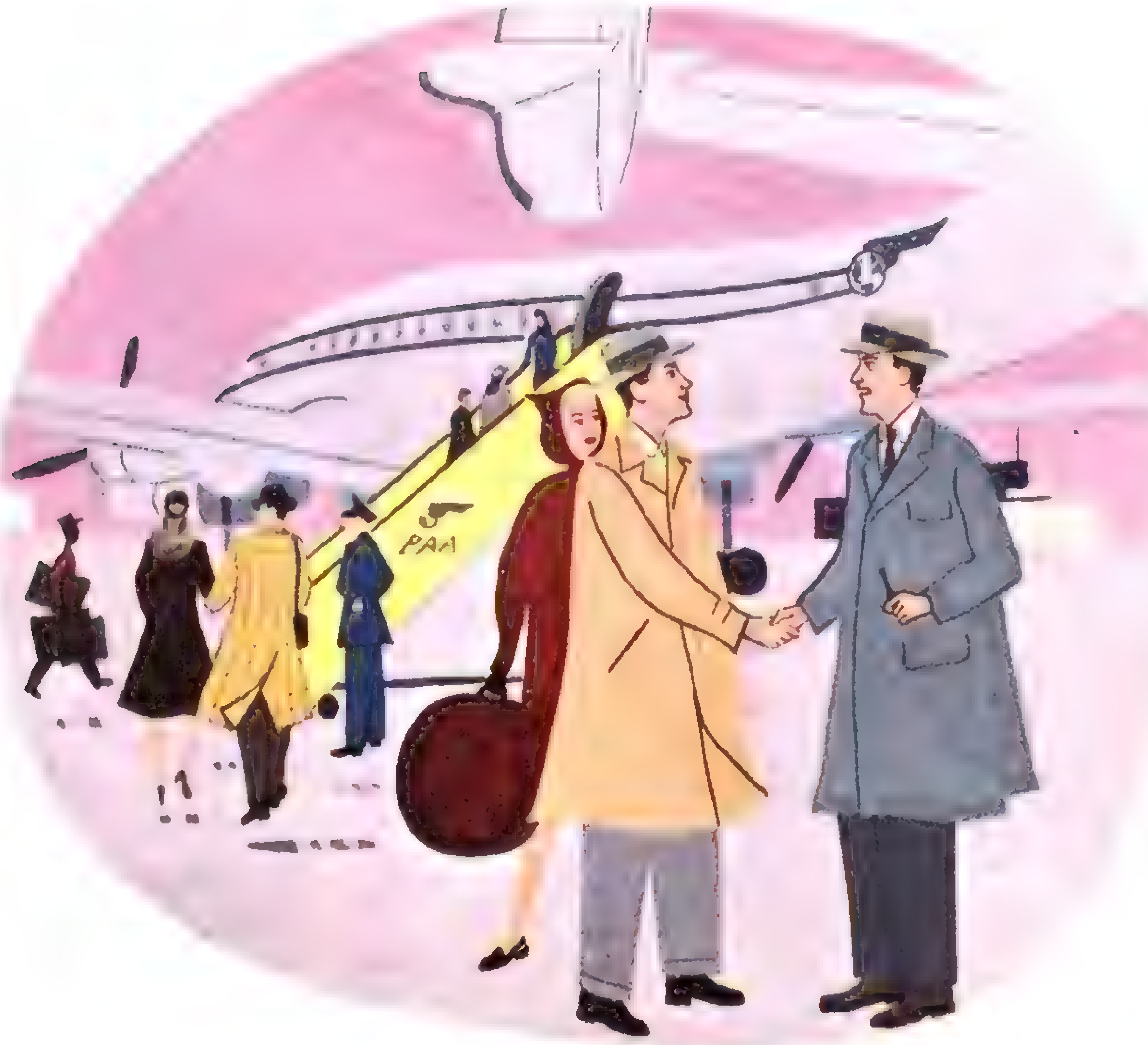
Painting by Fred Eng

The montage of Stanford symbols above should make nostalgia come up like a lump in the throats of ex-Cellah-Dwellahs and Roughs. There is *the* axe, still ensconced on the Farm, thanks to a shellacking administered to California in the last "big game." There is, too, the memory of the Cardinal's greatest athletic triumph, worked by Albert-Standlee and Company in the Rose Bowl of '41. The boys who remember Ernie Nevers may feel the weight of their years when they note the date on the new Freshman Handbook, but will be assured to recognize the ancient and modern symbols of their university's impressive stature — the great Palo Alto redwood, forever ensconced upon the seal, and the tower of the Hoover Library, still dwarfing the campus.

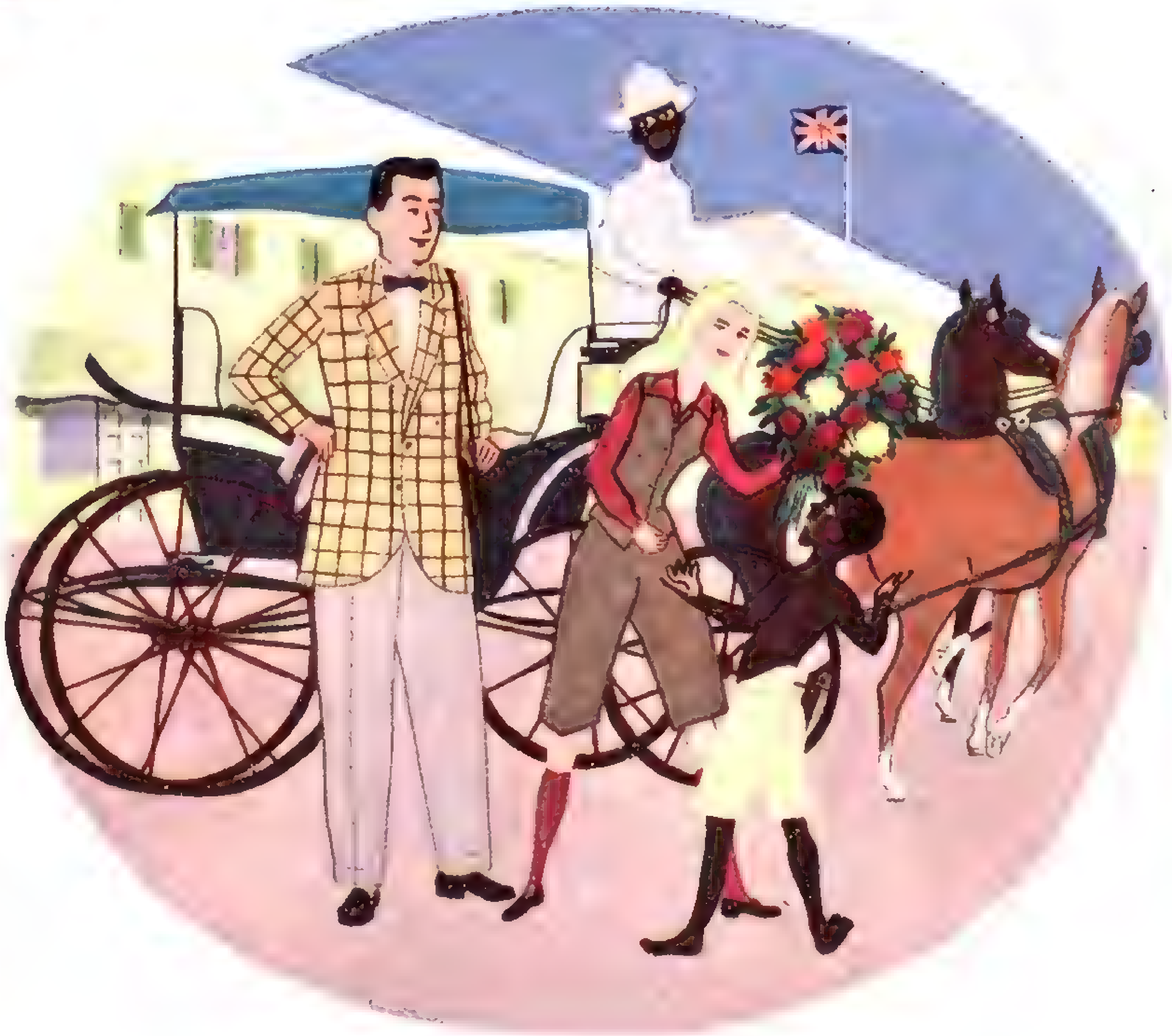
Idylling about Bermuda

Being a modicum of advice on what to wear and what to do when you trip off to that pleasure island

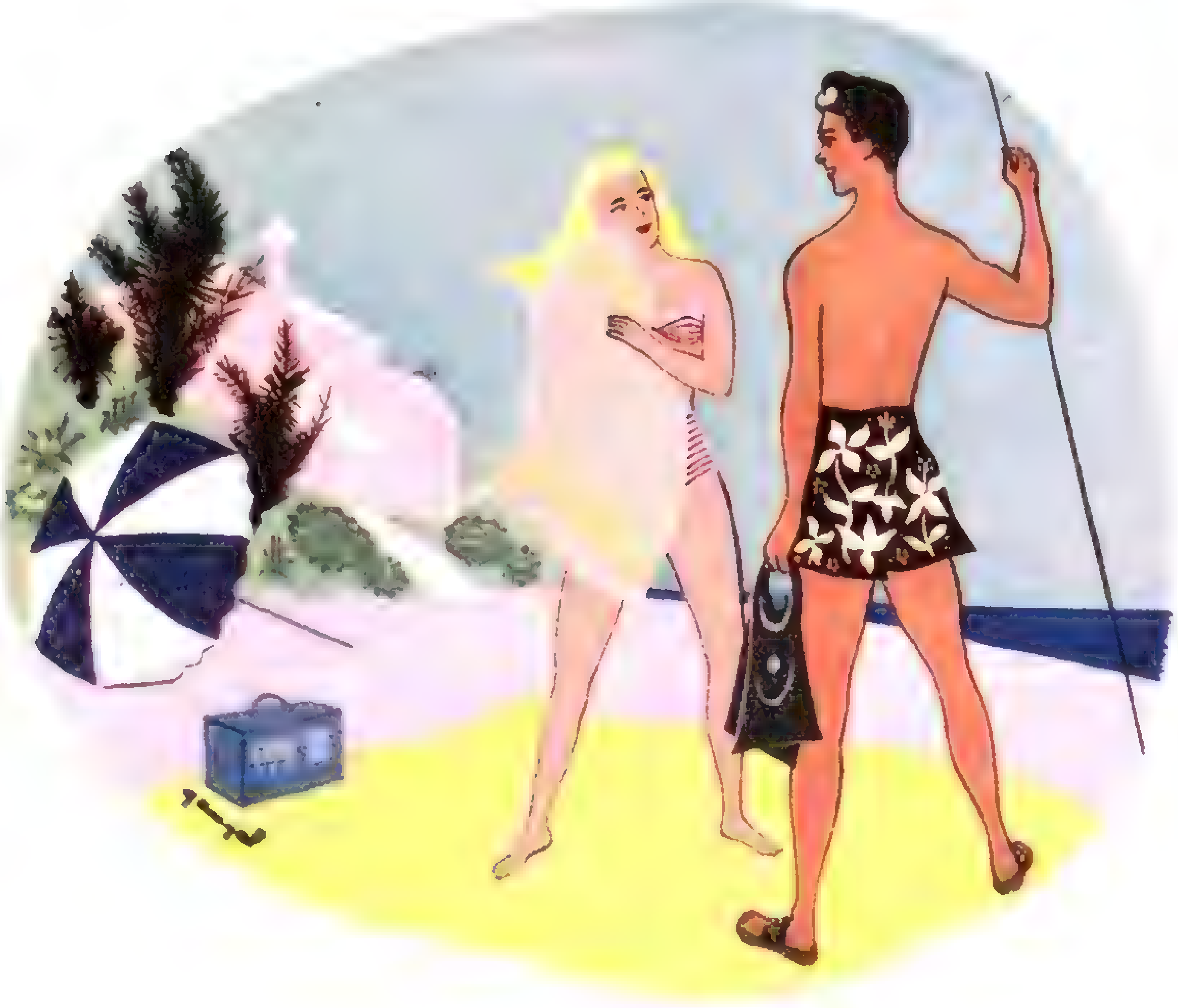
DRAWINGS BY RICHARD GANGEL



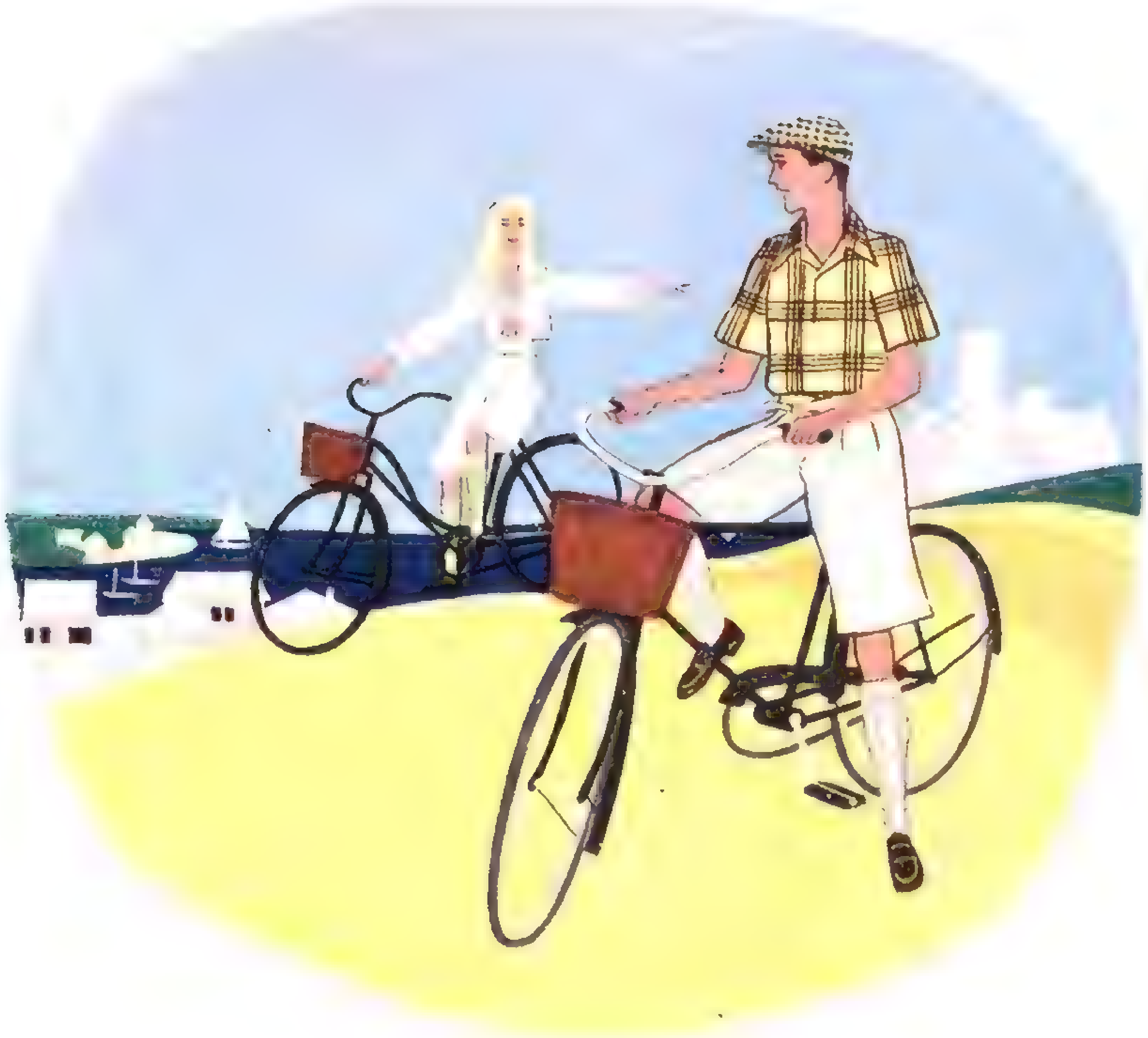
Overlook that "you lucky dog, you" look in your buddy's eye when he bids you both adieu. In five hours, you'll wing down on that Gulf Stream Paradise, and your slash-pocket tan gabardine topcum-raincoat and grey flannel suit are trip top.



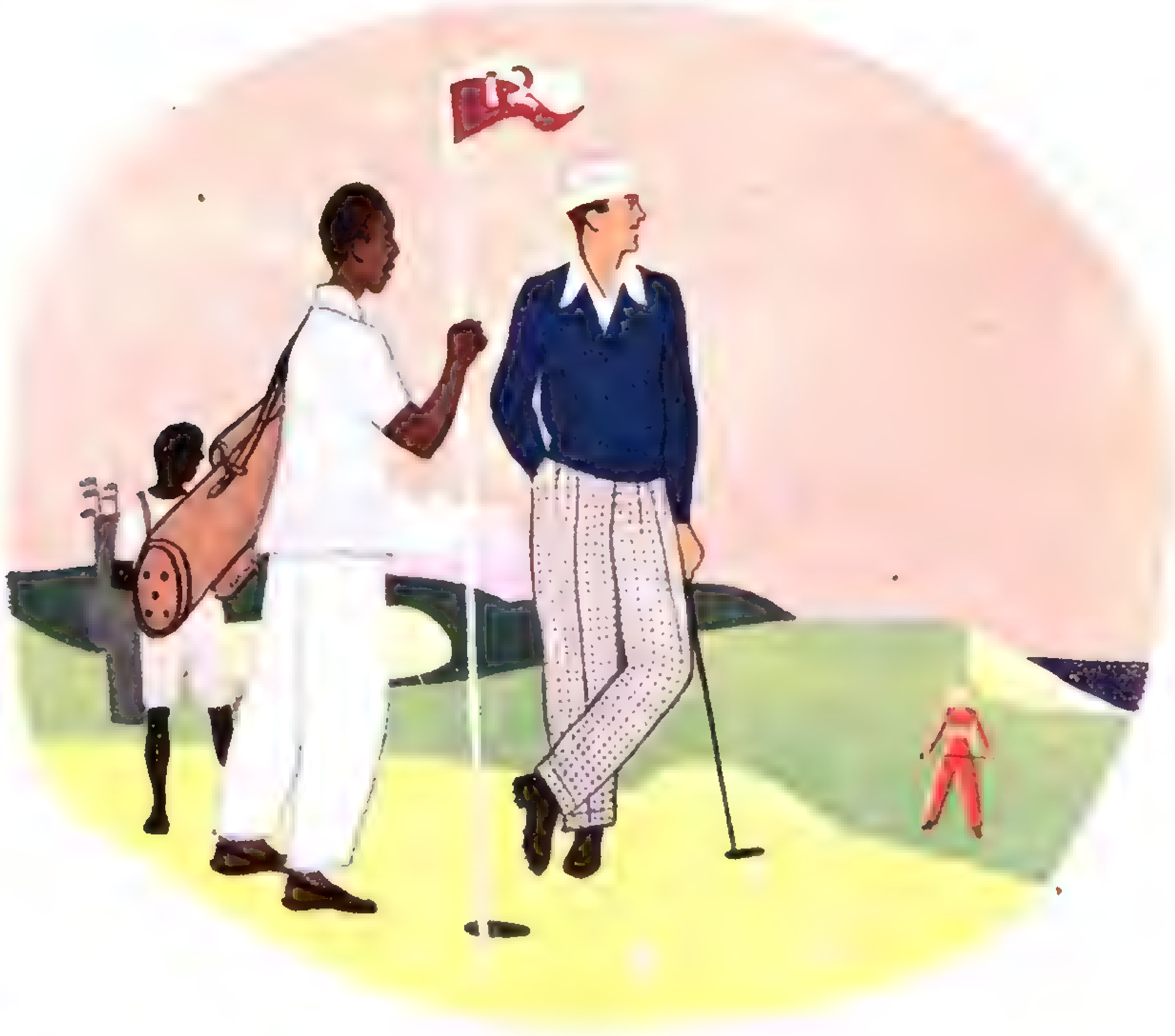
Bermuda's version of "no mama, no papa, no flight pay," and a bouquet of bougainvillea are part of the bargain. Carriage around Hamilton Harbor in light grey slacks and tan tweed jacket first chance you get. Have a hat with you, that sun's hot.



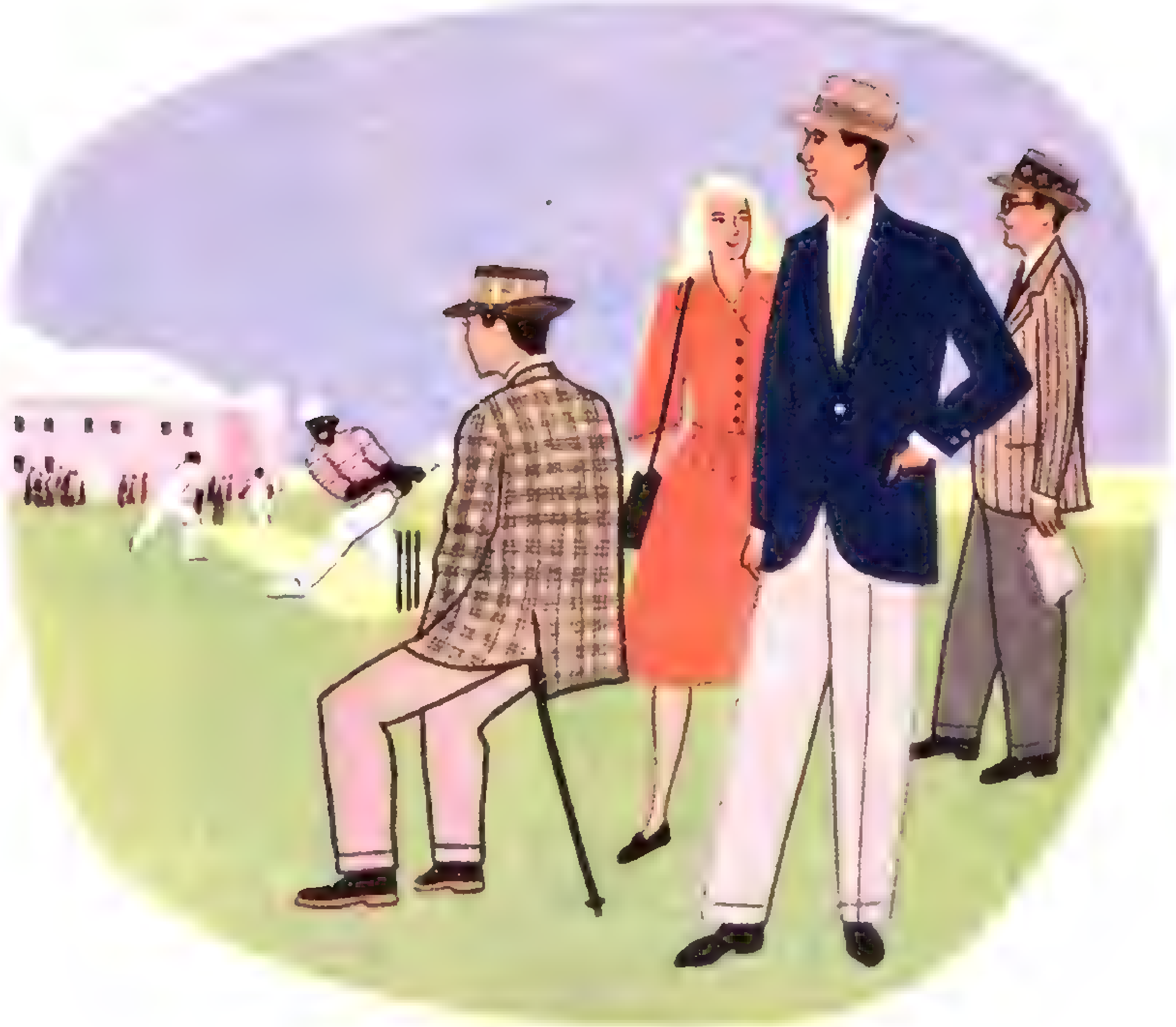
Those clear blue waters are happy grounds for aquatic hunters. Armed with spear, undersea glasses and rubber fins, clad in brown-and-white figured print swim shorts, you're set for a few hours' fun. She'll sun-bathe and play the portable.



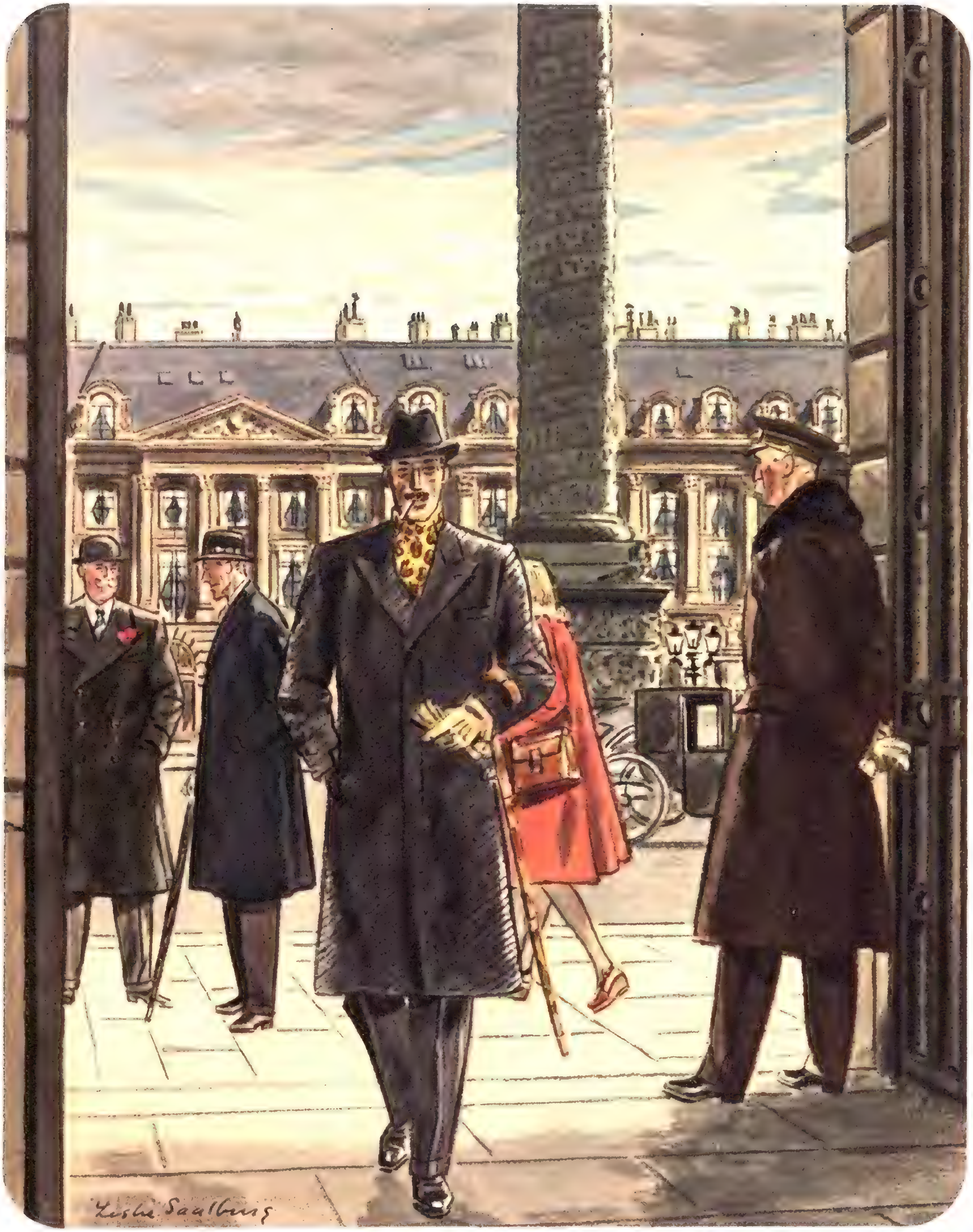
Few cars here, you know, so go places via bike or shanks' pony. Be sure to get a pair of those famous Bermuda shorts of tan cotton gabardine. Extend not quite to the knee, and worn with cable-stitch hose. A comfortable British colony costume.



Some men shoot eighteen holes simply to get at the nineteenth. Whether you golf casually or vehemently, it's easy enough to look the part in that dark blue cashmere pull-over, shepherd check slacks and cotton hat. (Nice approach, honey.)



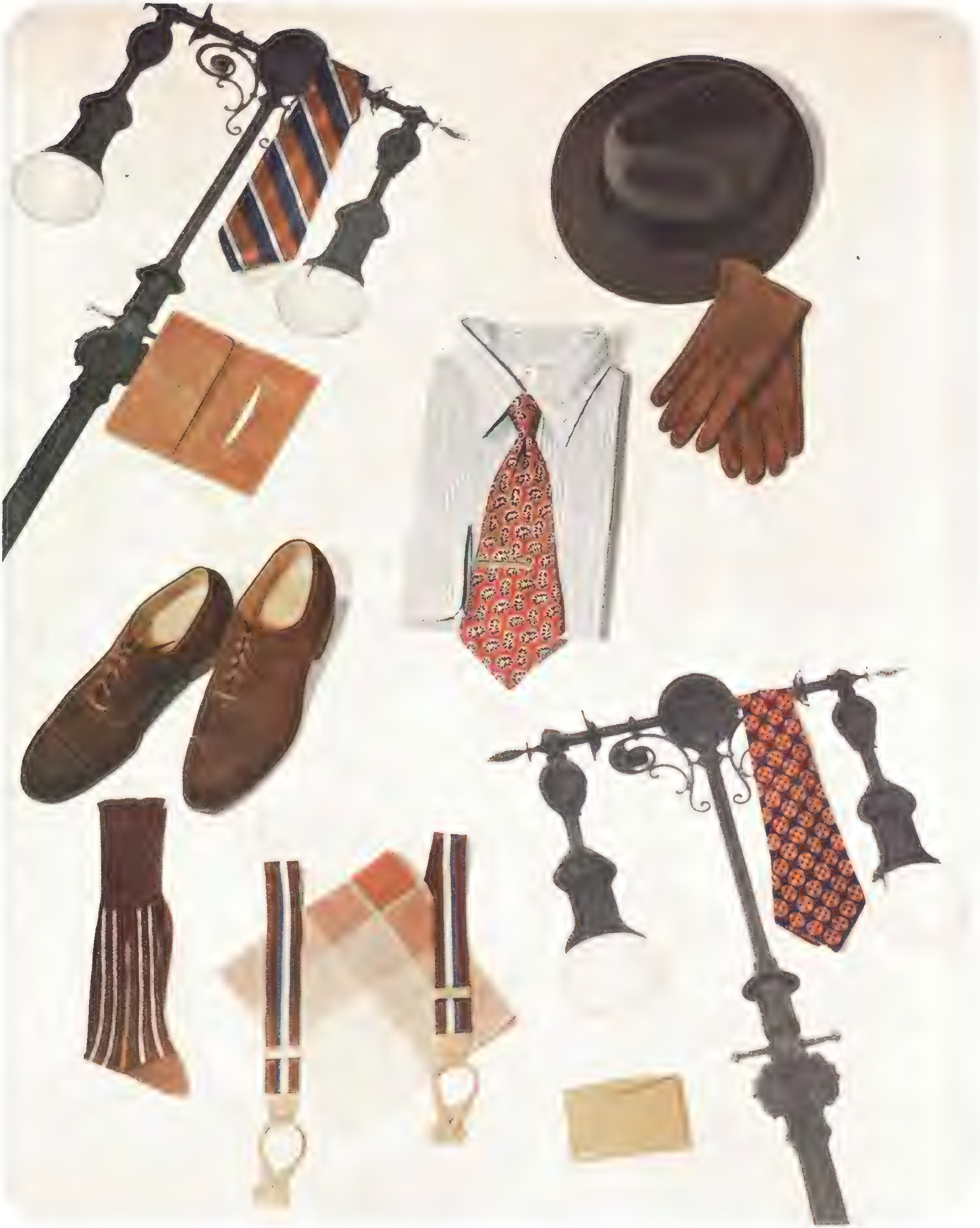
This, friend, is cricket, and you'll love it or leave it. Either way, you're making your mind up handsomely in tan doeskin slacks and dark-blue blazer. The spectator sports flanking you are in side-vent tweed and striped Shetland jackets.



FRENCH RENAISSANCE

Drawing by Leslie Saalburg

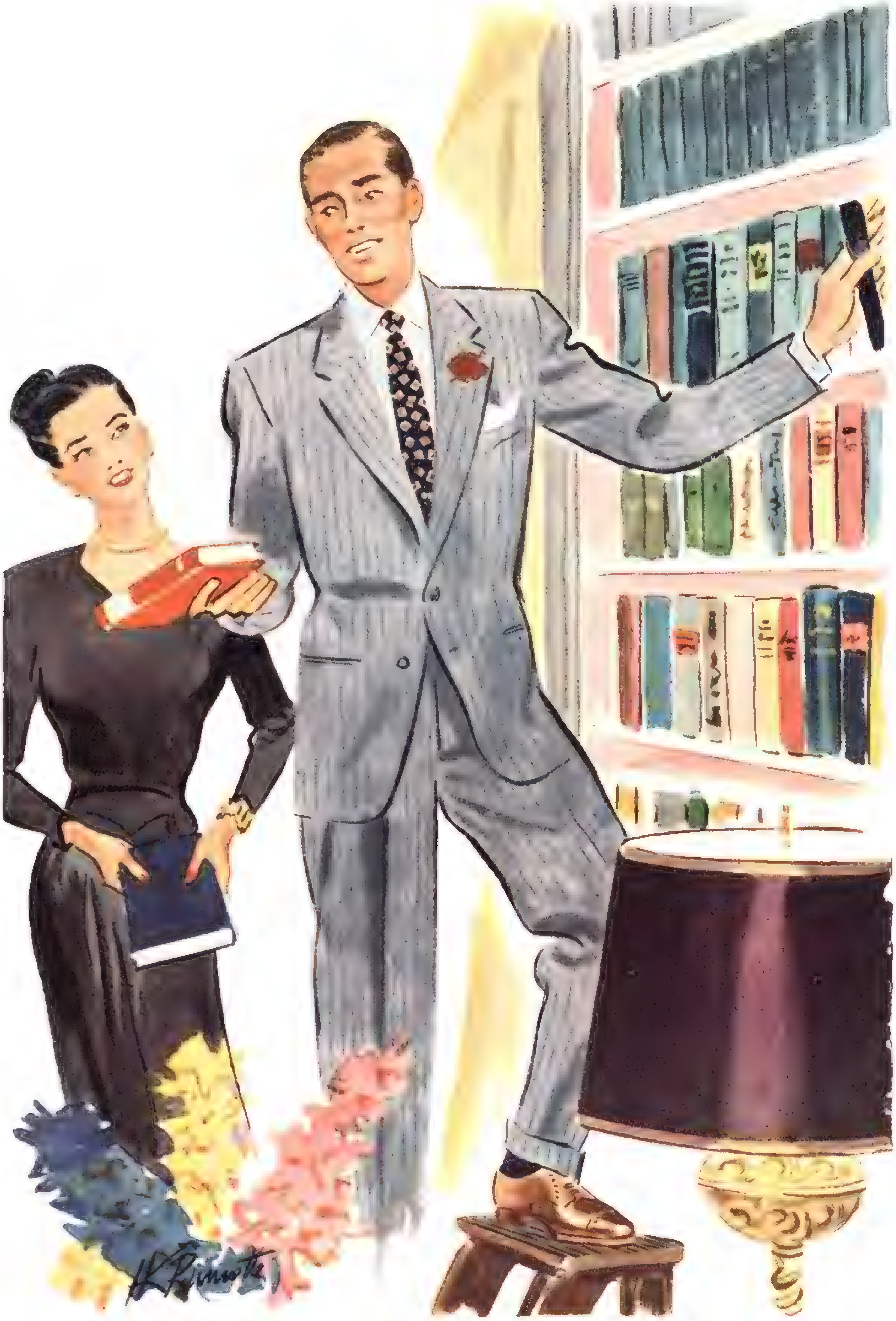
Paris is well on her way toward becoming once again the slick chic she was. You've got to look hard to spot the remaining OD, and Pig Alley has been returned to the natives. Reverse lend-lease. Looking through an archway at the Ritz, we note that in addition to new curtains in Morgan's Bank, the fashion scene has had a face-lifting too. Two out of three men wear soft black hats with narrow brims and pinched crowns, while the Parisian prototype of the rugged individualist prefers the bowler. That printed Paisley foulard muffler and chamois gloves accent a peak lapel diagonal weave overcoat, and we'll wager that he's just come off the Dover-Calais-Paris boat train. La Belle France, you see, is coming round quite nicely.



TOWN TOPICS

Photograph by Glantz

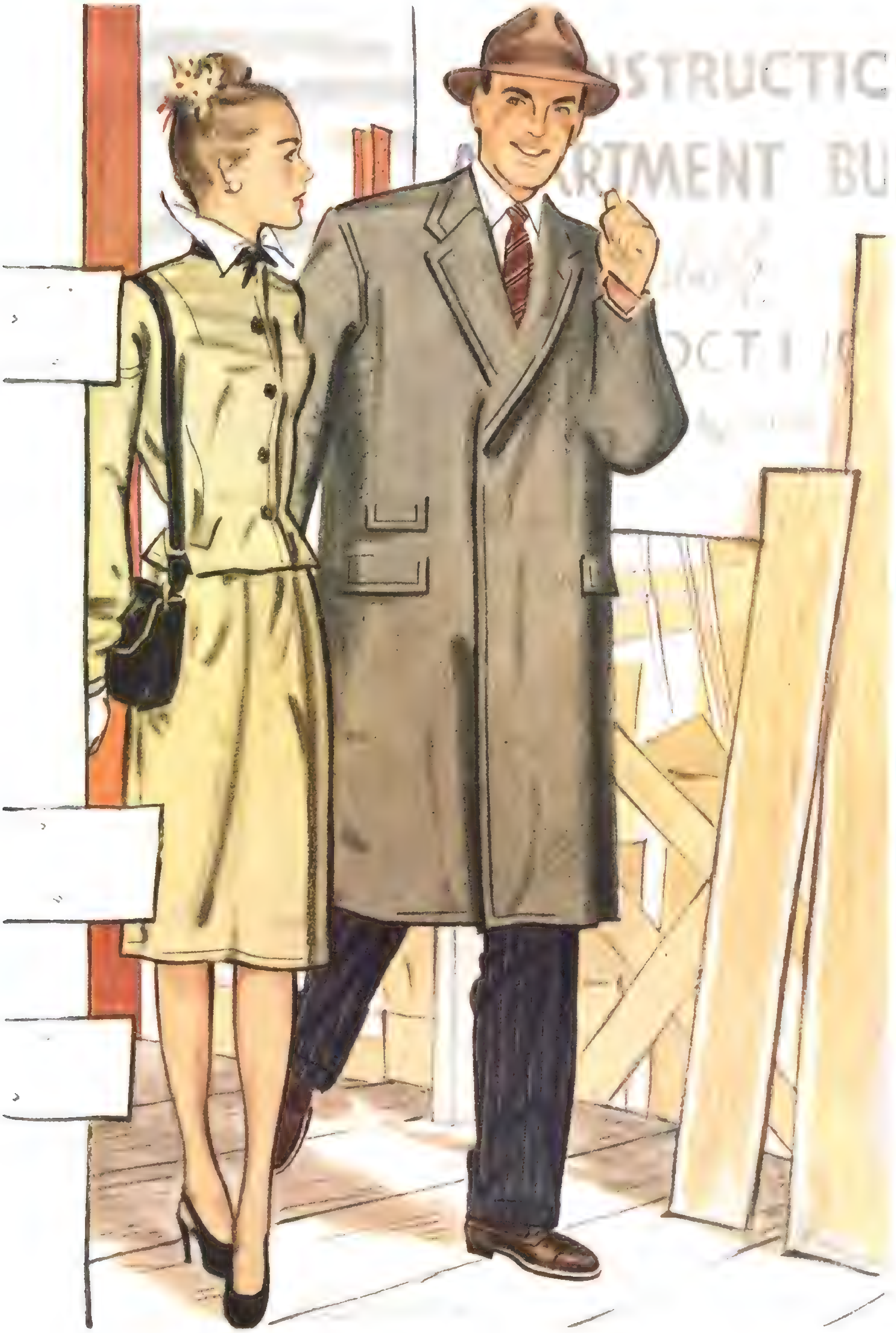
Highlighting town accessories, this photograph shows a rich brown snap-brim with black band, hand-stitched capeskin gloves, and a striped broadcloth shirt as a background for the foulard tie and rolled-gold tie bar. The ties draped over the lampposts are alternate selections appropriate for wear with the shirt shown or with a plain blue or grey suit. The billfold, a very thin type, is of lizard skin and the brown reverse calf shoes are styled in the trim town last. The clocked panel-stripe hose, braces and handkerchief all reflect the color theme introduced in the neckwear. The pigskin cigarette case at the bottom is curved to body lines and creates minimum bulk in either coat or trouser pockets. This group serves as a guide in combining patterns.



THE NEW GREY

Drawing by H. Runnette

Our exponent of creative art offers suggestions in matters of fashion. Recently off the looms is the blue-striped Bedlington grey flannel of his suit. This color, a new feature appearing this spring, is lighter in tone than the prevailing shades of recent years. Its derivation originates from the soft grey coloring of the Bedlington terrier. In line with the current fashion trend, the jacket is styled in the favored two-button single-breasted model. The red-and-white-figured foulard tie is combined with a blue-and-white candy-stripe shirt made with the popular widespread collar and French cuffs. The footnotes are the dark blue lisle hose and brown straight-tip blucher shoes, which show how well brown, blue and grey can agree.



CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM

Drawing by Karl Milroy

Seems like these home hunters are really determined to get in on the ground floor. They have reserved the space and now need only wait for the building to form around it. Another postwar debut is the neutral-tone covert cloth topcoat, a prewar favorite that is taking on a new significance as peacetime production makes the fabric available. It's a fly-front model with separate change pocket, and has definite approval for town wear. His outfit is complete with white shirt combined with a nicely knotted maroon and gold striped rep tie. The hat is a soft greyish brown snap brim. His suit is a Metallic Blue, striped red and silver. Note, too, the continental-last bluchers, emphasizing straight lines at sides.

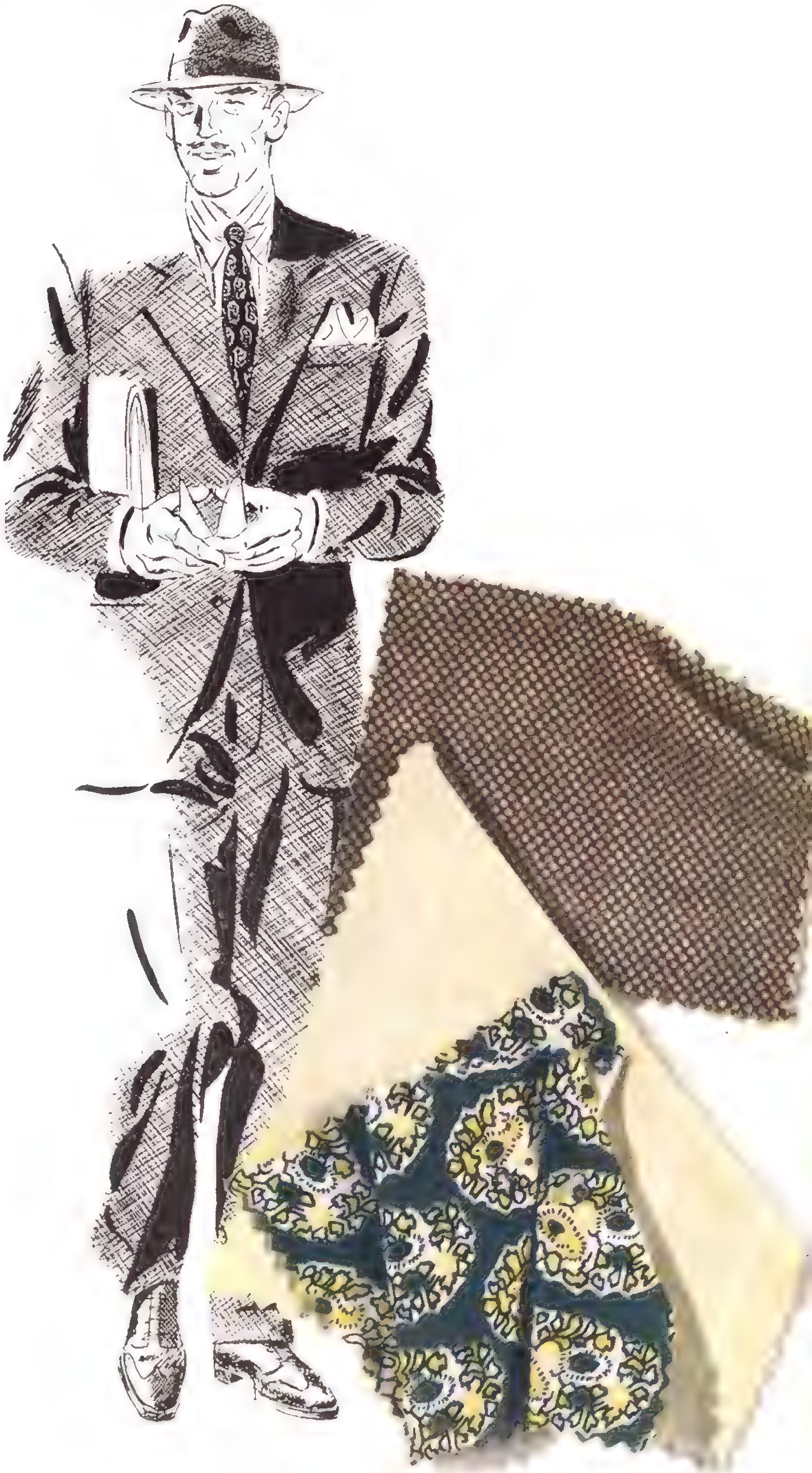
it's a man's world

HOWARD HUGHES

One would think that a young man with a fortune of between one hundred and seventy-five and two hundred million would retire to a custom-built Shangri-La and let the rest of the world drift by. Fortunately, Howard Hughes wasn't set up that way. If he had been, America would be without a brilliant aeronautical designer, a courageous flyer, an enterprising businessman, an imaginative motion picture producer, and an extremely eligible bachelor. Inheriting his father's tool company when he was nineteen, Hughes has taken but twenty-two years to roll up that fortune along with a superlative record of accomplishment. He has found time to produce thirteen motion pictures (including *Hell's Angels* and *Scarface*), establish a round-the-world flight record, become the world's largest maker of rock-bits, an essential part of oil-well drills, head the biggest brewery in Texas, conceive the airplane known as the "Constellation," build the world's largest plane, and control the stock in TWA. He's still single, girls.

CHARLES B. WRIGHTSMAN

Once introduced at a banquet as the only Standard Oil man who owns his own company, Charles B. Wrightsman is another Lochinvar who came out of the West. In keeping with the legend, his steeds were the best, too. Modest, publicity-shy, he took time off from running the Standard Oil Company of Kansas before World War II, toured Europe with the Texas Rangers Polo Team and won all the important polo tournaments. Being an Oklahoman by birth qualified him well for a career in oil and his survey of Russian oil fields back in the twenties added to his stature as somebody to be considered in black gold circles. The fact that he resides in Florida, Rhode Island, and Texas, coupled with collegiate years in Leland Stanford (California) and Columbia (New York) makes him as representative a citizen of these United States as anyone can be. He began logging his flying time as a naval aviator during World War I. World-wide flights have pushed his air hours to an enviable height. He currently cruises in a Lockheed Lodestar.



conservative colors

Here's an adroit blend of color you'll usually spot in pine-paneled offices. The handsomely cut jacket is in brown sharkskin, with barely perceptible stripes in the bird's-eye background; the tie is a green figured foulard; the broadcloth shirt has a heather-tinted base of blue and tan. His hat: note the slightly narrower brim.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York

Out where the handclasp is stronger and the West ends, they're doing things to men's clothes that augur a great trend

Assaying Casual California

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER

If you're saddened by the thought that the spirit of pioneering is a gone ghost in this country, cheer up. Not only is that ghost the liveliest phantom your reporter has had the pleasure of seeing in a long while, but it shows every promise of accomplishing even greater deeds. For the same ingenuity that blazed trails through the Northwest and panned gold in canyon creeks has hit another bonanza out where the sun shines bright.

To put it simply, California has gone and done it again. Having gotten a firm grip on the credit for creating casual clothes, it is currently adding laurel upon laurel with its overflowing cornucopia of easygoing colorful ideas in the kind of clothes men like to wear.

It's for sure that the California influence on duds for dudes is induced by their Chamber of Commerce outdoors, but it's just as sure that the skill and craftsmanship to do the job is present in abundance too. For example, they've worked up a tricky way of making two-tone cable-stitched knitted cotton shirts. Up to now, that type of shirt had a one-color limitation, and the new way opens a new vista in colored effects for knitted shirts. One especially noteworthy had alternating blue and grey cable-stitched patterns running up and down the shirt, and on a yellow background, it brought to mind any number of useful wearings.

Steers and horseshoes are being patterned into the tops of knitted swim shorts, and in that category, incidentally, there seems to be no holding back the imagination in designs for boxer-style printed cotton or rayon sea shorts. You'll be seeing these Pacific Coast inspirations wherever you'll be swimming at winter resorts now, and later in the summer as well.

As indigenous to that climate-extolling state as madcap motorists are slacks and sport shirts. And in this niche, California again takes a bow. Some sport shirts incorporate the familiar lines of the Norfolk jacket, but achieve individuality with a yoke front and two box pleats running down each side and front. Pockets are sensibly placed so the shirt may be worn either over the trousers as a jacket, or inside as a shirt. Neat, eh? The back is box-pleated too.

Then there is a three-piece set that's designed with a capital "C" in Casual. This outfit consists of a tan collared jacket, with matching walking shorts, and a printed rayon shirt in brown, white and yellow.

Obvious all the way is the careful tailoring that makes some of these solid color gabardine shirts collector's items. Jackets have been approached with the same nicety in needlework, but here the emphasis is on soft woolens and an occasional cashmere. The shirts have the accepted hallmarks that herald Western designs, and you know them by their long pointed collars, neatly finished cuffs and chest pockets sans button but flapped.

And if you remember those comfortable knee-length shorts you saw as British G.I. equipment in Africa, you'll recognize the inspiration for the belted shirts or casual jackets in Tattersall checked woolens that are combined there with almost-to-the-knee shorts.

They have a knack for handling leather out there, and the new ideas popping up in jackets are worthy of adoption for woolen ones. One rich brown lightweight suede cardigan is lined throughout with a lush, durable rayon and finished with metallic buttons. There's a belted variation of this one too. Other suede styles have yokes in front and back and are blessed with bountiful pockets à la shooting jacket types.

In evening wear, a lightweight collarless jacket in midnight blue has made its debut, and has started queues at the better stores. This nifty has the outline of a shawl collar stitched on the jacket in dark braid, and the trousers are of the same gossamer-weight fabric. Similarly imaginative is the shirt-waistcoat combination employing a widespread collar, and a pleated bosom extending to top of waistcoat. But the trick is in the waistcoat that isn't actually there, but simply outlined and attached to the shirt. That would undoubtedly come under the heading of practical prestidigitation.

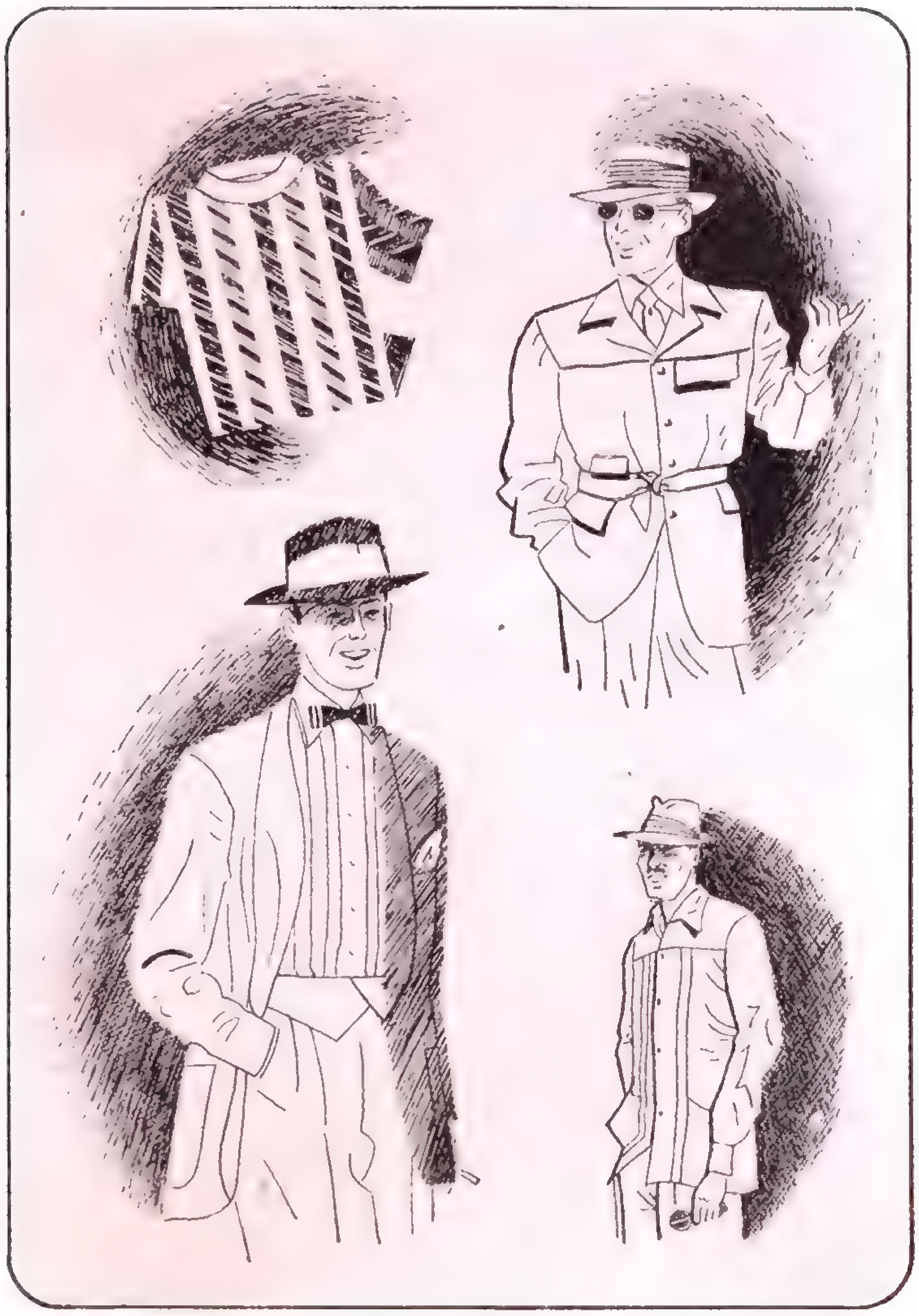
Accessories for this new jacket include a dark blue bow tie with narrow white stripes at the ends, dark blue suede evening shoes, and a midnight blue soft straw hat circled with a white puggree.

Nostalgia for cowboy belts and saddles has filtered into footwear and the soft wedge-heel style can be secured in the beautiful tooled leathers.

As for ranch wear, there colors have really come into their own. Bright tartan cotton shirts vie for favor with vividly colored gabardines. And if you recall those arched yoke and crescent-shaped pockets on the broncobuster shirts worn by cowboys at the rodeo, you'll see similar rococo and baroque motifs as mainstays of bunkhouse blouses. Two materials are favored, checked and plain, and they are finished with long cuffs and a row of vertically placed buttons on the side.

Since trousers are necessary too, blue jeans and dressier, well-shaped worsted types are about on a par in popularity. The ensemble is completed with a silver-buckled western belt, cowboy hat, and tooled riding boots. Both the small flat and high-crown hat models have their zealous protagonists. For over-shirt outer wear, a worsted jacket with slide fastener closing, made fairly short, and fitting trimly, is new, practical, and accepted by the hired hands.

Look around for a leather jacket fringed with unborn calf at the pockets. Billy the Kid never had a nicer one. And remember, no .45's. The law's agin 'em. ⧻

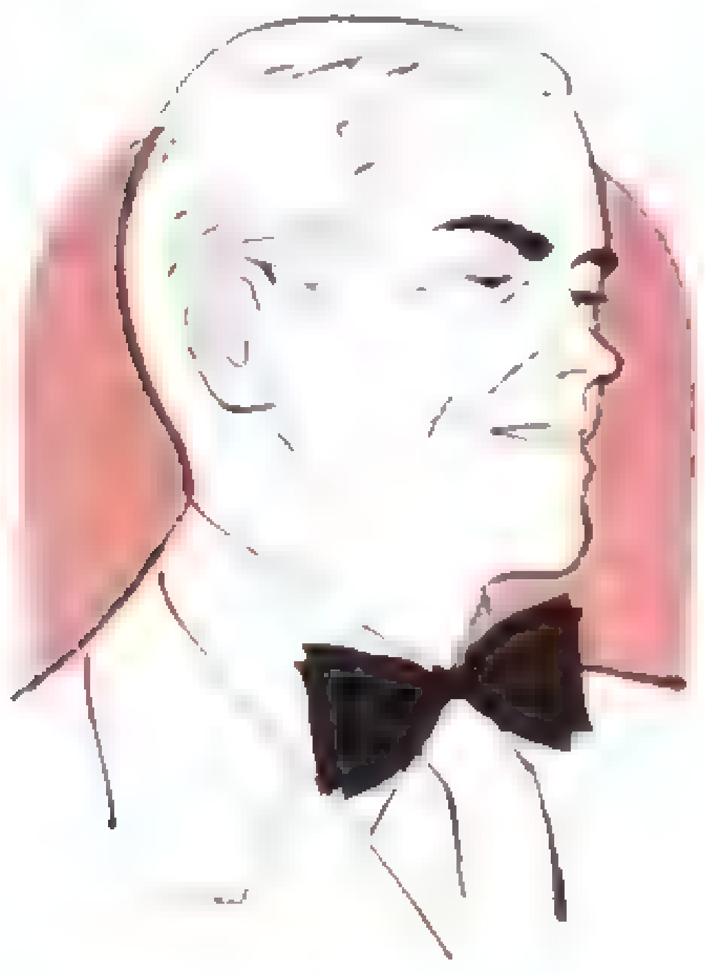


How's Your Fashion Quotient?

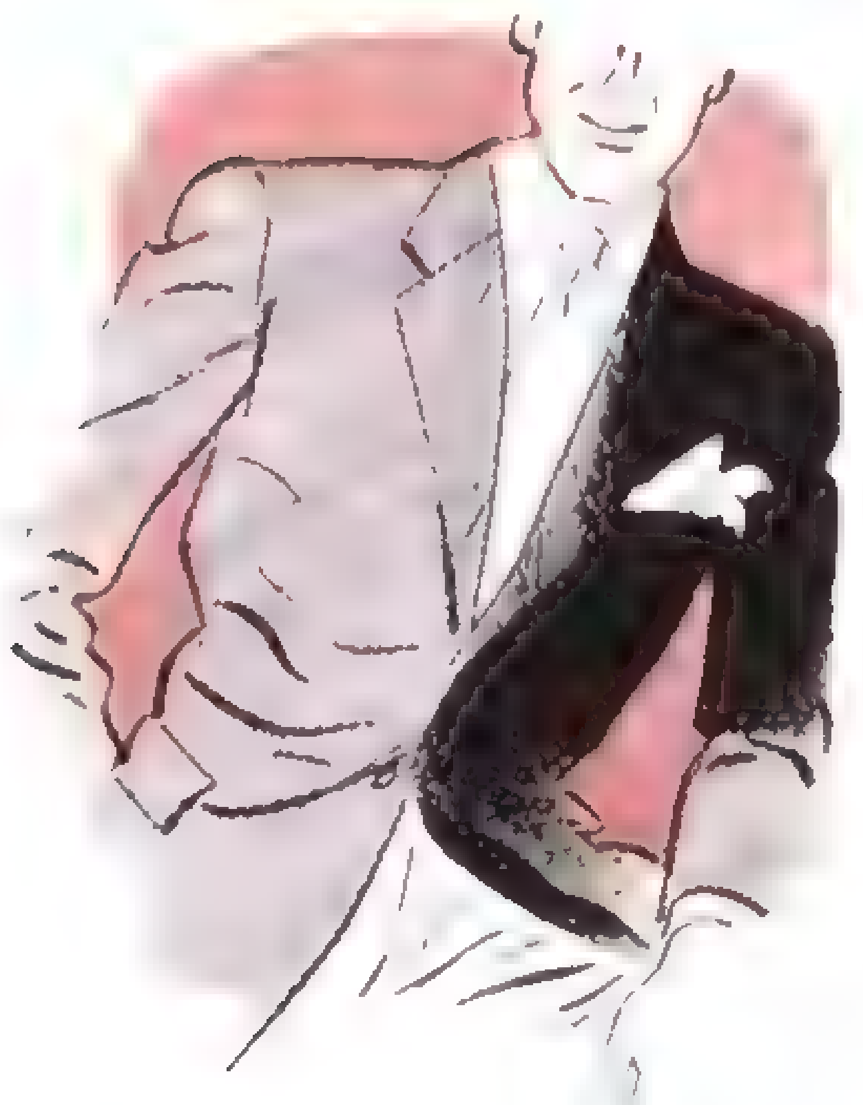
Notice to snap-course seekers: think twice before enrolling in this seminar, for Esky insists that your answers to this octet of spring fashion queries be pluperfect

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER

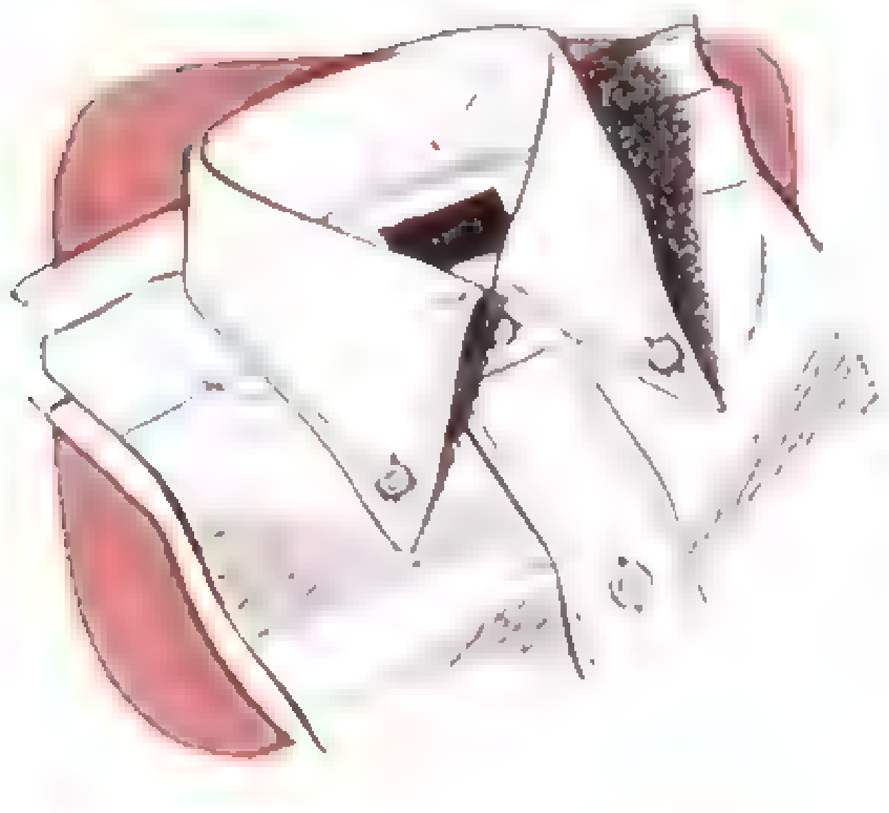
Illustrated are eight facets of the current fashion scene entitled "What better-dressed men will wear now that spring is here." Don't mind it one bit if your fellow student glances over your shoulder for the right answer to the accompanying quiz. No ponies will be needed, because the answers are in the box at the lower right. And should but six of your answers be correct (before glancing below, of course), don't fret. It's considered a good average.



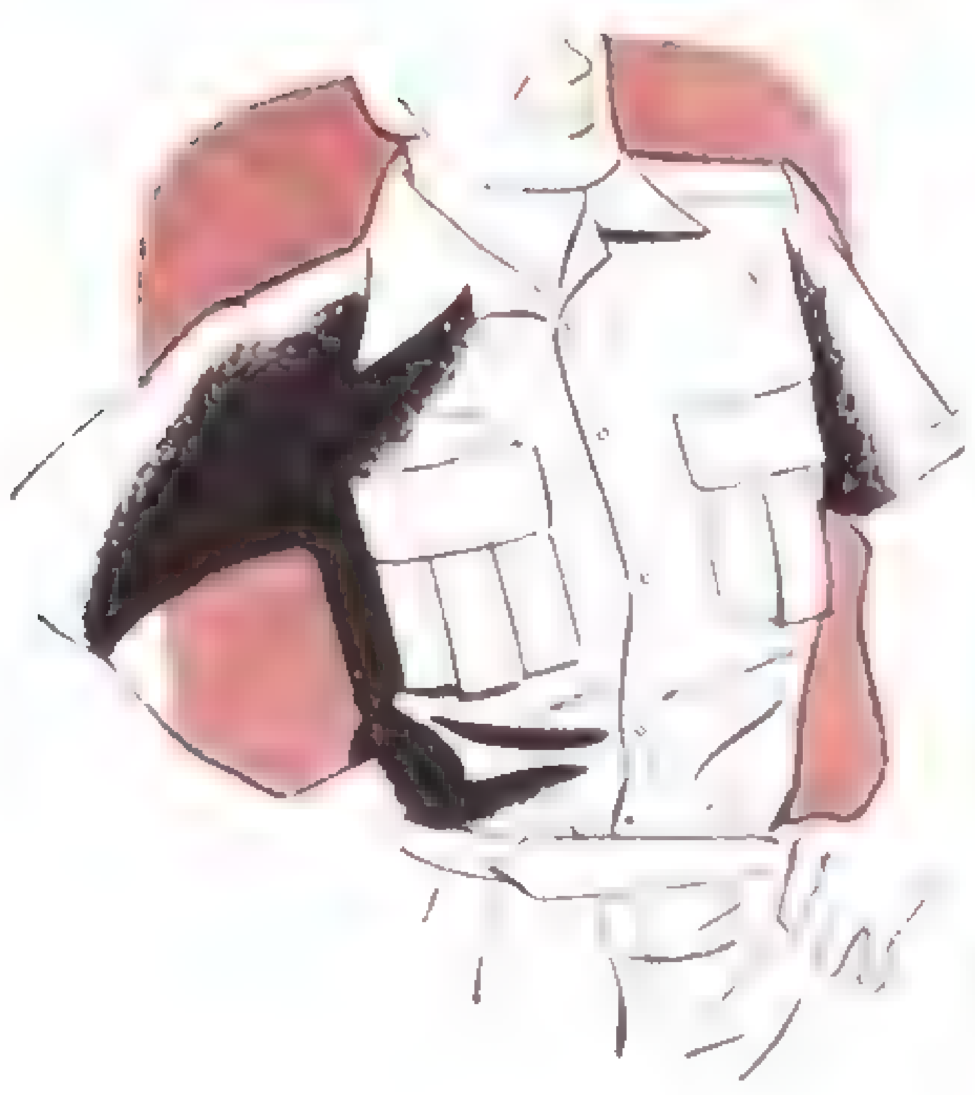
1. Since neckwear is with us to stay, it's best that you be certain of the popular types. This one, for instance, is
a. A butterfly model
b. The dragonfly
c. Fly-by-night for evening wear



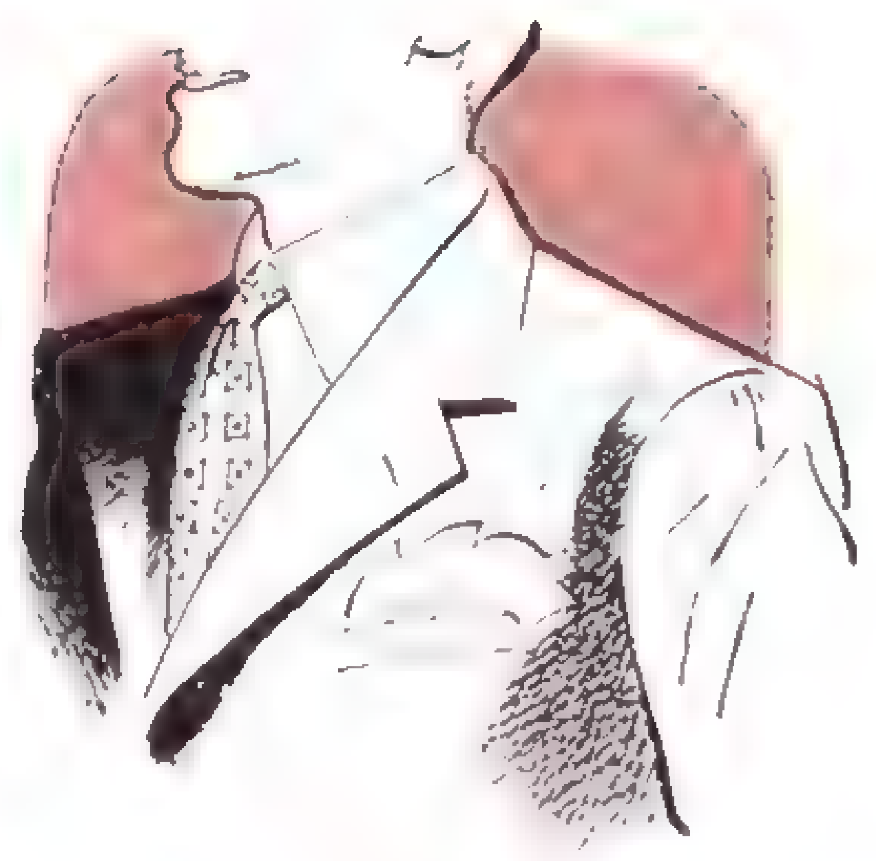
2. Tweed, that versatile fabric, is available in an infinite number of patterns and colors. We have pictured one of the more popular weaves, and see if you know whether it is
a. A grosgrain weave
b. Scotch grain effect
c. Diagonal weave



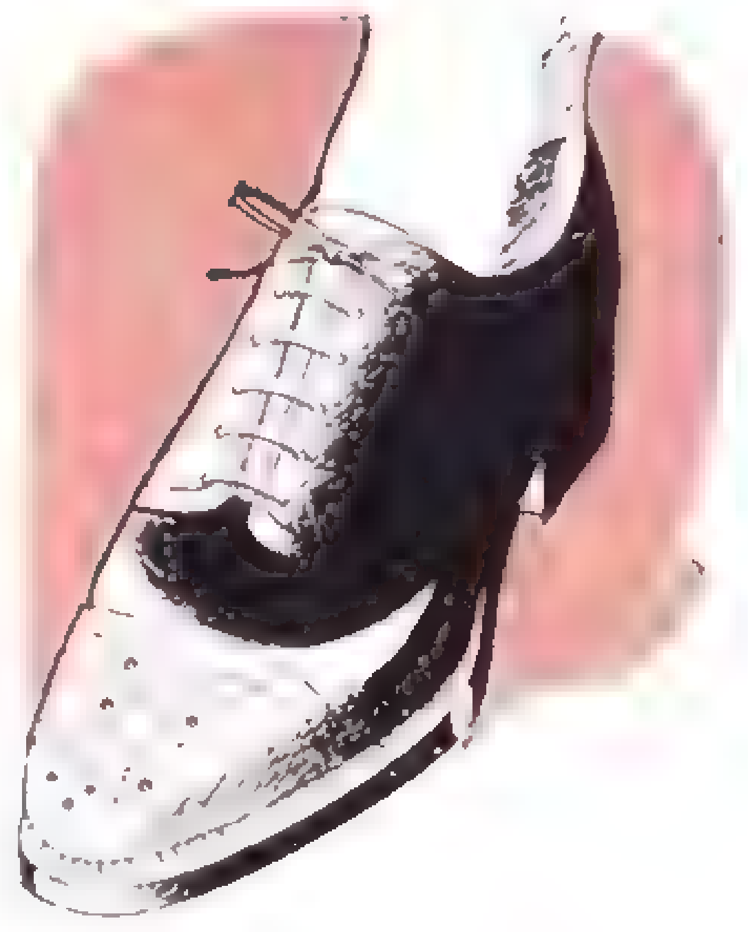
3. Somebody once said that you can spot an American in a crowd by his shirt collar. Right? Right! Here's a collar style as acceptable in Back Bay, Boston, as it is in Caliente, California. Ask for it as the
a. Button-up model
b. Button-down style
c. Two-button type



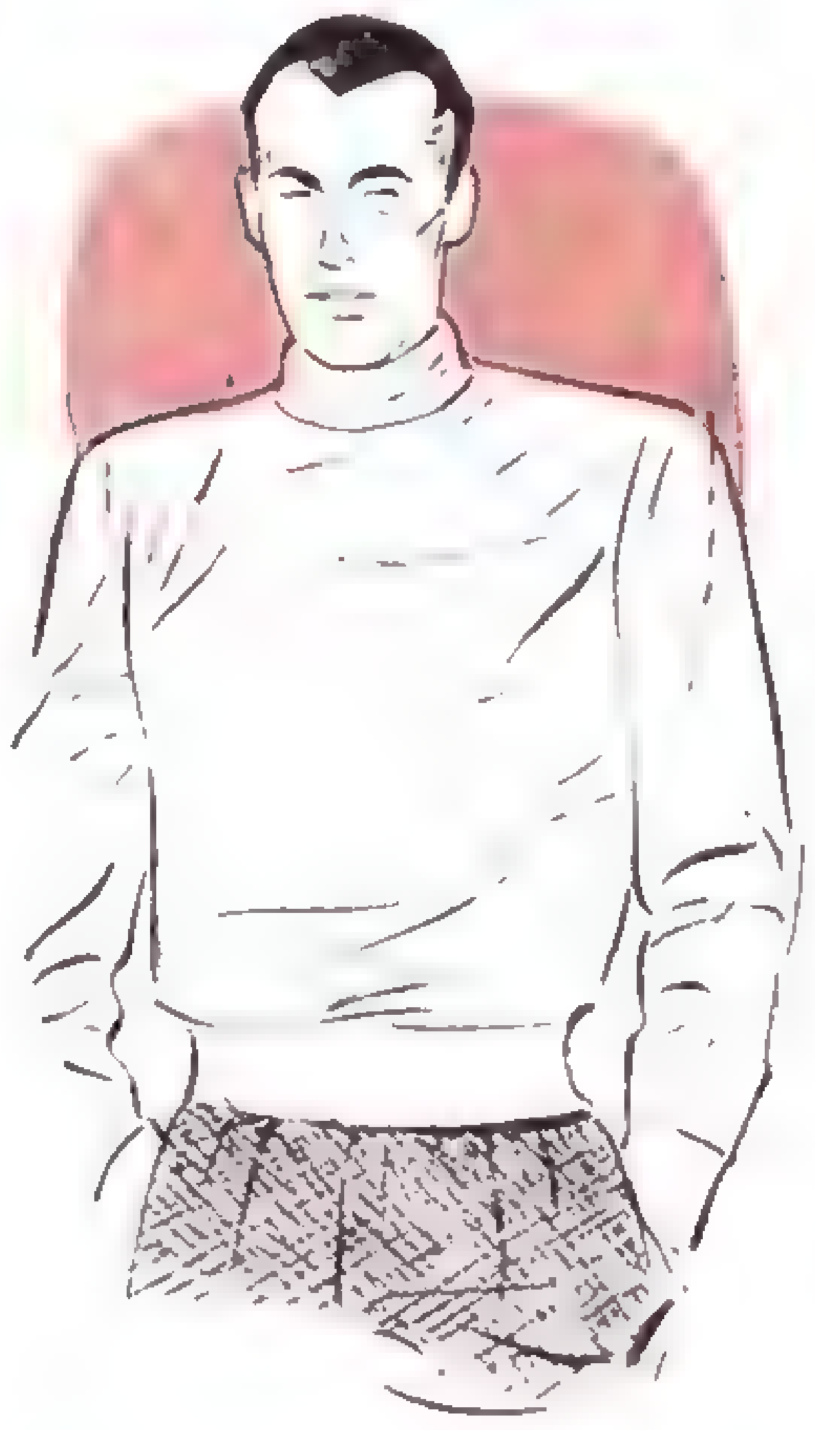
4. The pockets on that sport shirt are in a class by themselves, really. They can carry extra ammo when you're target shooting, spare tees on the golf links, or your smoking paraphernalia. And they're good-looking too. They are identified as
a. Box-pleated pockets
b. Picket-fence pattern
c. Bandoleers



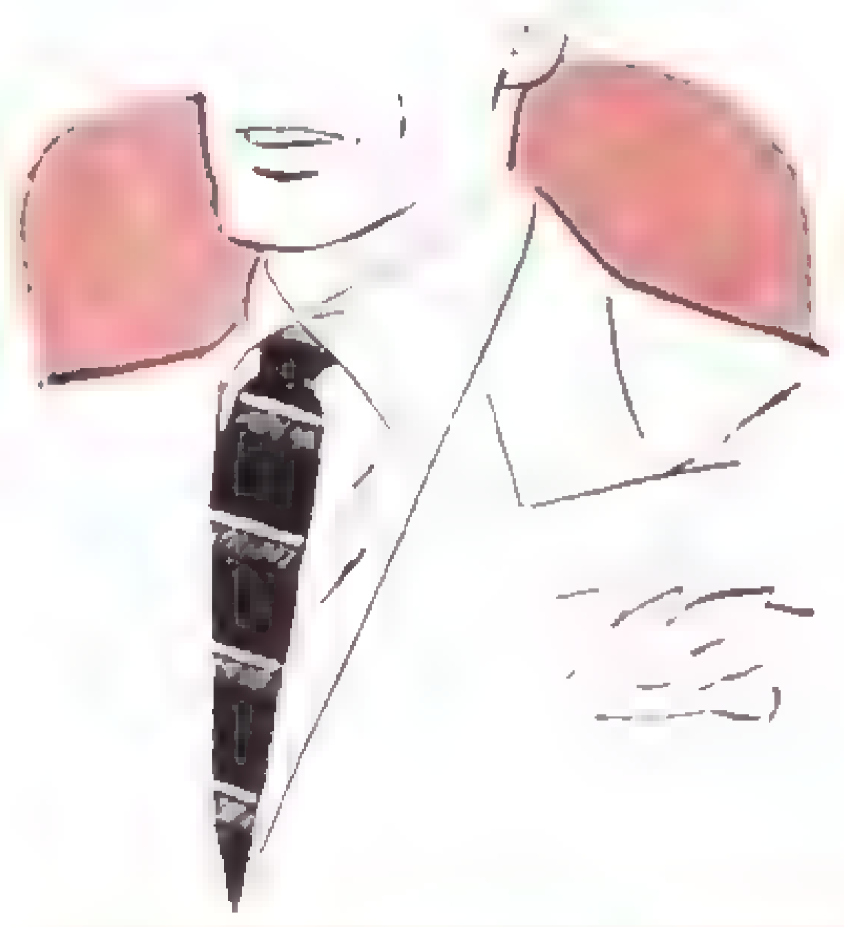
5. We've noticed lecturers holding their lapels while orating. No doubt to show they've a good grasp on the subject. Most men, however, prefer the lapel as a background for a boutonniere. Shown here is a
a. Peaked lapel
b. Notched lapel
c. V-shaped lapel



6. It's an excellent idea to have a number of pairs of shoes in your wardrobe. It's been computed that each additional pair gives a year of added wear to all. Many men include perforated toe caps. Here is
a. The fleur-de-lis
b. Medallion pattern
c. Punchboard effect



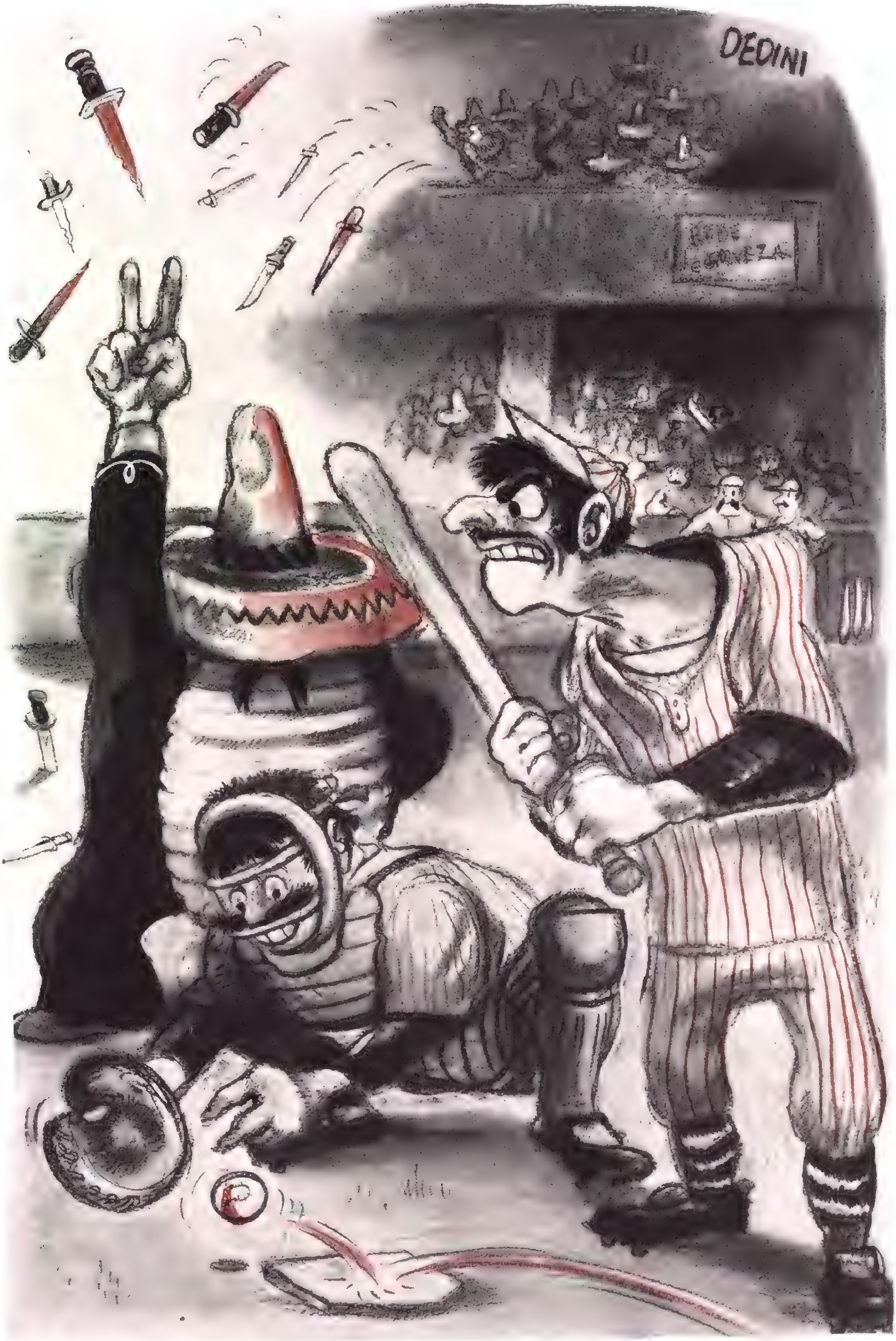
7. If you still have that old football print up in the attic, we'll wager you'll spot one of these sweaters enveloping a Gay Nineties bruiser. It's here with us again, more popular than ever, and is known as the
a. Crew-neck sweater
b. Turtle-neck pullover
c. The Mae West



8. Striped ties, particularly knitted ones, are gracing the necklines of men who know their fashions. Can you judge whether this tie is termed
a. A Plimsoll line
b. An alternating current
c. A striped crochet

Answers

1. a 3. b 5. b 7. b
2. c 4. a 6. b 8. c


DEDINI
BEBE CERVEZA

"Strike two, Señor"

It was impossible to laugh off the ghost story after you heard that eerie sound

The Return of Hugo Strawley

by GLEN F. STILLWELL

I FIRST heard the weird story from the lips of my Uncle Amos, now long dead. But it was years later that I was able to corroborate it through my acquaintance with John Kaplan, superintendent of Anderson's Coal Mine, where my uncle had worked as a youth.

Kaplan nodded when I mentioned the tale. "Yes," he said, "it is substantially true, but there was nothing mysterious about it. Tragic accidents in a coal mine are not unusual."

With little persuasion Kaplan repeated the story. Hugo Strawley was a mule driver—he said—Tony Clementi, a loader. Both were in love with the same girl, a dark-skinned beauty named Angela. But handsome, likeable Hugo had finally won the girl.

Shortly after Hugo's marriage, he and Tony were working together one night on the first level. Hot words passed between them but, so far as is known, there was no actual fighting.

Hugo was a happy-go-lucky sort, but he was careful, and on more than one occasion he had saved other miners' lives by warning them against cave-ins.

On the night the accident occurred, Tony was loading in an entry on the first level. He had just filled a car when Hugo came along with an empty and picked up the loaded car. He had moved on with it toward the cage, when a thundering crash was heard. Tony, so he said, ran to investigate and found Hugo pinned beneath a huge fallen rock, so badly mangled as to be unrecognizable.

"There were some mysterious angles," Kaplan said. "Hugo's body was found behind the car and the mule, neither of which was damaged. A clever vindictive miner, some thought, could have loosened a rock so the vibration of the car would have caused it to crash down on poor Hugo. But, of course, that was only gossip.

"Tony refused to work in that entry again and shortly afterward left the country. It was then the miners first noticed what they called the ghostly visitation of Hugo. Every night near midnight, miners who worked on that level claimed they could hear, not see, mind you, cars driven by Hugo moving down the rails. They said Hugo was murdered and that his spirit would always haunt the mine as long as it existed."

Somehow I felt relieved and yet let down. "Then the noise of the cars," I said, "was imaginary? It never really existed?" Kaplan shook his head. "It existed, all right. I have heard it myself."

Kaplan smiled at me through a veil of cigarette smoke. "Would you like proof?" he asked challengingly. And so we agreed to meet in Kaplan's office that night.

A little after eleven o'clock I found Kaplan waiting for me and we lost no time in dropping down in the cage to the first level.

"There are now four more levels below this one," Kaplan explained as we stepped out of the cage. He gave me a miner's cap and an electric lantern. "The coal in the first level," he went on, "was exhausted years ago." He laughed. "No one works here any more except Hugo."

His humor was lost on me, for a coal mine, to a newcomer, is a fearsome place of silence and darkness. As our lights cut feebly into the abandoned passageway, I edged closer to my guide.

"I'm sorry I can't offer you a ride," said Kaplan as we walked along, "but you see we've pulled out the tracks."

"You've pulled out the tracks," I echoed, "and you can still hear the noise?"

Kaplan only smiled.

We moved a few hundred yards down the passage and stopped at a blocked entry. "This is near the spot where Hugo was killed," Kaplan said matter-of-factly. He glanced at his wristwatch. "It's about time for Hugo's visit," he laughed. "Better stand back; I wouldn't want Hugo to run over you."

There was no sound save the dripping of water off in the distance. I was about to speak when Kaplan hissed, "Listen!"

I think my hair stood on end but I heard nothing. Then, a few seconds later, I heard a faint clicking noise.

Nearer and nearer the sound came, louder and louder. I looked at Kaplan but he maintained a poker face, his eyes narrowed to thin slits. "I've heard enough," I said shakily. "Let's go."

Kaplan held me back. "Listen," he said. Clickety, clickety, clack! It was the unmistakable sound of a car going over rails.

"Right on time," Kaplan whispered.

The ghostly car seemed to pass us, then as the sound became fainter, to fade away in the bowels of the earth.

"Now don't be angry when I explain," said Kaplan. "Every night at midnight a freight train passes nearly over our heads. That's the sound you heard, telegraphed through the earth. That's what your Uncle Amos heard."

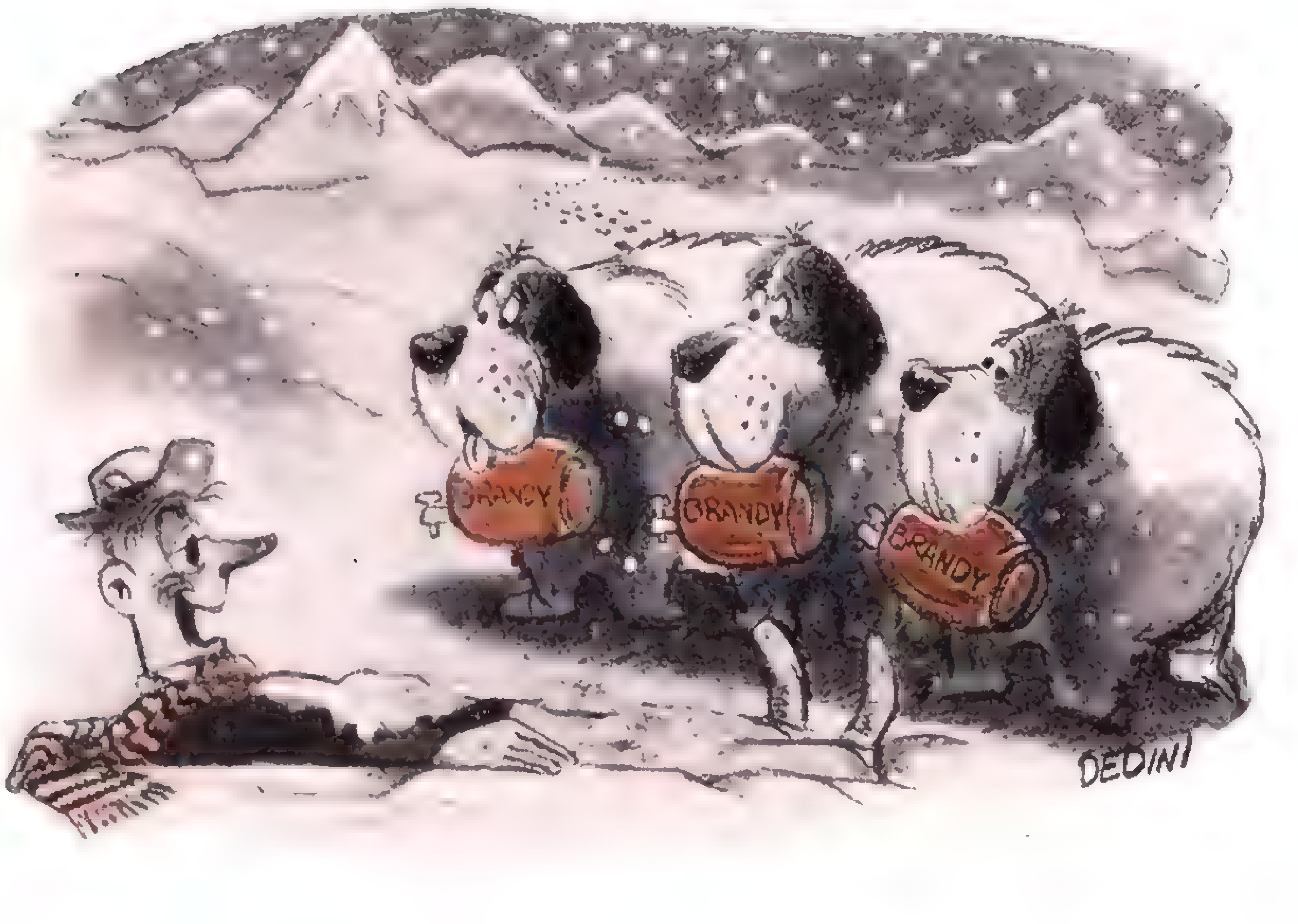
I felt almost like hugging him but the place still gave me goose pimples. I yet imagined that Hugo's ghost lurked in every shadow. "Let's get out of here," I said.

Kaplan nodded as we turned to retrace our steps. "I'll send you up on the cage," Kaplan said, "but I'm going down to the fifth level where the men are working. Maybe you'd like to go with me?"

I thanked him but was quick to refuse. A short time later I stepped out of the cage and took a deep breath of fresh night air. I told myself that if I ever left the surface of the earth again, I'd go up, not down.

As I walked across the lighted area the watchman spoke to me. "Good night," he said. He seemed to be disturbed about something. "Watch the freight when you cross the tracks," he warned. "It's ten minutes late tonight but it ought to be along any minute now."

Mechanically I moved over to my car. Then the full impact of his words hit me, and five minutes later I stood there with staring eyes and watched the freight rumble by on the main line, its loaded cars clicking loudly on the rails. #



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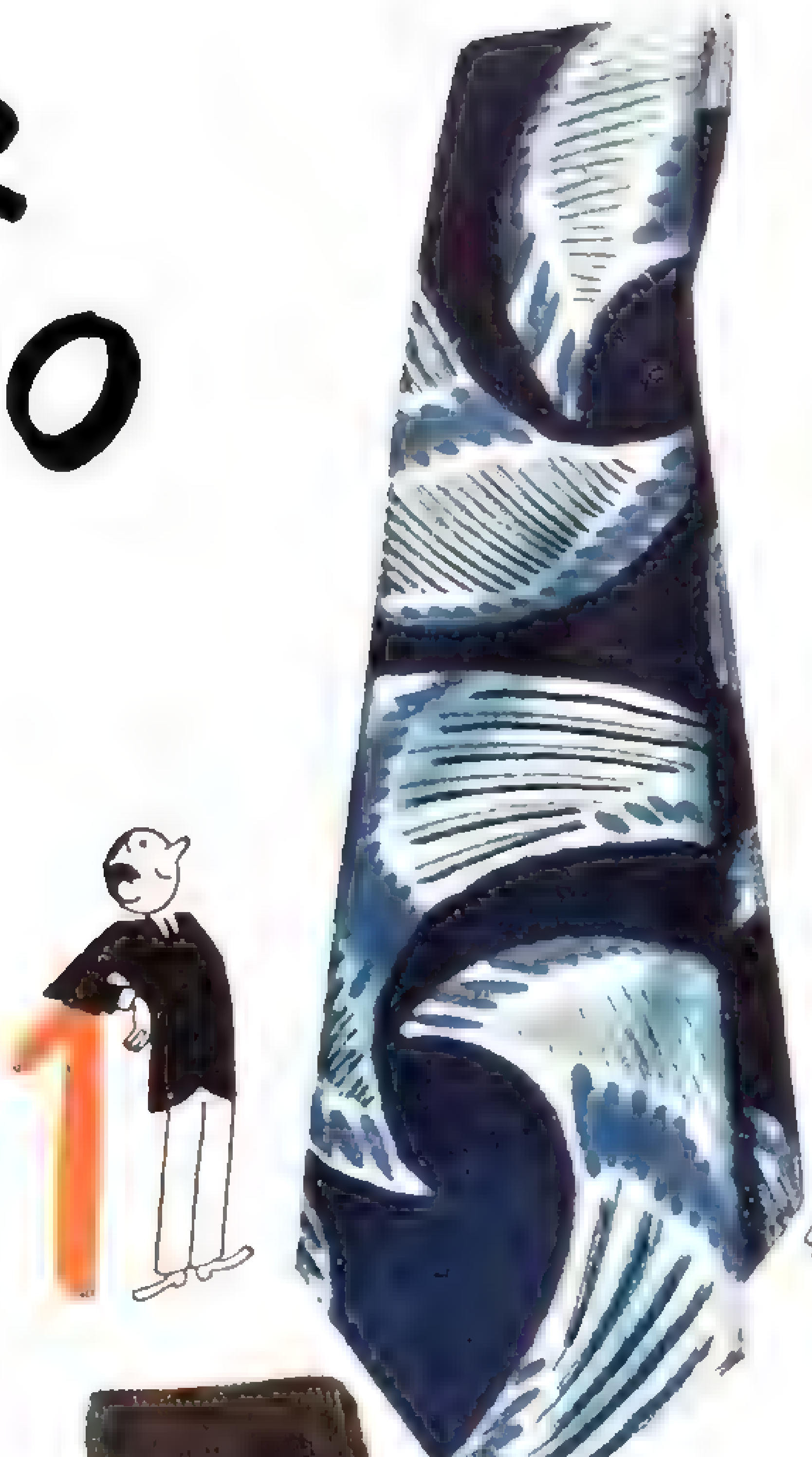
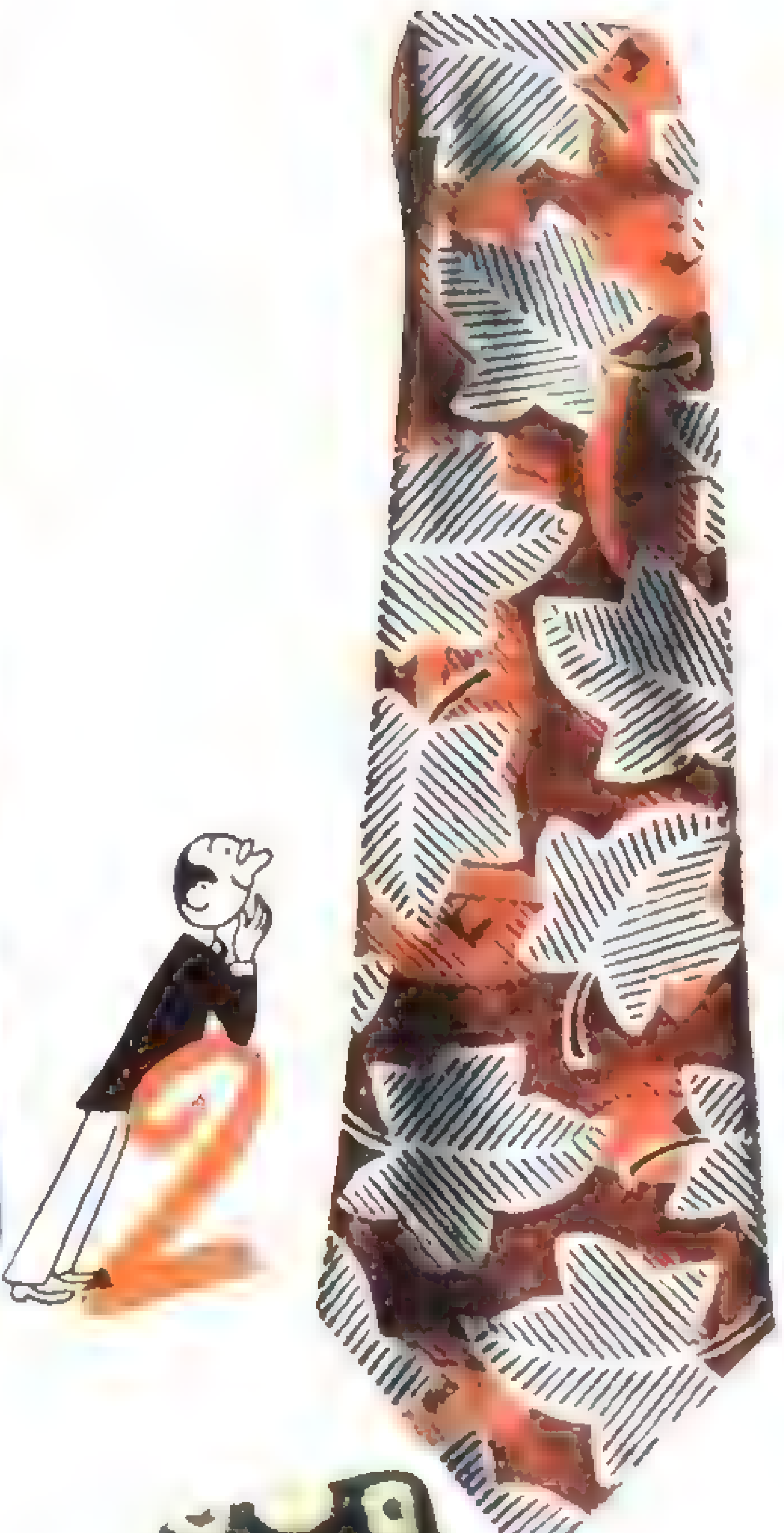
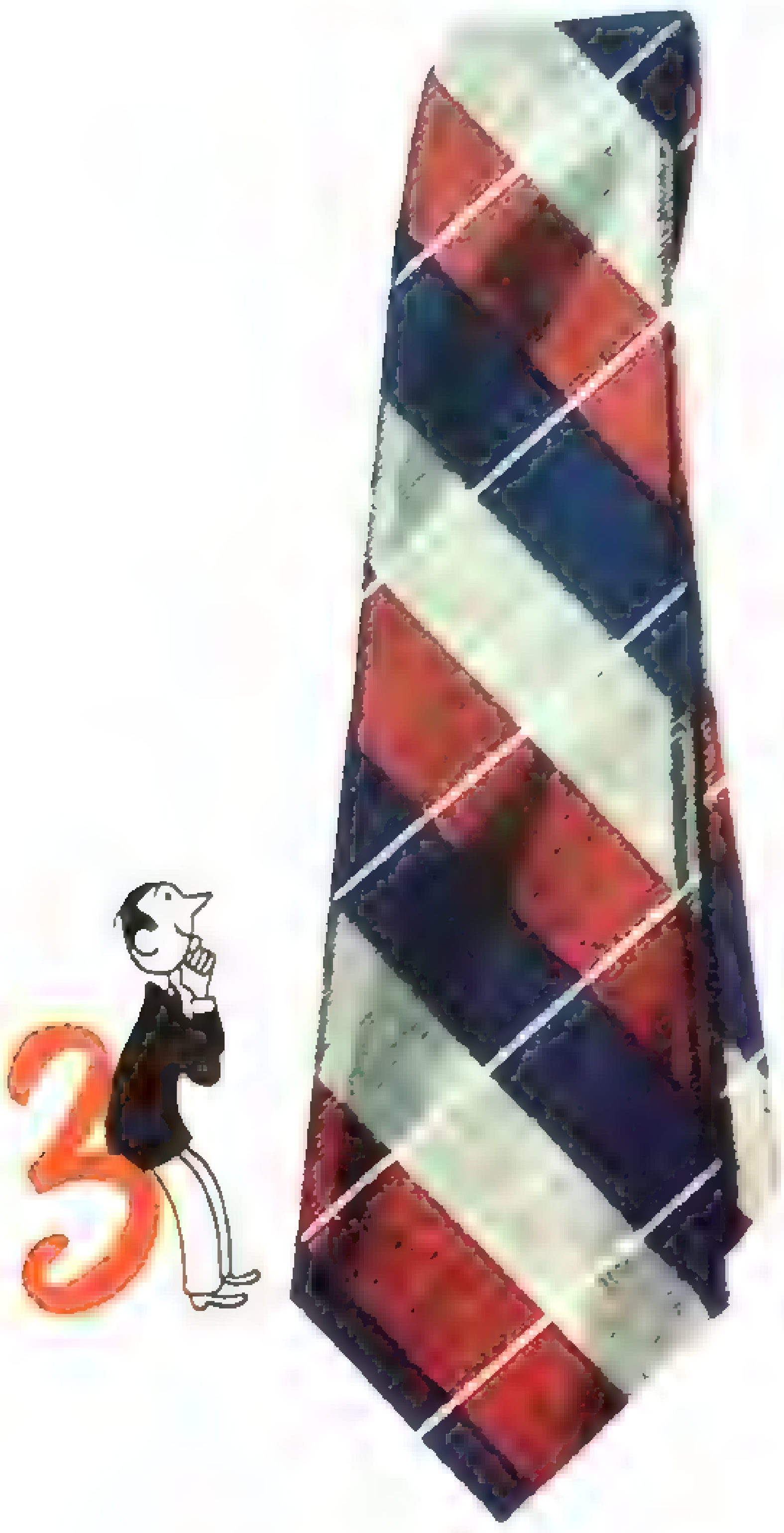
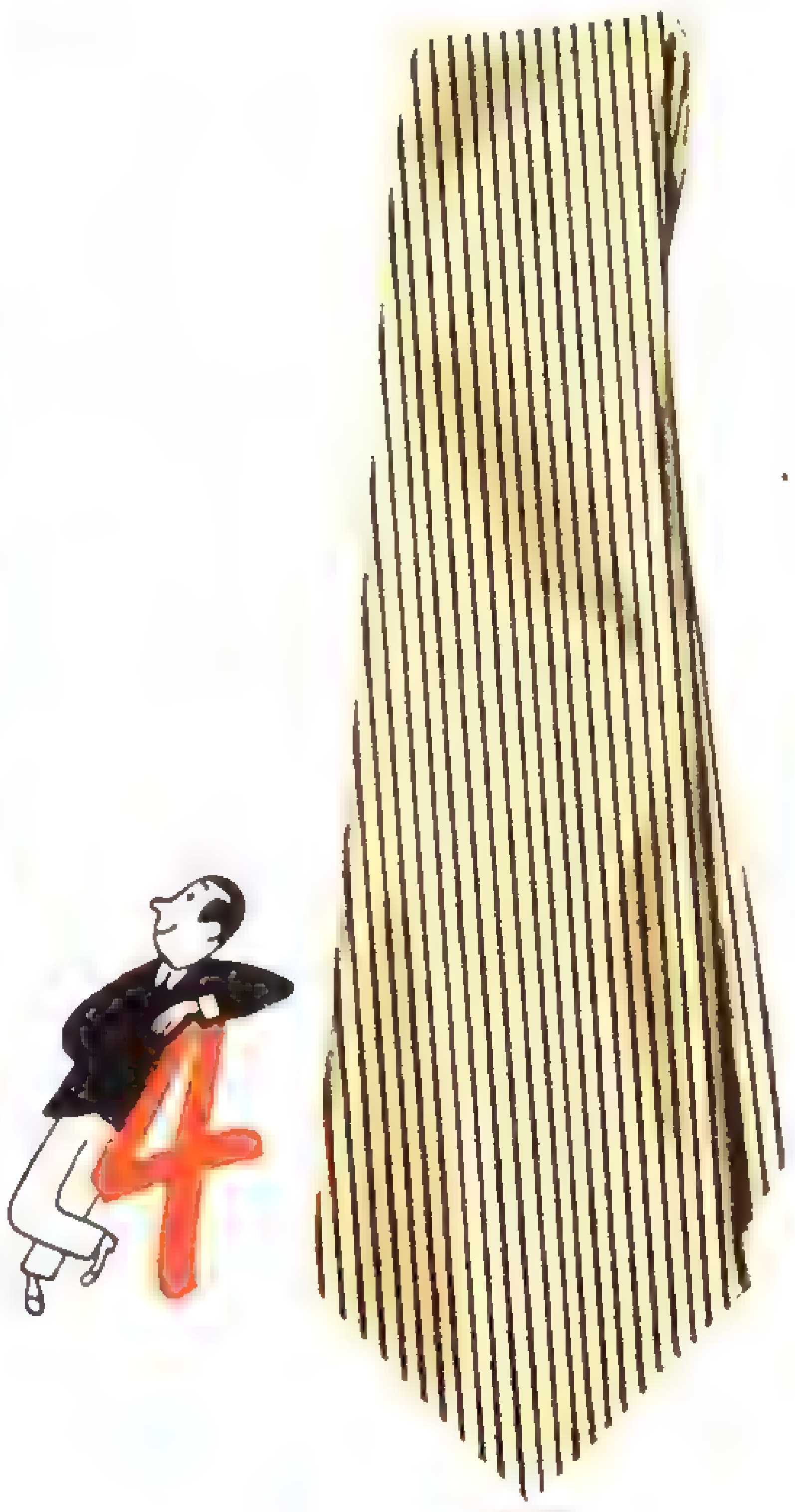
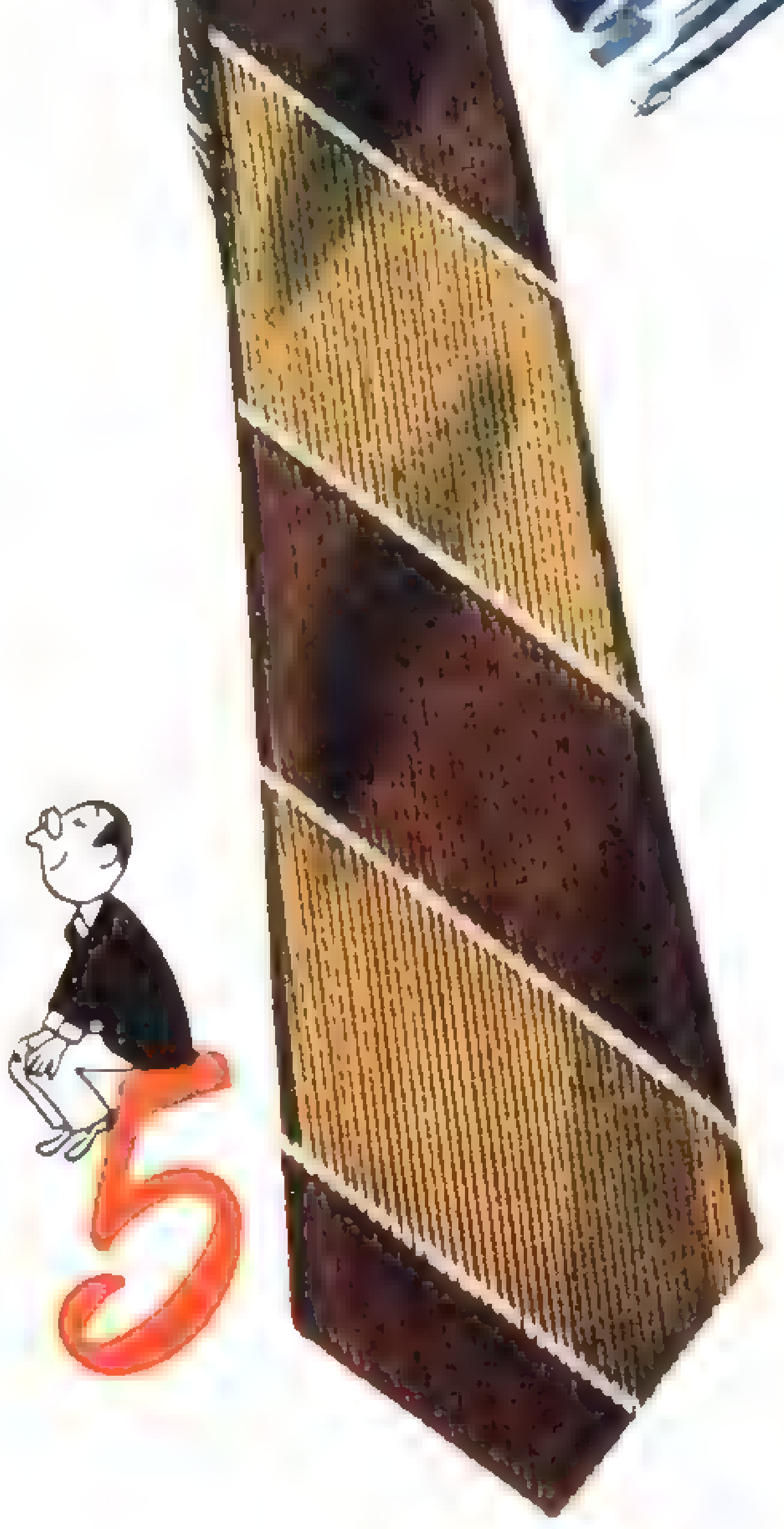
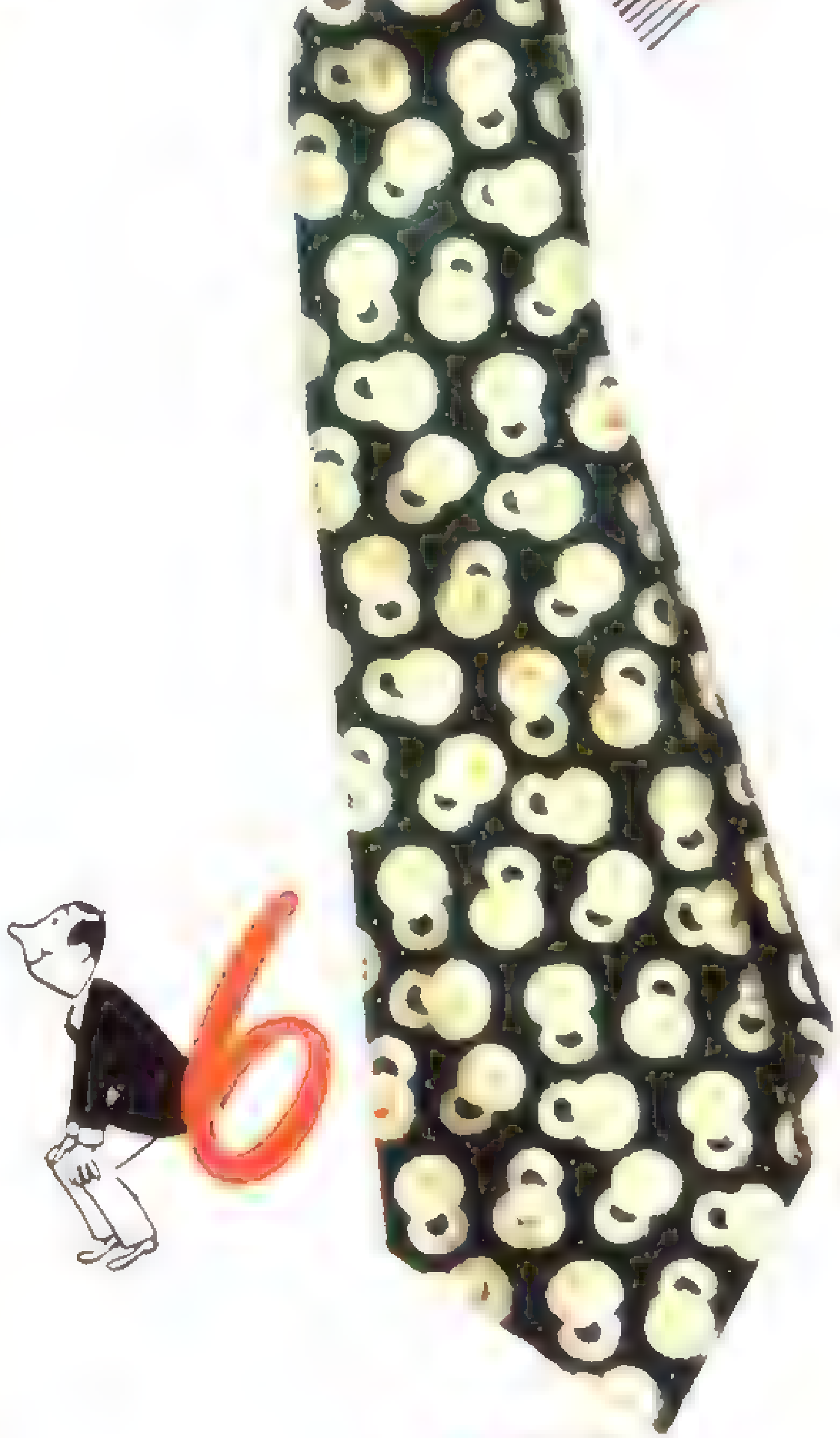


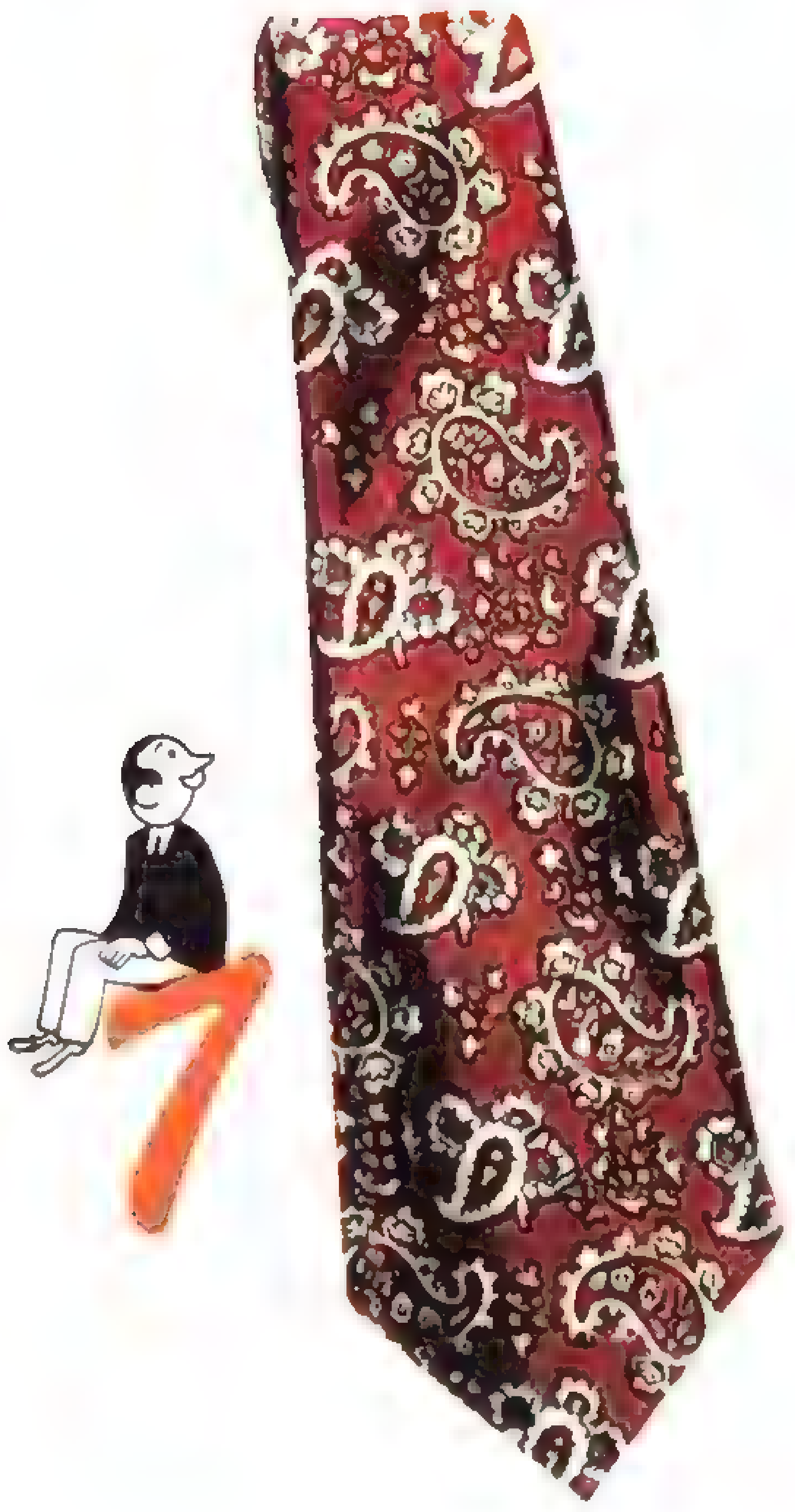


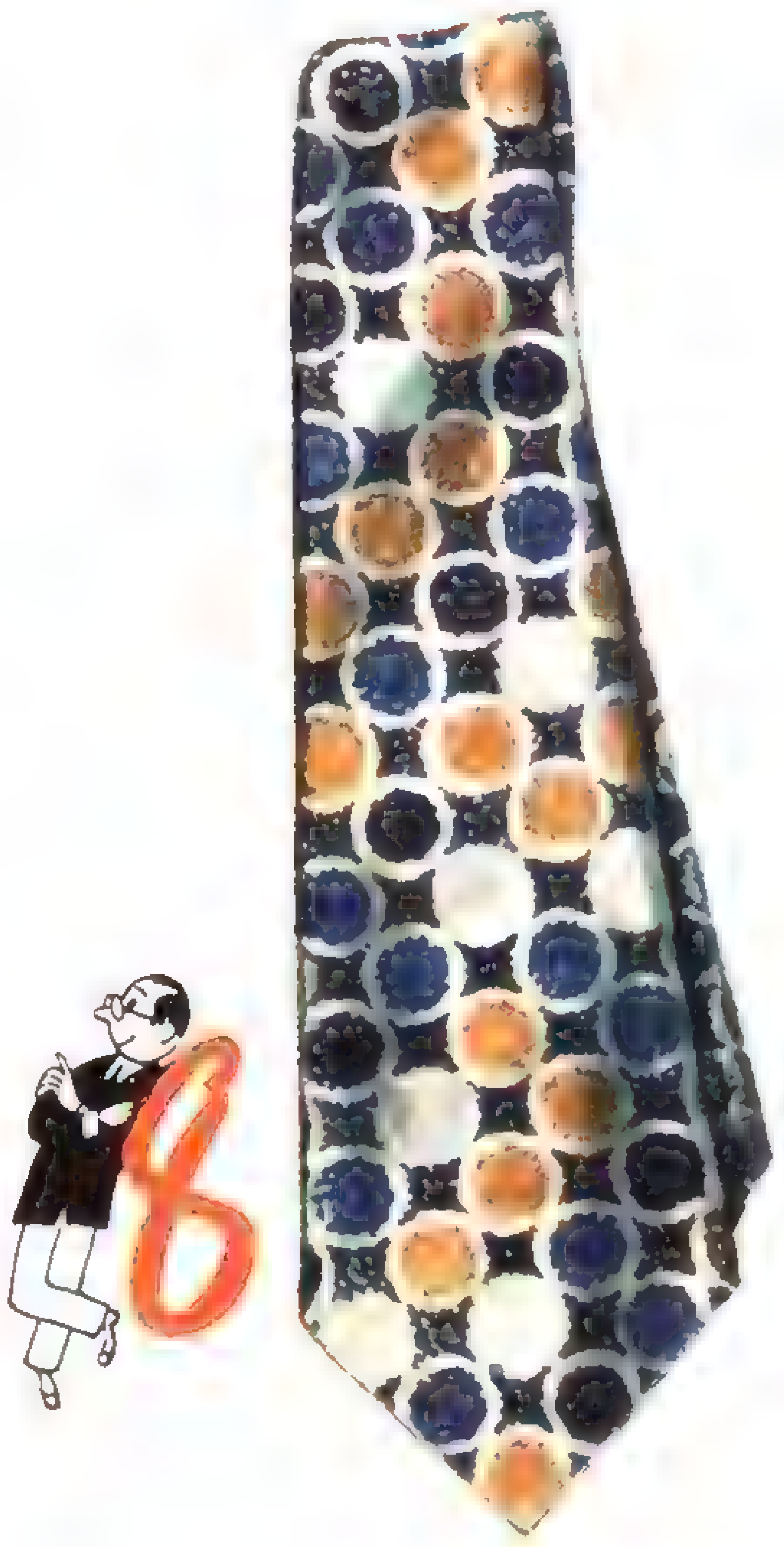


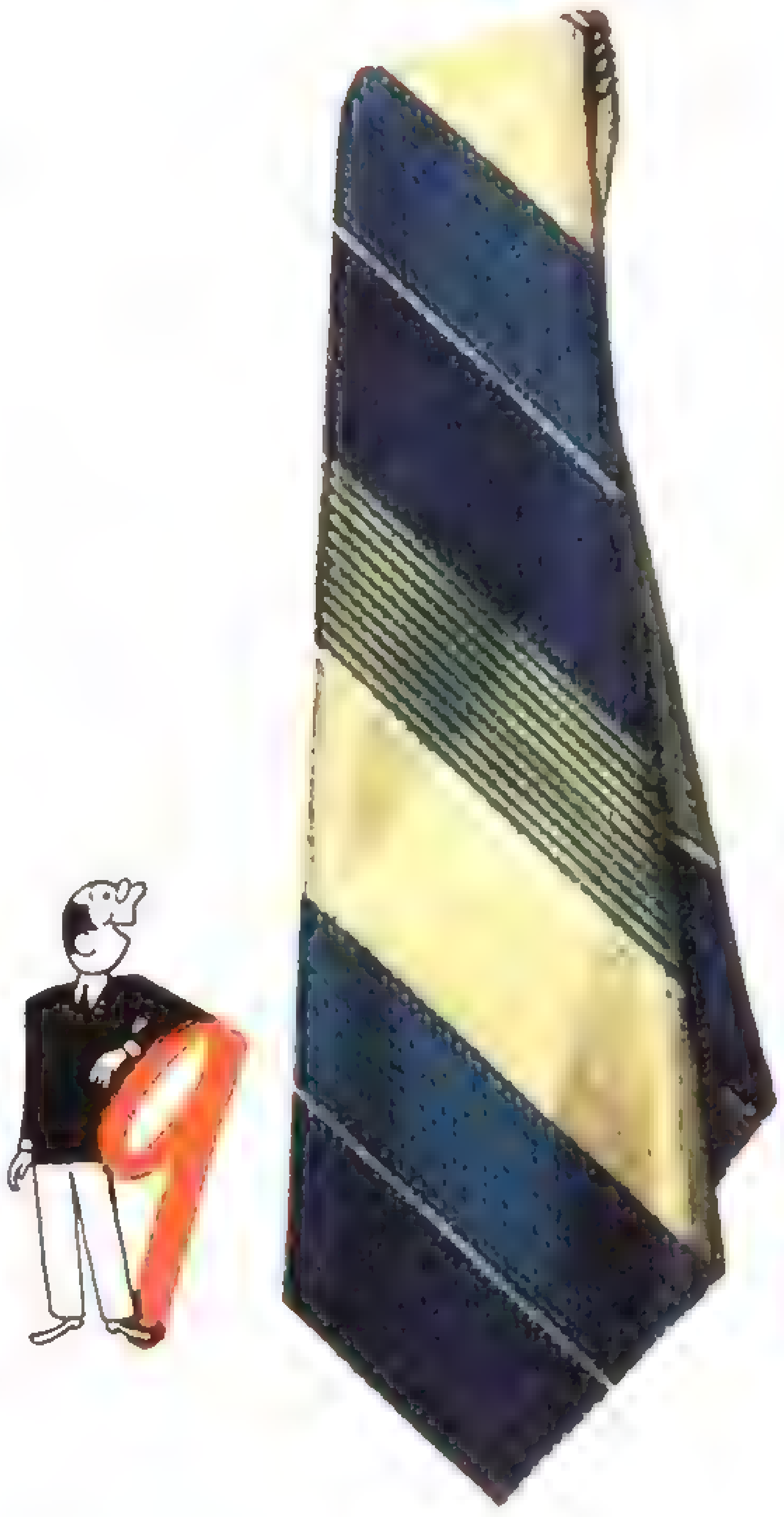


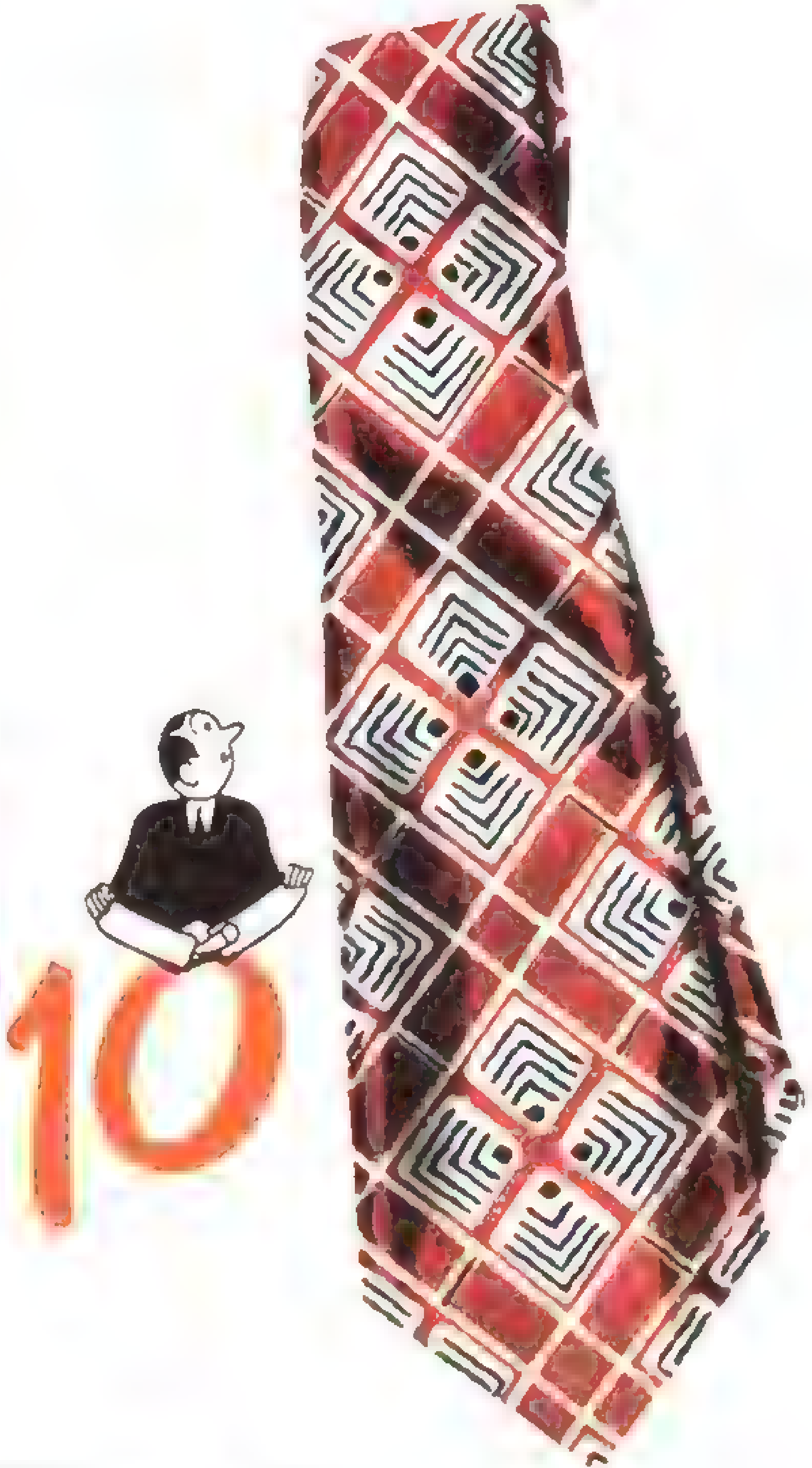




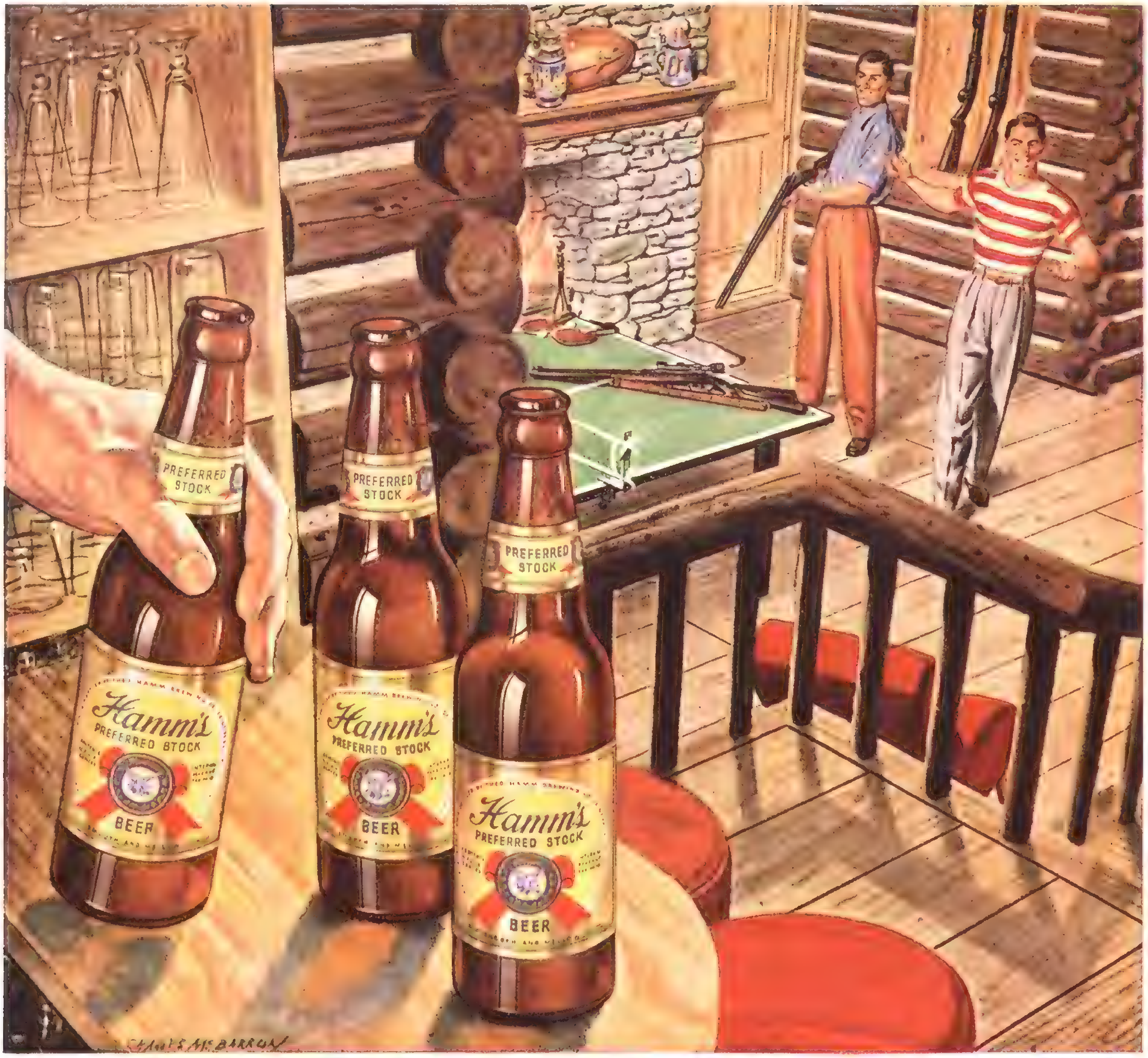








ARROW TIES



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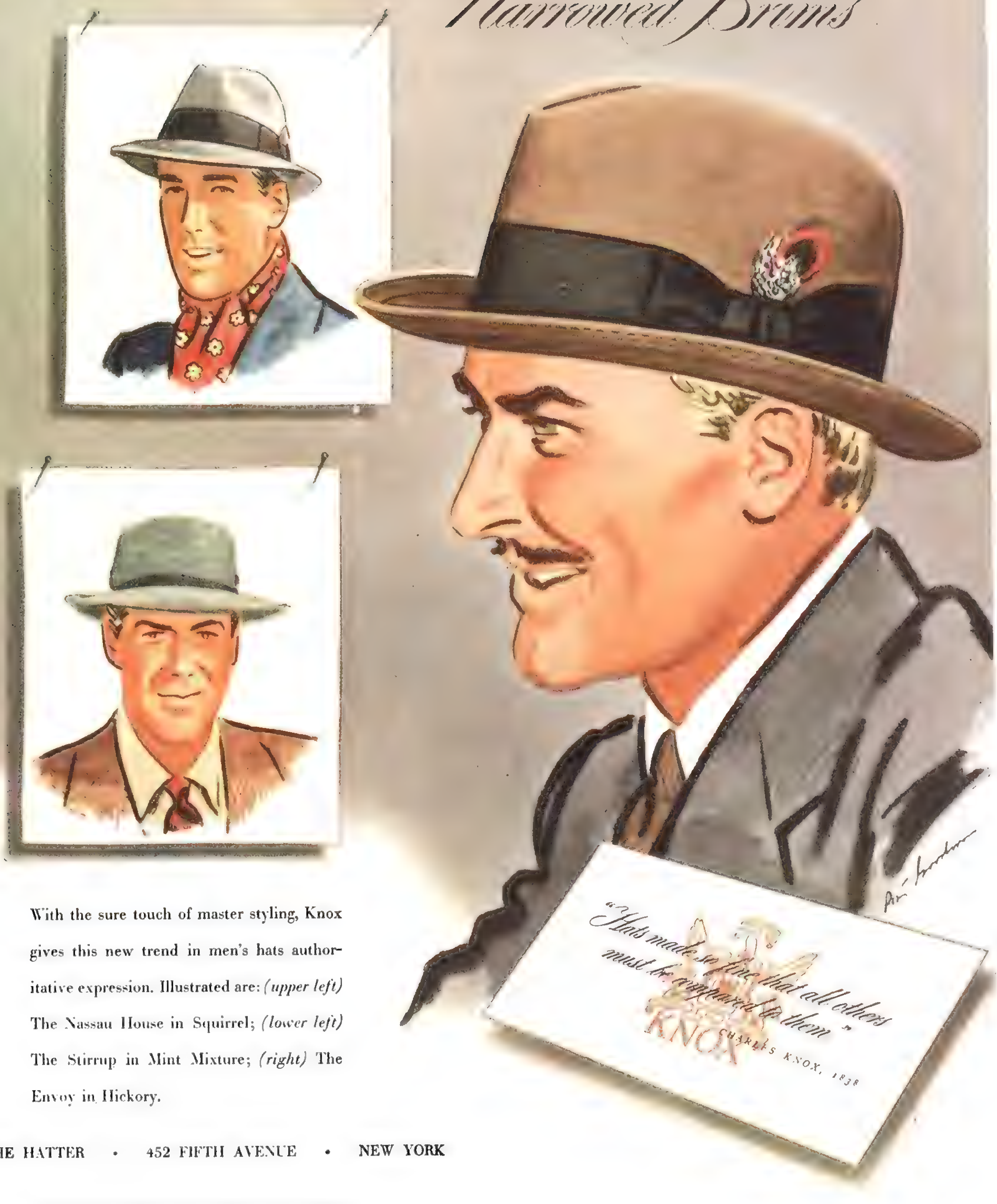
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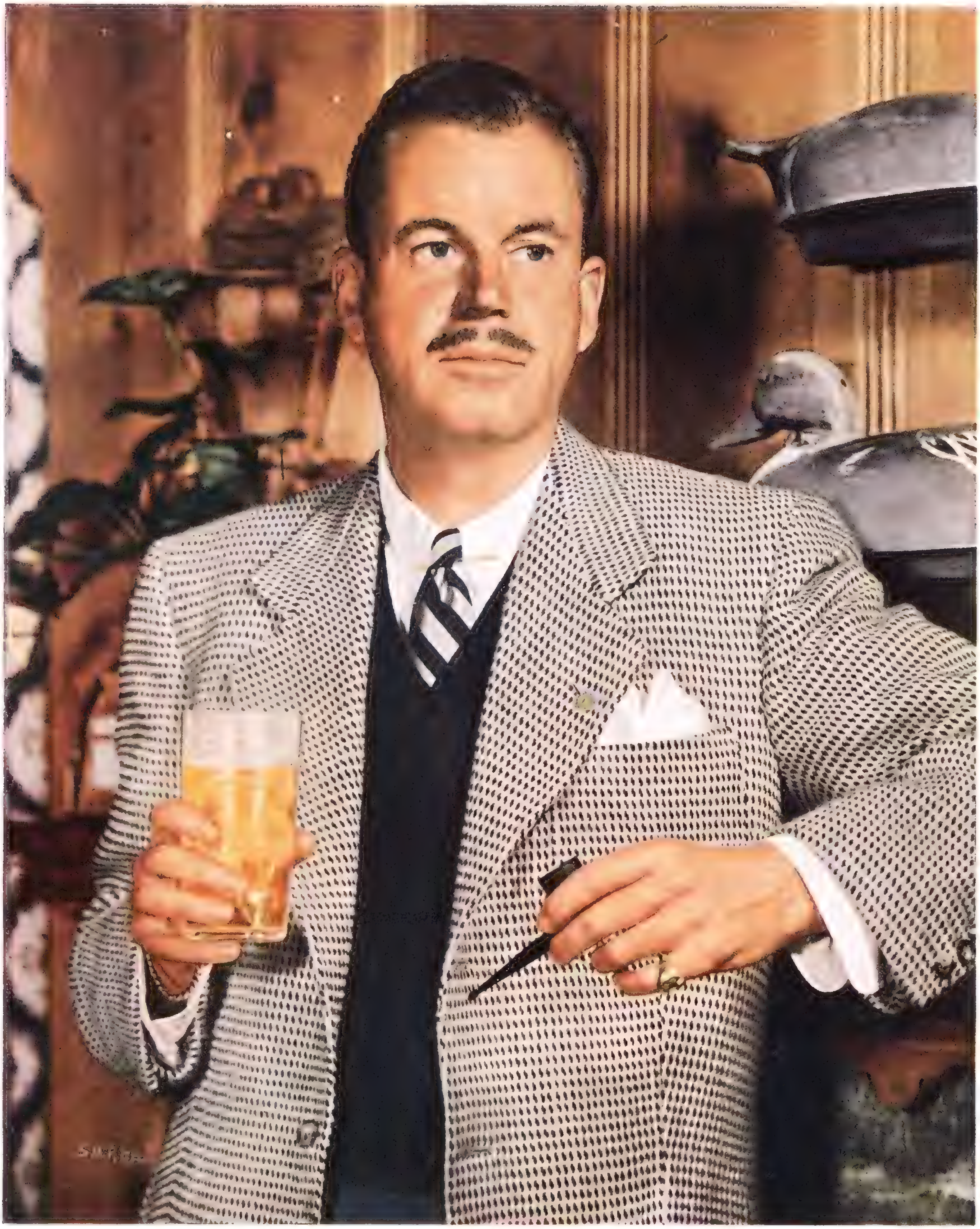

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A Matter of Motive

Continued from page 53

prompting. He'd spilled about the narcotics and the blackmail and Allan's request for more crumpets with his tea, and how he had arranged to call on Allan Tuesday night at nine o'clock. He admitted being there. He had rung downstairs, but there was no one home. So he went to a newsreel and then he came back and tried again. No answer, so he went to his Broadway store. He checked there at ten o'clock.

"I still like him," Parker said. "Writ or no writ. The kid wanted to bump the ante, which pushes Barton into action. He can get rid of a sharpshooter that can do him a lot of harm, and at the same time he saves himself important slabs of dough. That's motive, with two barrels. And he admits that he was right there trying to call on the guy, and he couldn't figure he'd be a suspect, because he didn't know that the guy had geysered to the girl friend."

We pulled up in front of the house on Park Avenue.

"What about that narcotic stuff?"

"Sonny Evans is going to plead him. The D. A. is going to let him cop it. They can't prove too much without Allan Lowe. All they have is what we gave them. Admission by Barton Avon. That's not enough. You need corroborating evidence. His books are in shape. A big operator, that Avon, and a smart one."

"Who's next?" I said.

We got out of the car. Lazily he said, "The Tokers tomato. Only policy killing is out of date, and it don't just happen like that, bang, a slug in the head. Policy murder is cute."

"So why Tokers?"

"She came up with a very fast alibi. Too fast and too anxious. We'll take her downtown for chitchat. Meantime, we got a man on her. Bill McKinley. He phoned me when you called on her this afternoon."

He looked down his nose. I looked down mine.

He opened the downstairs door and we took the elevator and he opened the upstairs door. Three rooms; a big living room and a bachelor's bedroom and a kitchen. A nice living room with all the equipment: lamps and drapes and a Chinese rug and a blue mohair couch and round tables with carved legs and bookracks and books.

"Look around," Parker said. "Excuse me. The john."

On a round mahogany table six books were wedged between two naked-lady gilt book ends. Maybe the naked ladies prompted me to pull out the de luxe Pierre Louÿs' *Aphrodite*, maybe because it was a little pushed forward. I flipped through it for pictures. I didn't flip long. I lost interest in naked ladies and pictures. The second flip showed me an envelope stuck between the leaves. It was slit open on top. It was addressed to Mrs. Elsa Avon, Gramercy Park North, New York City. There was a letter in it. I didn't read the letter. I got the thing out of the book and shoved it into my jacket pocket. I put the book back. I sat down on the couch and I lit a cigarette.

Parker came back. "It'll work itself out," he said. "All right. Now you've seen the apartment. He got it right here in the living room."

"You go through it?"

He looked at me sidelong. "Now what do you think?"

I looked at him sidelong. "I think yes."

"With a fine-tooth comb," he said.

"A fine-tooth comb," I said.

"What the hell's the matter with you?"

"Nothing," I said. "Let's get out of here. This place gives me the willies."

"You see enough?"

"Plenty. Even without a fine-tooth comb."

He gave me hurt eyes. We got out of there.

Downstairs, I said, "Thanks, I'll be seeing you."

"Good-bye, good luck," he said.

I walked over to Lexington Avenue and I went into a cafeteria and I had a cup of coffee. I took the letter out of the envelope and read it.

"Dear Elsa: Finished is finished. Now you've got it in writing. I don't see the sense, but if you insist, you can come over Tuesday night at eight. You can't stay long. As it happens, I've got a date with Barton for nine o'clock. Allan."

The date matched. Tuesday night was the night he was killed.

I drank my coffee. My case was solved.

I needed meat for the bones; so I took a cab down to Gramercy Park North. It was a tall apartment house. I asked the doorman for the Avon apartment. 10 B.

"Ten B," I said to the elevator man.

I knocked on the door.

"Who?" a small voice said.

"Peter Chambers. Barton sent me."

The door opened a crack. "Pardon?"

"Your husband asked me to drop in. My name is Chambers."

She opened the door. "I'm sorry," she said. "This is the maid's day off."

You could stage a ball game in the living room. There were three individual carpets. Three. There were two intricately woven green ones and in the middle a brilliant one-color coral. But carpets; the kind you have to wade through. There were three different sets of grouped furniture. Over the green carpets the motif was dark red mahogany. Over the coral carpet it was white; yes, white. Ivory, maybe. There was a long rectangle of ivory library-type table in the center, with tall silver candlesticks, and the rest of it followed that pattern, ivory and silver;

Continued on page 118

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A Matter of Motive

Continued from page 117

easy chairs, cocktail tables, radio, couches and stuff.

The back of her swayed gently as she led me into this ivory room. I took off my hat and put it on a white baby grand piano and I sat down on a white leather chair and I worried about leaving a soot stain.

She stood in front of me, her elbow on the back of a high chair, the gleam of a bracelet on her wrist.

She was something: small and hourglass in simple chartreuse, V-slashed to the stomach, with a wide red sparkling sequin belt. Over the belt, her breasts were smooth and pale, exposed and tilted, and her throat was long and young. Her lips were bright puckered red and her cheeks were round without rouge and her nose was tiny and burdened at the bridge with enormous jewel-framed sungoggles. On top, a complex high and parted coiffure; yellow hair like the slant of cold sun in the winter.

"A few questions," I said.

"I beg your pardon?" Her voice was bad; unmelodious, squeak-edged with fright. I wondered about her eyes.

"A few questions."

"Why?"

I shifted in the leather chair. I wasn't going to spar. I said, "Lady, I'm a private detective. I'm working on that Allan Lowe thing. I've run across some information that I don't think the police know. I thought I'd talk with you first."

She shuddered. Very slightly. She took her arm away from the back of the chair. She stood in front of me, near, looking down on me, her arms straight at her sides, her fingers limp.

I sighed. It came out a wheeze. I said, "You had a love affair with Allan Lowe."

She didn't say anything.

"There were letters," I said. "You saved the letters. You've got a whole stack of them."

That was a guess. She didn't answer.

"You saved them. Didn't you?"

She still didn't say anything.

"Didn't you?"—harsh and menacing, ham-and-egg detective style.

"Yes."

"You were there Tuesday night."

"Yes."

I fumbled for my cigarettes. I knew just where they were. I pretended I didn't. Casually, in the middle of the fumbling, I said, "What did you do with the gun?" Then I looked up at her.

She put her hand up and took off the glasses. Her eyelashes were long and mascara-black and curled like wet shoes after a walk in the rain. Her eyes were pool-blue with pinprick pupils, unstill, like they were watching a quick invisible pendulum. I didn't like it. I felt the itch of sweat on my spine.

"You are sure that the police don't know it?" she whispered.

"That's right."

"Why?"

"I wanted to talk with you first. I think I can help."

She reached down and took my hand and I stood up. She kept holding my hand and she smiled at me, promisingly. "You can help," she said softly. "By forgetting what we're talking about. By being paid for that."

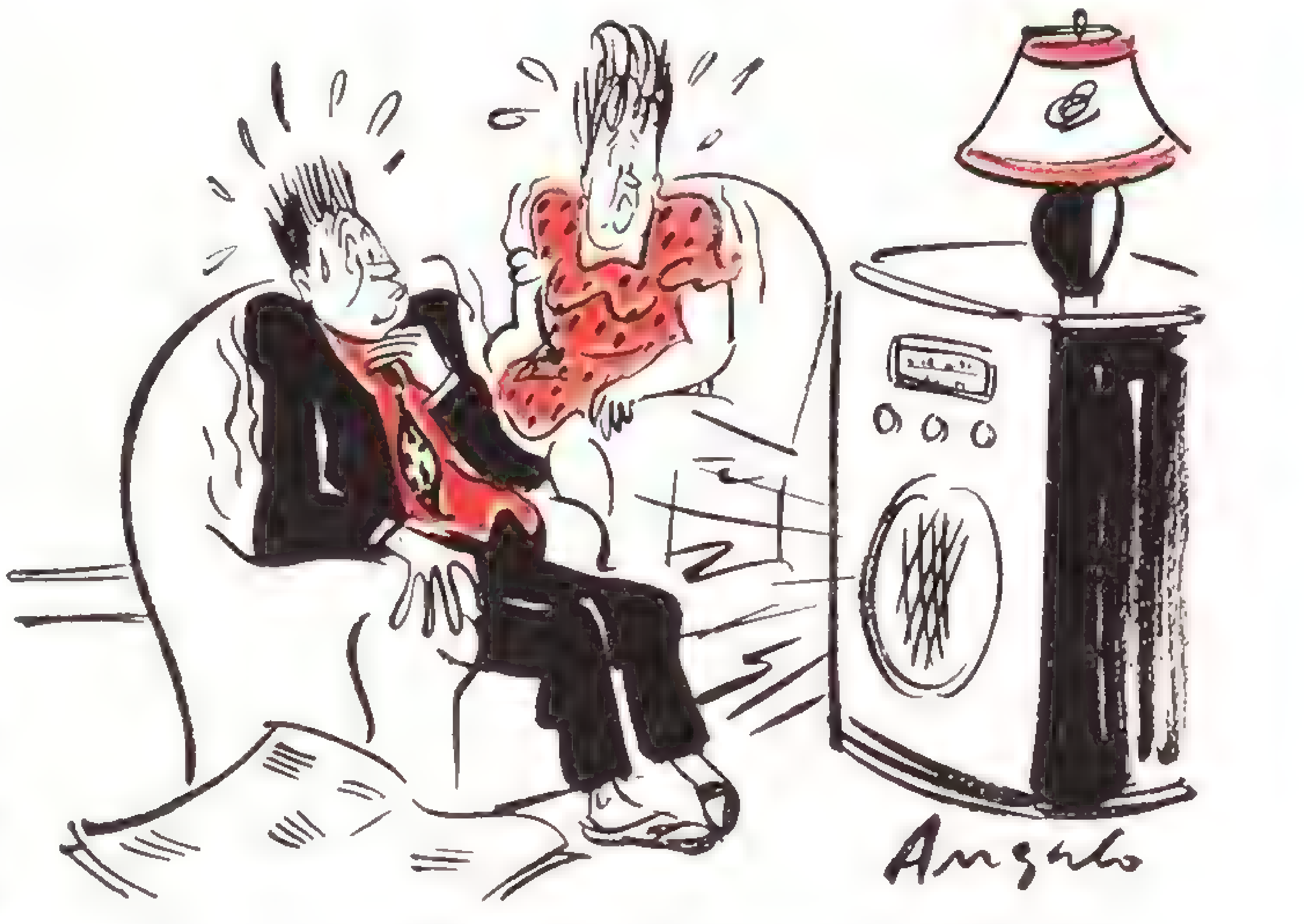
"No good," I said. I took my hand out of hers. "What about the gun?"

She drew in a lot of breath and the dress sheathed along the soft lines of her body. "I have the gun. It is my husband's gun. I didn't throw it away because I was afraid that it would be found. I know that bullets can be matched. It would incriminate him. It would be wrong. I have it. Hidden. Here."

"Will you get it, please?"

"Yes," she said. "I will get it."

She went out and I smoked the top part of two cigarettes and I walked the carpets and I looked at knickknacks. Then I saw her coming back. She was carrying a chunky nickel-plated item, a .32 revolver at a guess from where I was, but I didn't like the way she



"This crime play was produced for your Sunday evening listening pleasure"

was carrying it. I took long steps, and quick ones, to meet her. I wanted to be close.

"Yes," she murmured, "I have the gun," and she pulled the trigger.

I got a nick-tipped hip and a hole in my pants. That's all.

She got my left elbow in the gun hand and my right fist in the mouth. It wasn't that I was ungallant. It was very much more that I was scared.

The .32 (it was a .32) lay on its side, cushioned in the nap of the carpet, and she lay on her back with her eyes closed, half smiling, a dribble of blood on her chin. I got the gun and broke it. It totaled right. Three shells discharged. I put it into my pocket and I bent over her. "I'm very sorry," I said and I meant it. She didn't hear me. I slapped her face and I rubbed her wrists and I shook her, but it didn't do any good. She just stopped smiling. I wiped the blood off her chin with my handkerchief and I went looking for water. I finally found the kitchen and I wandered around in it and then I found a glass and I filled it with water. On the way back I saw a bottle of brandy on a tray on a bureau and I opened it and took a nip and brought it along.

I pulled back her lower lip and poured brandy at her clenched teeth and waited until it sieved through. I dipped my handkerchief into the glass of water and dabbed at her temples.

Her eyes opened, closed, opened again. "What happened?" she said.

I sat on the floor alongside her. "*I'm* asking that," I said. "You ought to tell me. I still think I can help."

She closed her eyes and she told me, in a flat whisper: "It was almost like what happened now. I was there before he was. When he came, we argued. I had brought the pistol. I took it out and fired it. He lunged at me, struck me. I fainted. I faint easily. I'm ill. I'm under the care of a doctor. When I recovered consciousness, I saw that he had fallen. That he was dead."

She opened her eyes. She watched the invisible pendulum.

"Just a minute," I said. "You were there before he was. How?"

"I have keys," she said. Then she fainted again.

I picked her up and carried her to the couch. I went into the brandy routine with handkerchief dabbing. She stayed out. I put the wet handkerchief away. I worked with the bottle. A nip for her, a nip for me. In between, I slapped her.

Her eyes butterflied. "I'm not well," she said. "Nerves. Will you bring my pills, please." She pointed with a long finger. "There. On the table. Bring three of them. In the little round box."

Then she began to laugh. She hadn't had enough brandy for that kind of laughter. Ice melted at the nape of my neck and spread to my shoulders. I scrambled for the pills. I found the round silver pillbox and I got three of them and brought them with the water. Yellow pills. Barbiturates. Goof balls. I tried to make her stop laughing. I slapped her hard. She looked at me. I rammed pills into her, and I poured the water. Then I sat there and I stroked her head until she fell asleep.

I pulled the front of her dress together and I took out my wet handkerchief and I wiped my face. I went and selected a small yellow pill for myself and swallowed it, with a brandy chaser. I sleuthed around that cavern of a spread-out three-decker drawing room until I found a telephone.

I called downtown. I got through to Detective-lieutenant Parker. "Parker," I said. "I'm at the Avon apartment. Come on up and bring a couple of your gentlemen."

I called Barton Avon at his Broadway store. "Come on home," I told him.

I called Frankie Tokers. That was pure grandstand.

There they were, all seated, with me standing. Parker's bulk on one end of a love seat. Barton Avon on the edge of a straight-back leather chair. Elsa Avon, drowsily, small in a corner of the couch. First Grade Detective Oshinsky and First Grade Detective Malone on piano bench and white-fuzz occasional chair, respectively. And Frankie Tokers, svelte in a barrel chair.

"I give you," I said, "a murderer." And I pointed at Barton Avon.

But dramatically.

Mostly for Frankie Tokers.

Dryly Parker said, "You're giving him to us? We gave him to you."

Barton Avon sucked in a corner of his upper lip and didn't say anything.

Mrs. Elsa Avon came awake, shrilly, with: "Stop that," and First Grade Detective Oshinsky sat down beside her and said, "Now look, lady . . ." and then they both shut up.

"Have a letter," I said to Parker, with the corner of my eye on Miss Tokers.

He read it. "So?"

"I found that in Allan Lowe's apartment this afternoon."

"That's a lie," Parker said. "We went over that apartment."

"Fine-tooth comb," I said. "Avon sees the wrong movies. Cops maybe can be dumb. But cops are thorough."

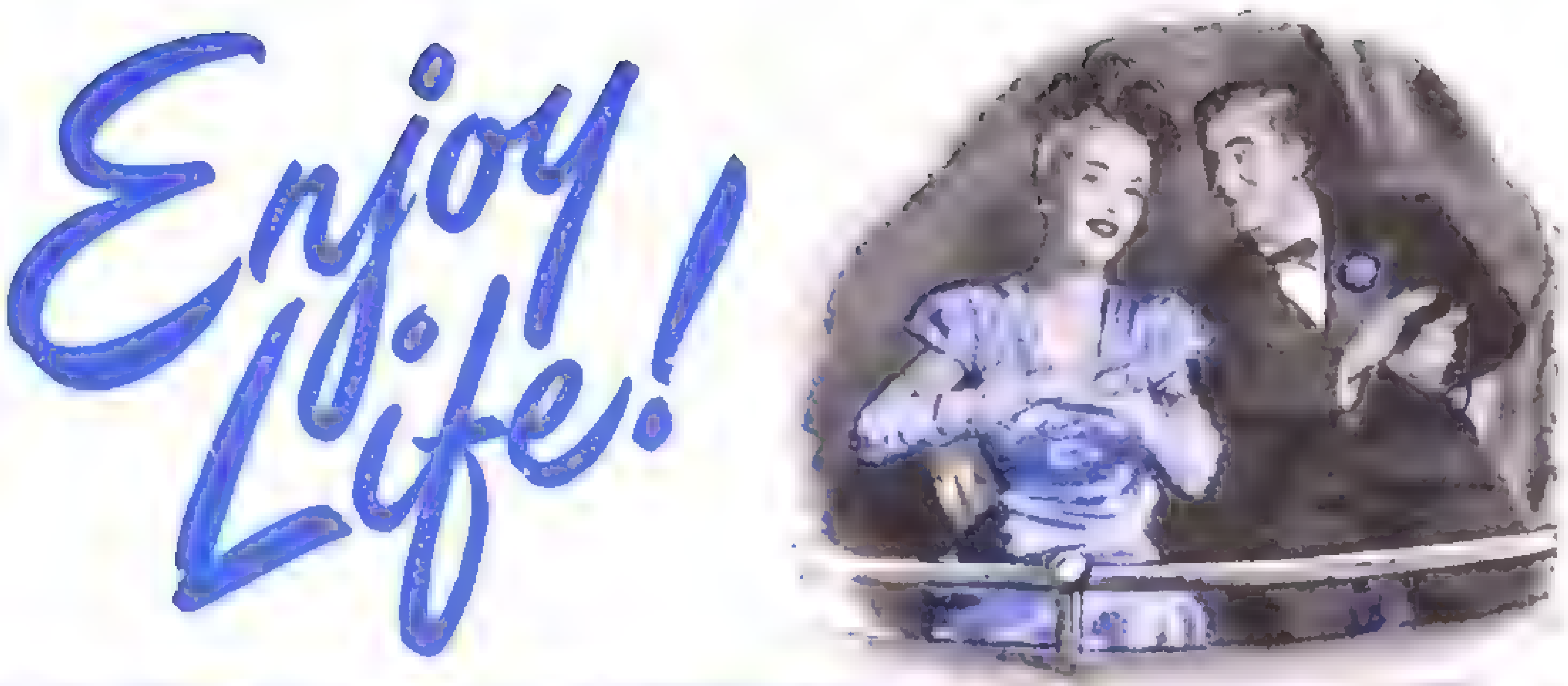
"You said it," Parker said, ambiguously.

"So listen." (Miss Tokers wet her luscious dark red lips and watched appreciatively.) "A guy comes in and hires me for five G's for something the New York City Police can do much better, and for nothing."

"That's my line," Parker said, a slow-burn red beginning on his neck.

"Acknowledged," I said. "But why? Because he wants me to diddle around and find a few

Continued on page 120



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A Matter of Motive

Continued from page 119

things he wants me to find. So I diddle, and it comes up frustrated love, which is *not* what Mr. Barton Avon wanted me to find."

I turned to him and I smiled (only for Miss Tokers) and he looked at me in reluctant admiration and open-eyed. Like I wanted Miss Tokers to be looking at me. I switched a glance at her. She wasn't doing bad, at that.

The private dick, in his little moment of glory.

Stubbornly Parker said, "That letter couldn't have been there."

"You said it, Lieutenant. But it was there. That adds up to plant."

"Plant," the lieutenant in the love seat mumbled. "Nuts." But I ignored it.

"Even without the fine-tooth comb inspection, that letter didn't belong there. The sender doesn't have his own mail. And *she* wouldn't plant it and have *herself* fried for murder. So who does it figure?"

First Grade Detective Malone heaved into my scene.

"Who?" he grunted, flatulently.

"Who had access to it? Friend husband with the drugstores. He wanted me to find it. He wanted me to pump his wife and he figured I might get a confession of murder. Which, as it happens, I did."

"*What?*" Parker roared.

"Take it easy," I said.

Then Parker got the drift. Gruffly he said, "All right. Shape it up."

I shuffled in the deep-pile carpet; shuffled, sort of, with my fingers crossed. "Sure. He knows that a romance cooks between his wife and his shrewd-apple clerk. It's coming to a close, but the guy doesn't like it. Naturally. He hates them. Both of them. He's been steaming open letters that the other damn fool was writing, and he knows that there's an appointment for Tuesday night. So once and for all, he makes up his mind. He's going to take care of the guy. Not for the blackmail. You can negotiate blackmail; you can't negotiate with your feelings when your wife is playing with a guy you're paying."

"I said shape it up," Parker said. "I didn't say nothing about lyrics for violin music."

"So he goes to collect his gun, and it's gone. He realizes that the Missus has it and that there's going to be fireworks. Fine. Tuesday night, a little after eight o'clock, he's hanging around that apartment door with Elsa inside. He hears the shot. He goes in. The wife is unconscious on the floor and Allan has a handful of bleeding shoulder. He takes the gun out of her hand and he blasts and the guy goes over with a bullet in his head. Then he wipes off the prints and puts it back in the Missus' hand and he powders."

I stopped. For effect. Dear Miss Tokers' mouth was open, and just exactly right for kissing.

Resolutely, I said: "That's it. Afterward, when he has more time, he goes back and plants the letter. The next day. After the cops have been there, and after they've taken Allan away. Then he hires himself a private Richard to lay it in my lady's lap, and he's rid of both of them. He hopes."

Parker didn't take his eyes off Barton Avon and Barton Avon had both lips inside of his teeth and his face was a mixture of mayonnaise yellow and bush-league green.

"There's a catch," Parker grumbled.

"I know. How he got in and how he got out."

"That's the catch."

"No catch. Mrs. Elsa Avon has a set of keys to Allan Lowe's place. A downstairs key and an upstairs key. So Mr. Avon borrows them and has a duplicate set made during the period that his perfect-ending idea is incubating. Later on, you'll ask him how he knew she had the keys; probably from something in the letters."

And then I flung the clincher (with my fingers still crossed): "There's a witness that will tie all of this together. Mr. Barton Avon has probably disposed of his duplicate keys but he didn't, I am sure—*also dispose of the key maker*. When you borrow your wife's keys and she doesn't know about it, you don't borrow them for long; so it follows that the key maker is somewhere in the very near vicinity. Thus, Lieutenant, you can demonstrate to Mr. Barton Avon about the thoroughness of cops by producing, and with dispatch, the key maker—the guy that will put the finger on our Barton of the Avon."

Some of it was gimmick. Most of it wasn't.

Altogether—it worked.

Barton Avon, on the edge of his straight-back chair, sobbed once and nodded and then he bent like a Bob Feller curve and he toppled. First Grade Detective Malone first applied the manacles and then performed the resuscitation rituals. Detective-lieutenant Parker stood up and came over and patted my cheek and his eyes said, "You son of a so and so."

"Mostly," I said, "a matter of motive. You can have a guy down there in the hard room and you can use the rubber rope on him, verbal or physical; but if you're working on a wrong motive—he knows it, and psychologically, it's spit on a stick. It's no good."

"Shaddap," he said.

Then a watermelon-wedge of grin broke out on his face.

"Very, very good," he said, and the words were separate shots of rock plopping into a pond (but he made it): "Absolutely very good."

"Absolutely very good"—from a detective-lieutenant to a private eye. For a week, practically (in between phone calls to Frankie Tokers), I tipped my hat to myself every time I went by a mirror. #

Continued from page 53

Portrait of a Hollywood Agent

Continued from page 81

two of his friends of that period, Gregg Toland and Leon Shamroy, both Academy Award winning cameramen, he rose to the practically anonymous position of second assistant cameramen to John Ford, now a celebrated director.

Thus, when he opened his law office, he had a few friends in the motion-picture industry. None of them was important at the time, but they were the kind of people who, when they needed a lawyer, needed a fast, cheap one. Charlie was that kind of a lawyer. He also had another sponsor, an attorney named Victor Ford Collins, for whom he originally served subpoenas and acted as office boy.

At this time in Hollywood, fifteen years ago, there were more small agents, operating on hope and shoestrings, and fewer lawyers by far, than now. Edward Small, now a millionaire producer, Frank Orsatti, now one of the better agents, and Charlie Morrison, who runs big night clubs, were small-time agents. Wilson Mizner, the wit, was to be found nightly at his table at the Vine Street Brown Derby, dispensing hospitality and quaint sayings. Feldman, a handsome young dog who had a quick gift for the gab himself, fell in with this group. They liked the kid, and used their influence to see that when their friends and enemies got sued, they got sued by Feldman. He became Eddie Small's attorney for $60 a month and, although he followed collegiate habit in never seeming to furrow his brow over a problem, he quickly demonstrated that complicated deals, income tax returns, percentages of gross and net profits, and the fine print on contracts, were all crystal clear to him. Business picked up.

At the end of one year Feldman was astonished to discover that he had earned $25,000. He was twenty-five years old and his career looked like a sinecure. He dropped it cold.

Felix Young, a member of the Brown Derby claque, hooked a leg over Feldman's desk one morning and talked in simple arithmetic.

"Look, Charlie," he said, "you made $25,000 this year. You got it from agents. The agents get ten per cent from their clients. They collect this for deals which are actually made by you. Now—"

Feldman was in the agency business next morning. He became partner of Mrs. B. P. Schulberg, wife of the former producer. Her main stars were Joan and Dick Bennett. Through friends, they quickly got contracts to represent Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer, whose prices were nothing like their enormous wages today. But the late Myron T. Selznick, brother of David, controlled seventy-five per cent of the agency business; smaller artists' representatives were ten-per-centers who could be, and in many cases often were, ignored, pushed around, or ruined by the studios.

Once when the pushing was extremely hard, Feldman went to Selznick and asked for a job in his agency. He was turned down. Two years ago, after Myron's death, Charlie purchased some of the Selznick New York stock, and took over the lease of the New York office.

Feldman was almost ruined at the start. He made troubles about money with the people who had the money and they slammed the door in his face. He was barred from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and from Warner Brothers, and with these two important sources of business closed, and the others withdrawing their welcome mats, the Schulberg-Feldman agency faced bleak prospects.

Mrs. Schulberg and her brother, Sam Jaffe (now one of the big agents) were understandably nervous. They proposed a disassociation. Feldman winced, but in defense of his methods made a hasty offer to buy his partner out. To his embarrassment, the offer was accepted.

This dilemma made it necessary to sell Sylvia Sidney. Feldman had just acquired Miss Sidney's contract, through considerable difficulty and fast talk, and wanted very much indeed to keep that talented young woman on his list; but in his emergency, he threw her on the market. His best offer was $25,000, which he hastily accepted, borrowed on everything he had, and became proprietor of an agency. Today he again represents Miss Sidney in her comeback to the screen.

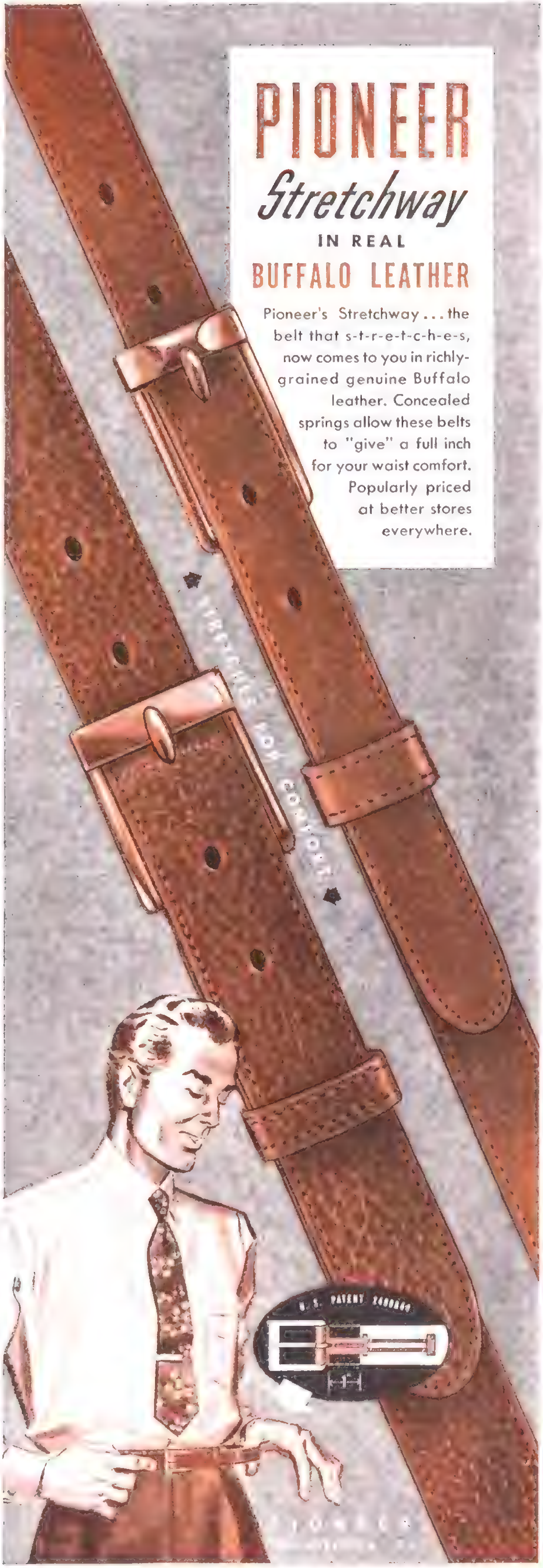
As an independent entrepreneur whose cakes and ale depended entirely upon how much money he could make for his clients, Feldman was confronted with two problems: first, how to get some clients, and second, how to make money for them after he got them.

He solved the first problem by devising a technique which is frequently practiced in the agency business today, but which, according to the code of the Artists' Representatives Association, is not considered *de rigueur*. He approached other agents' clients, some of whom had long-term contracts with their representatives, and offered to work for nothing until they could divorce their present agents. The other under-the-rose gesture by which agents filched clients, that of lending money to actors, was hardly possible for Feldman at that time. But by offering his services free, he compiled a respectable list.

In assaulting the second problem, how to make more money for actors, Feldman rolled a critical eye at the common practice of selling performers under long-term contracts. This sounds like a very wonderful deal, and in simple arithmetic it is: get your client a seven-year contract and you can collect ten per cent of his salary from then on, just like an annuity.

But you make less money. Feld-

Continued on page 122



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Portrait of a Hollywood Agent

Continued from page 121

man, who dearly loves to have everything complicated and always prefers to deal in progressions rather than in mere addition, saw that. Miss Dunne, for instance, was under contract to RKO at $1500 a week. Since a contract year consists of forty weeks, Irene's income, before taxes, was $60,000. When the RKO deal expired, Feldman refused to sell her services to anybody on a term deal, and demanded $150,000 per picture. Her first production under this setup was *Magnificent Obsession*, directed by John Stahl, also a Feldman client, and *Showboat* followed. Miss Dunne has been a grateful Feldman client ever since and has gone onward and upward in both arts and finances.

A similar situation prevailed with Claudette Colbert, who was receiving $2500 per week at Paramount. On the expiration of her contract, Feldman discovered a script which several important actresses had turned down, induced Colbert to take it, and demanded $150,000 for her work in the picture. The film was *It Happened One Night.*

By learning ahead of the mob how badly a certain producer needed a suave Frenchman to wave long eyelashes and make love perfectly, Feldman next raised Charles Boyer from $30,000 per picture to $125,000 for eight weeks' work. An expert in inserting all the contingencies into a contract which the pica print will bear, Feldman stipulated that Boyer had to be paid more if the film ran more than eight weeks. It ran twenty weeks, and Charlie's commission came to $30,000. M. Boyer was charmed by his new and benign friend, is still under contract to him, and is still a free lance. Marlene Dietrich, George Raft, and Tyrone Power quickly allied themselves with the young magician. Mr. Raft was recently signed up for a picture which will pay him $200,000.

It is not true, as is sometimes impolitely suggested in Hollywood, that all of Feldman's 300 clients today are free lancers for whom he engages in vendetta and pistol-packing assault every time one of them appears before a camera. It has been convenient to let the studios have some of them for the usual seven-year period, with options. But the free-lance concept is Feldman's first principle, and he battles for it. More and more stars are coming around to it, whether represented by Feldman or not, as a way of life not only to pay bigger income taxes, but to have veto power on pictures they do not wish to make.

But the prize idea was yet to come. Feldman had not been studying the works of Mr. James and the fiction of hundreds of lesser writers merely because he cherished belles-lettres.

As his fame as a profit-making middleman increased, Charlie had acquired not only more actors and actresses, but more than eighty writers, directors, and producers. It occurred to him that selling one personality at a time was a slow way to do business, and he decided to package his clients. Actually, Feldman's concept of packaging deals, which has revolutionized motion-picture making, grew out of distress over clients who were slow-moving commodities on the screen market.

After a glamorous spate of films in which she showed her legs and looked wicked, Miss Dietrich was in the doldrums. John Wayne, then a stalwart but unexciting actor, had forked a horse in his first picture, and seemed destined to hold that position permanently. Randolph Scott was in the same predicament.

Trading on Dietrich's glamor, Feldman found a property called *The Spoilers*, paid out cash to have a screen play written from it, cast his clients in the leads, and sold the entire package to Universal. Feldman thus drew his ten per cent from three players, not forgetting what he received for the story, and was soon able to peddle John Wayne at $150,000 per picture as a result of his leap from a saddle into Marlene's boudoir.

From then on, Feldman evolved more complicated packages, but the key to the deal is simple.

"I get hold of a story," he explains, "and I look about for a big star or a big director, first. If a big personality is interested the rest is a cinch, because any producer will take the package if it comes with a sufficiently important name on the label. The big personality isn't necessarily my client, but he usually is."

He sold the play, *Angel Street*, to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer after interesting Ingrid Bergman (then a David O. Selznick client and borrowed for the picture) and Charles Boyer. To make the parcel really tight, he also wrapped up the Hakim brothers, who originally had purchased the rights to the American production, and sent them along as producers. Metro released the film under the title of *Gaslight*, and started the psychological drama trend.

Feldman catches on fast. He bought another play, *Uncle Harry*, for $50,000, sold it for $100,000 plus twenty-five per cent of the net, and packaged a new client in it. Her name was Ella Raines. The picture made her a star, and Feldman has been charging enormous prices for her ever since.

He bought a story called *The Bishop's Wife*, by Robert Nathan, had a screen play written by his client, Leonardo Bercovici, interested Cary Grant in it, and sold it to Sam Goldwyn for a large, tidy sum plus twenty-five per cent. He packaged *Affairs of Susan* for George Brent, director Bill Seiter, and Joan Fontaine, and then made a star out of his new protégée, June Haver, by grabbing a *Saturday Evening Post* story, *Home in Indiana*, by George Chamberlain, and selling this to Darryl Zanuck.

"I knew it was a cinch as soon as I read that yarn," Feldman grins. "It had horses in it. Darryl loves horses and will buy anything with a horse in it." This was one of Fox's most successful pictures and made two stars of unknowns June Haver and Jeanne Crain.

A recent Feldman purchase, one that is typical of his current operation, is that of the Broadway play, *Glass Menagerie*, for a reported half million dollars.

With some forty major directors under contract to him, Feldman has only to keep in touch with them—no small chore in itself—to know what they are interested in and what kind of stories they would prefer to make. Sometimes he gets so involved that he almost outmaneuvers himself.

Client Howard Hawks wanted to make a democratically constructive picture during the war. Feldman went into a marathon reading spiel and came up not with one story, but with five. These were short stories about different countries, America, England, China, Russia and France. To make his grab bag even more surprising, Feldman then acquired a famous radio property, Earl Robinson's *Lonesome Train*, had his writers work out an episodic script, and recorded the entire play on wax with expensive professional actors. Feldman went to a meeting of the Screen Actors' Guild, which comprised all of the top actors in the business, and wanted to set this picture up on a charity basis with all proceeds going to any charitable organization to be chosen by the government. He wanted no profit of any kind for himself, but the Guild turned down the offer as they did not feel it was fair to the business to do charitable pictures. Thereupon Feldman set this picture up on an independent financing basis. Film restrictions and the cost of the production made it so prohibitive he had to abandon this idea. He finally knocked on Jack Warner's door with a picture that talked. This was the first time in the history of the motion-picture business that a recording was made of an entire script, so that the producer could hear the picture instead of reading it.

Warner, who was in the throes of turning out patriotic pictures, such as *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, and *This Is the Army*, was enchanted. Feldman got his name on a pageful of dotted lines before J. L. remembered that the monosyllable "no" was the chief word in his vocabulary. But when a budget originally set at four million dollars swelled to six million and when, with war's end, cinema style suddenly shifted to comedy, Warner cried that he wanted out.

Feldman, who wants everybody to be happy, even producers, had foreseen this. In place of his six-story picture, he offered two new stories, *To Have and Have Not* and *The Big Sleep*. Both were directed by his client, Howard Hawks, and both gave co-star billing to Mrs. Howard Hawks' discovery, Lauren Bacall.

Miss Bacall was a discouraged girl, about to sign as a cover girl for Columbia Pictures, when Feldman took her fate in his hands. Mrs. Howard Hawks saw her picture in *Vogue*, and mentioned her to Mr. Hawks. Mr. Hawks mentioned her to Feldman. Feldman saw what the Hawkses saw, put Lauren under personal contract at $150 a week, and paid her train fare West. Legend has it that Hawks and Feldman then made her sit with her feet in a bucket of cold water every night and sent her out into San Fernando Valley at dusk to yell at the echoes until she developed that famous throaty voice. They unveiled her as a full-fledged star.

Lizabeth Scott was understudy to Tallulah Bankhead in New York and even more discouraged than Miss Bacall when Feldman first talked to her. Miss Bankhead, an unusually healthy actress, gave no signs of collapsing, declined even to catch a common cold, and it looked as if Lizabeth was doomed to sit in the wings for the rest of her theatrical career. Shortly thereafter he had tests made at his own expense, and in the end obtained a contract with Hal B. Wallis. Miss Scott is now an important star.

Feldman's standard practice with package deals today is twenty-five per cent of the net or seven-and-a-half per cent of the gross, but when producers are wary about these high cuts, his recourse is simple. He merely raises the prices of his stars. Mr. Feldman is as adaptable as a slide rule, and as fast.

In the beginning, Feldman wanted to be known as an agent who handled major stars only, but after getting some 300 of them into his stable, including directors Frank Borzage, Rene Clair, John Stahl, Michael Curtiz, and Mitch Leisen, and writers Vina Delmar, Elmer Rice, and Sidney Buchman, and after perfecting the package deal to such an extent that today he far transcends the operations of mere flesh peddlers, he turned to the only agenting avenue so far neglected. He began to develop new talent.

A few years ago he read a short story by a girl named Helen Deutsch, a New York press agent. He put her under personal contract at $300 a week and had her work on package stories. When the time came to offer her to the studios, he named her salary at $1500 a week on a money-back-if-not-satisfied guarantee and she was signed at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She is now a producer-writer at Columbia, making $2750 a week, and gratefully paying Charlie ten per cent.

He paid Leonardo Bercovici $400 a week for three years before

Continued on page 124

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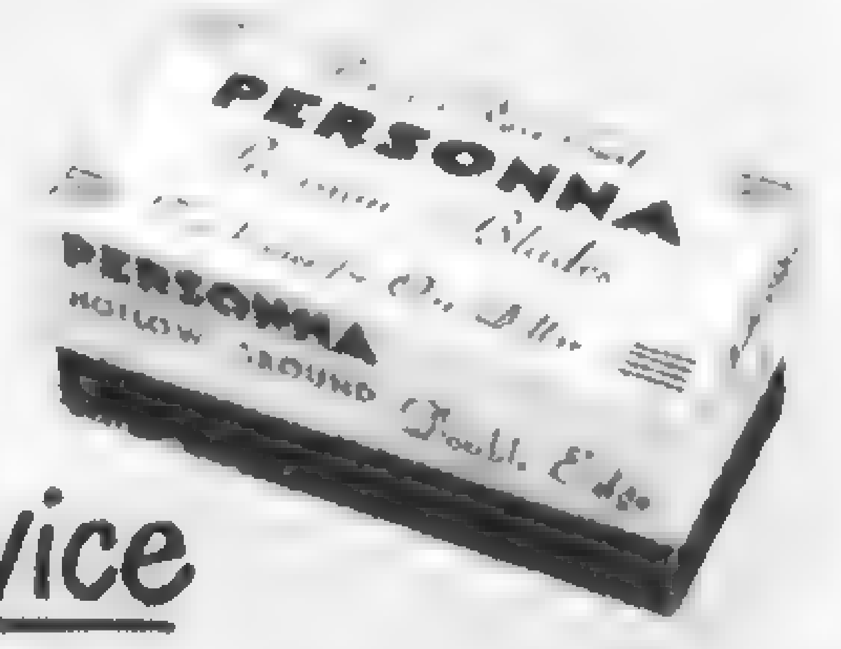

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Portrait of a Hollywood Agent

Continued from page 123

selling him to Sam Goldwyn. Bercovici went along as part of *The Bishop's Wife* package, now earns $60,000 a picture. As soon as people like this can earn big money on their own, Feldman releases them from his personal contract but retains them as clients.

He estimates that he now spends $100,000 a year on developing new talent, actresses, writers and actors whom he sponsors and pays until they earn a minimum of $400 a week. At that point they are eligible to become full-fledged clients and pay commissions. Lizabeth Scott and Kirk Douglas, two newcomers who are being heard from, are Feldman discoveries.

Feldman's executives and henchmen regard him with affectionate awe, as if he were a kind of minor force of nature. He baffles them by sudden swoops and ideas, and by turning otherwise simple business arrangements into package operations which seem to be wrapped up in calculus. He has a staff of eighteen, headed by Jack Gordean, Ned Marin, and Al Rockett. Gordean is a former assistant director who entered the agency business when he put the late Russ Colombo under personal contract in 1931, and has been with Feldman since the beginning. Marin was head of national distribution for First National, then a producer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and for Twentieth Century-Fox. Rockett was head of production at First National, Warner's, then Twentieth. These high-powered gentlemen, some of whom earn more than $100,000 a year, divide the studios into beats and cover both them and their clients daily. If they merely kept in touch with their own clients, they would compile an accurate daily synopsis of casting and production news, but when they call on every important producer as well—the doors are always open now to Feldman men—they are armed to the teeth with all information needed to keep their clients happily at work.

And they have solved as successfully as anyone the problem of the client who complains about his agent. Even the Feldman office, with its package delivery service, cannot keep all its actors working all the time. It cannot push all newcomers ahead as fast as they think they ought to go. An unhappy actor is a threat, not only because he will shoot off his mouth in the bistros, but because, when he thinks he can prove his case, he can go before the arbitration board of the Actors' Guild and complain that his agent does not try hard enough to obtain work for him. If the arbitration board sides with the actor, he can cancel his contract with the agent.

The Feldman office avoids this kind of thing through a device known as the Blue Sheet. Every Feldman representative, including Feldman himself, dictates daily a report on every remark he made about a client to a producer, every client he called on the telephone or lunched with, every possible scrap of information he picked up during his rounds. These reports are collated into the Blue Sheet, one for each client. They are yards long. Clients who have come in with blood in their eyes have wilted, apologized and crept out with grateful blessings on their lips when confronted with 40,000 words of Blue Sheet proving that the Feldman office has practically knocked itself silly on their behalf.

This does not mean that you hear no harsh words against Feldman in Hollywood. He is as soundly damned as any other agent, but he is condemned chiefly by producers who have had to raise some player's salary 100 per cent in order to get their hands on a Feldman story—which story, if they had scanned the out-of-print novels and current magazines as carefully as Feldman, they might have picked up for a pittance.

Feldman, of course, never submits his packages to story departments or to underlings. He is such a good loser at gin rummy, such an amiable guest, and so likely to make money for anybody he associates with, that Darryl F. Zanuck, J. L. Warner, Sam Goldwyn and Joseph M. Schenck are among his best friends.

"With these men, I'm not an agent at all," Feldman says—"I'm a kind of associate producer. I do their work for them with my packages."

Many of them have offered him production jobs, the kind that pay $10,000 a week, but Feldman declines them. He prefers the excitement of gambling in bed—reading new stories with an eye to packaging them—and denies he will ever produce on his own.

His agency is now known as Famous Artists Corporation, a pretentious title, but justified by the clients. He was associated with Ralph Blum in the Feldman-Blum agency until recently. The change in name was made in an attempt to keep Feldman's clients from asking for him every time they called. It failed utterly. Feldman therefore works at home as much as possible, sallying forth only to shoot new adrenaline into his staff, or to deliver his parcels.

Henry James? Oh, James paid off. Feldman discovered that a forgotten story by James called *The Aspern Papers*, which other Hollywood readers undoubtedly thought was a medical journal report, was actually based on the amorous life of Lord Byron. He acquired the rights, sold them for 2000 per cent profit, and fixed it up for client Bercovici to direct the picture.

He has a new client named Norman Corwin, whom he intends to introduce to Hollywood as a producer, writer, director, but has been able to do nothing for him so far. Corwin won't stay still long enough to get packaged. #

Continued from page 81

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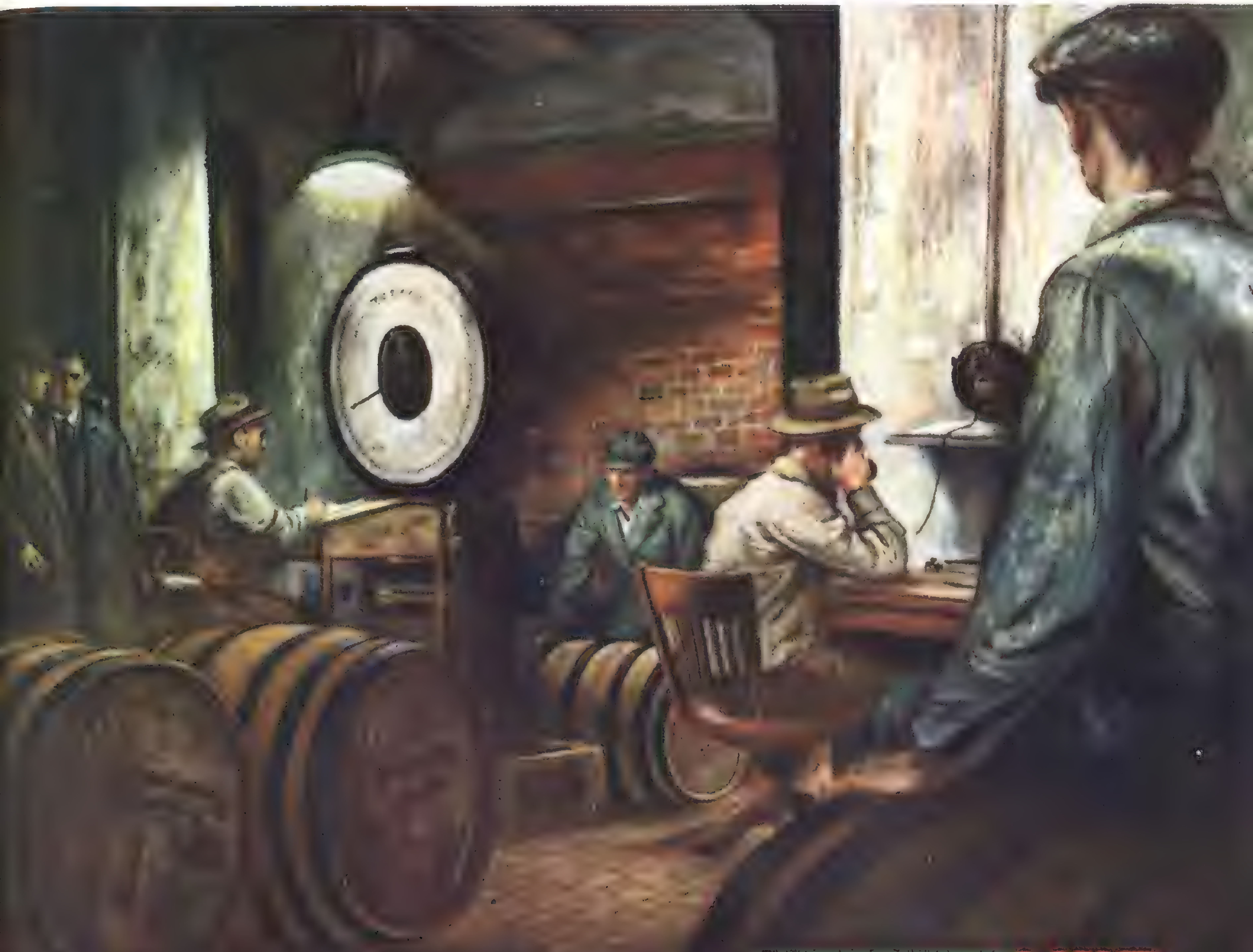

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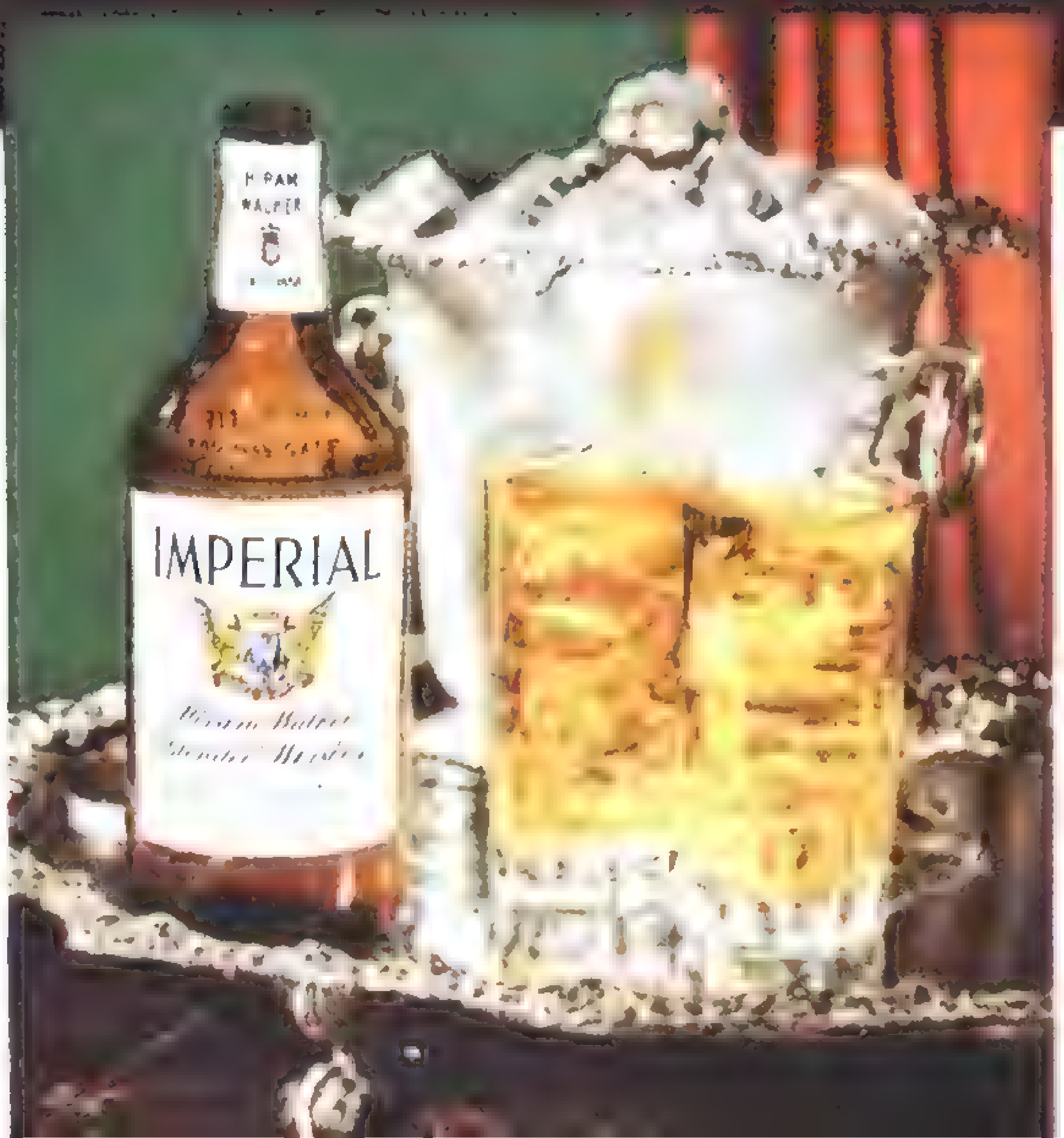

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The Flute Player

Continued from page 41

wasting your breath," the doctor said. "Whether it's love or drink, that man is too far gone."

The flute player finished his tune and bowed politely to the few cheers of applause. Then he took a small bag from the pocket of his miserable jacket and went round collecting money from the customers. Nearly everybody gave him a few coppers. He hesitated a moment when he came near the colonel. Then he put the half-filled bag behind his back, drew himself to his full height and bowed slightly.

"Good evening, sir," he said respectfully.

"Good evening, Jones," the colonel said. "How are you?"

"Can't complain, sir," the flute player said.

Dr. O'Brien brought a shilling from his pocket and offered to put it in the bag. A hard look came into the sunken grey eyes of the flute player. He stared at the doctor and then took a short step to the rear. The doctor put the shilling back into his own pocket.

"Come here a moment," the colonel said gruffly to the flute player. "I want to have a word with you."

The flute player's eyes became still harder as he looked at the colonel. Yet he moved forward as requested and stood very erect, with his dirty naked feet close together. His free hand rested against the center of his thigh, in the posture of a soldier standing to attention before a superior. The other hand clutched the little bag against the small of his back.

"I want to have a final word with you, Jones," the colonel said in a tone of entreaty. "I came here again tonight hoping you might listen to reason. Will you come back with me to Kilcolman?"

The flute player's glance became very arrogant. His delicate nostrils widened. In spite of his extreme shabbiness, he was clean-shaven and his close-cropped black hair was carefully brushed. His emaciated pale face still retained the smoothness of texture that comes from constant care and refined surroundings.

"I'm sorry, Colonel Lynam," he said in a solemn tone. "I've given you my answer several times already. I can't come back to Kilcolman with you. I must stay here."

"Good heavens!" said the colonel. "Don't you understand how all this is going to end?"

"I know that very well," the flute player said.

"You'll be found dead in that miserable hut some morning," the colonel continued. "Or else you'll go raving mad and be carried off to the lunatic asylum."

"It makes no difference, sir," the flute player said.

"I wouldn't mind so much," the colonel said, "if the woman were in the least interested. On the contrary, she is just laughing . . ."

The flute player's eyes became so angry that the colonel interrupted himself.

"Very well!" he added, after a short pause. "Devil take it! If that is what you want . . ."

"That is what I want, Colonel Lynam," the flute player said. "Good evening."

He bowed, turned away slowly and walked down the room with great dignity, still holding the little bag clutched against the small of his back. Now it was obvious from his carriage that he had once been a butler. Anger had roused in him the pompous arrogance of his former calling.

As he neared the far end of the counter, however, his manner drastically changed. His shoulders suddenly sagged. He looked furtively from side to side. Then he crouched over the board and poured out the copper coins from his bag. He counted them eagerly. He began to mutter as he rapped angrily on the counter with his open palm.

"What's going on here?" the tavern keeper said, as he came down behind the counter at a leisurely pace. "Are you at it again, Jones?"

The flute player's sunken eyes glared with hatred at Hynes.

"I want a glass of rum," he said. "Be quick with it."

Hynes put a glass on the counter and stared for a little while in silence at the flute player. He was tall and thin, with disorderly fair hair and furtive blue eyes. He had a large mouth and decayed teeth.

It was obvious from the intense way in which the two men stared at one another that their mutual hatred was fixed and unchangeable.

"I advise you to keep a civil tongue in your head, Jones," the tavern keeper said at length. "Otherwise, I might . . ."

"Arrah! Leave the man alone," the drunken man interrupted in an arrogant shout. "Why are you always picking on him? Haven't you done him enough harm, you and your wife? Especially your wife."

There was a roar of laughter from the other customers. Hynes got blood red in the face.

"Another word out of you, Bartly Spillane," he said, "and you'll go out on top of your head."

The drunken man laughed derisively.

"Who'll put me out, Josey?" he cried. "You and how many more? Give Jones his drink and stop talking."

"Is that so?" Hynes said. "A bloody man going around in his bare feet, playing his bloody ould flute!"

"He's as good as you any day," the drunken man said, "and a damn sight better. What's more, people come here for miles around to hear him play."

"Aye! That's the truth," a number of men cried. "He's a darling player, so he is."

"I'd have him thrown out of

Continued on page 128

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AT THE BETTER SHOPS

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The Flute Player

Continued from page 127

here," the tavern keeper grumbled, as he poured out the rum, "only for I'm too good-natured. There's a law against people like him. On top of it all he gives me ould guff."

The flute player swallowed his rum hurriedly, paid for it and put the remaining coins back into his little bag. Then he returned to his position by the fire. Now he shuddered spasmodically in reaction to the violence of the rum.

"Play something real hearty for us now, Jones," the drunken man shouted.

"That's the ticket," said another man. "Give us *Kelly the Boy from Killane.*"

"Very well," the flute player said respectfully.

As he put the instrument to his lips, his tall body reassumed the tragic dignity of its carriage. His long fingers began to gesticulate lovingly above the holed pipe. Then he turned his head to one side, laid his lips delicately against the flute's mouth and began to make sweet music.

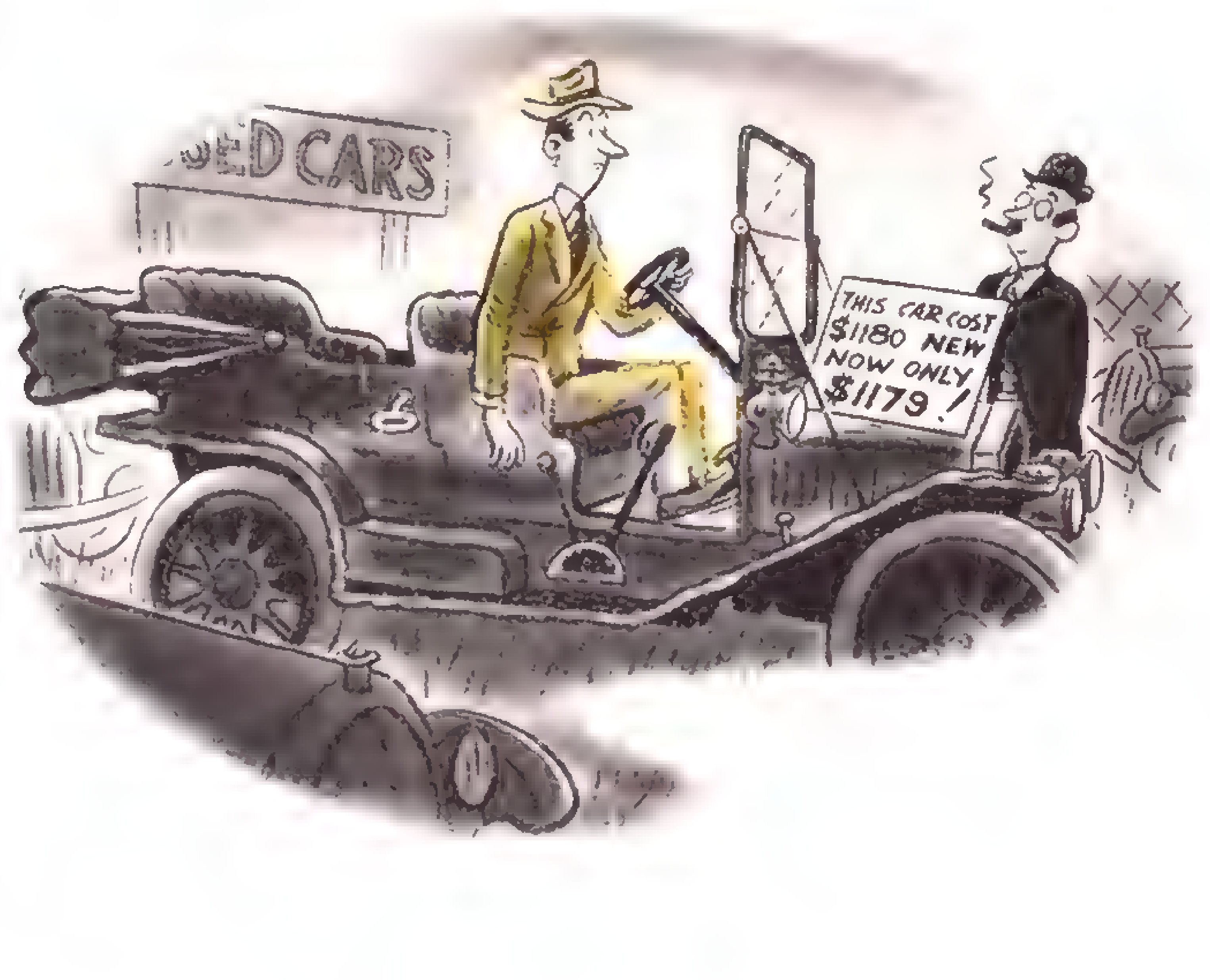
"That's the boy, Jones," the drunken man shouted.

The colonel sipped the third large measure of whiskey and put his hand on the doctor's shoulder.

"He was with me five years," he said. "I was never as happy in my life. I got him from a rich American named Heffernan, who rented Sir George Blake's house for a season's hunting and imported an enormous staff of servants from England. Heffernan kept open house for the whole district. Nothing like it was seen in these parts since the turn of the century. Place was like a big railway station while it lasted, with people coming and going the whole time, day and night. Lashings of the best for everybody. Then Heffernan suddenly got bored. He dashed off to Palm Beach while the festivities were at their height, leaving his secretary to dispose of the staff. Jones came over to see me at Kilcolman and asked me to employ him. 'I heard you were interested in flute music,' he said. 'Would you care to hear me play?' I said I would. He whipped out his flute and played for me. I was enchanted. 'Look here,' I said. 'I'm an old bachelor. I live more or less alone here. I'm not a rich man. Far from it. I couldn't possibly afford to pay the wages to which you are accustomed. We really live from hand to mouth here at Kilcolman.' He told me he wasn't interested in money. He was a Welshman by birth, he said, although brought up in England. He had become so fascinated by the Irish scene, during the weeks he had spent at Feakle Castle, that he wanted to live here for the rest of his life. 'It's like my native Wales,' he said, 'only more enchanted. You see, I am really a musician, although I work as a butler for a living. This place is melancholy and enchanted like music. I am quite willing to work and play here without any payment at all.' So I engaged him. As I said before, from the moment he began to work for me I entered Paradise."

The colonel drank the remainder of the whiskey in his glass. The heat of the room after the cold air outside, the acrid smell of burning peat and his roused emotions all combined to make it quickly take effect on him. He was already fully intoxicated. There were tears in his eyes and his upper lip trembled.

"Sooner or later," he continued in a sentimental tone, "an Eve comes into every Paradise and the devil always follows Eve. About twelve months ago, I took him shooting with me. I had reached the stage when I couldn't bear to have him out of my sight. I wanted him to play for me whenever the mood possessed him. We came here on our way home. He saw her. It was the oddest thing. He stood there like a rabbit in the presence of a weasel, while she marched up and down behind the counter with her queer smile always on her lips. I knew it was all up with him. He never spoke all the way home in the car. He refused to play for me next morning when I asked him. He moped all day. It was the same thing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when I asked him to play that evening. That went on for a whole week. Then I lost my temper with him. That finished it. He took his flute and left the house immediately. He came straight up here."

"It's a strange tale," the doctor said.

"It's a tragedy," the colonel said. "For me, especially, it's a tragedy, even more than it is for him. I'm a lonely man. I have nobody left in the world and music is the only thing I really love. It's a terrible thing to see beauty come into the house and to enjoy its strange presence for a long time and then to see it walk out again without warning. His tragedy is less than mine, for he still has his music. He has it there inside him, as good as it ever was."

"A strange tale, surely," the doctor said.

The flute player finished his tune and again made the rounds of the tavern with his little bag. This time he avoided the colonel. When he counted the coins, he discovered to his chagrin that there were not enough to buy a glass of rum. He walked back to his position by the fire with downcast head.

"Come on, Jones," the drunken man shouted. "Don't be downhearted, man. I have the price on me. Let me buy you a glass."

The flute player shook his head and said:

"Thank you, but I would rather not."

Then he began to play another tune. Now he played hurriedly and without passion. He kept his eyes on the interior of the house, to the rear of the counter, while he played. He was obviously waiting for someone to appear.

"See him refuse the drink?" said the colonel. "That shows you he's not a drunkard. Yet he drinks out of sheer misery. He drinks every penny he gets for his music. He never buys anything but rum. God knows how he lives. No one sees him taste a morsel."

"This woman must really be a witch," Dr. O'Brien said. "Or else she's a great beauty. Who is she?"

"Nobody knows," the colonel said. "When Hynes came back from America and bought this place he had her with him. He married her over there. She belongs to a strange race. There's no doubt about that. She is certainly not the type you'd expect to find in a place like . . . Hush! Here she comes now."

A woman entered the bar from the interior of the house. She paused for a few moments to look around her solemnly at the customers. Then she folded her arms on her bosom and marched haughtily down behind the counter, with a fixed smile on her lips.

"Good God!" said Dr. O'Brien. "What a strange creature!"

Her tall, slender body was so lithe that it seemed to quiver as she walked, like a sapling willow that bends a thousand ways in answer to the gentlest wind. Her small shining eyes and her hair were black as sloes. The skin of her face was as tawny as that of a mulatto. Against this darkness, the two little rows of perfectly matched teeth that showed between her parted lips looked dazzling white. Two long earrings reached almost down to her collar bones. They were white and shining like her teeth in the smoky lamplight. Her dress was uniformly black. It fitted her body like a male dancer's tights.

The flute player stopped playing as soon as she appeared. He stood very erect, with his head thrown back. His sunken eyes were fixed upon her. His lips were parted. The customers also stared at her in silence, watching her progress. Her husband was the only one in the room who did not look at her. He washed glasses furiously, with bowed head, obviously in the throes of jealousy.

When she reached the far end of the counter, she halted and looked at the flute player. She inclined her head slightly towards him. Her smile became vivacious and intimate for a brief moment. Then she took a short step to the rear and leaned her shoulder against the cash register. Her smile again became fixed, remote and indifferent.

The flute player bowed solemnly to her. He put his instrument slowly to his lips and began to play with his sunken eyes fixed on her face. After the first few notes, there was a wild cry of applause.

"Hurrah!" cried the drunken man, waving his pint measure above his head. "Now we have it. Now we have music equal to any in the world."

"Hurrah!" cried the others. "More power! May your heart never stop beating."

The flute player was now putting his whole soul into his music. The notes that came from his flute were like cries of agony coming from a wounded bird asking for succor. He reached out with all the power that was in him to the indifferent woman, struggling to touch her heart with the beauty of his music.

She turned away from him after he had played a little. She marched up to her husband, leaned towards him and began to whisper something in his ear. Then she continued to parade back and forth behind the counter, with her arms folded on her bosom, smiling fixedly and without recognition at the customers.

Now completely intoxicated, Colonel Lynam seized Dr. O'Brien violently by the coat lapels and shouted:

"Can you imagine? I had that music living in my house for years. For years, I tell you. Then it was snatched from me."

The flute player was now reaching forward almost on his toes, with his sunken eyes fixed madly on the woman, as he struggled with frenzied skill to make his music touch her indifferent heart. #

Continued from page 41

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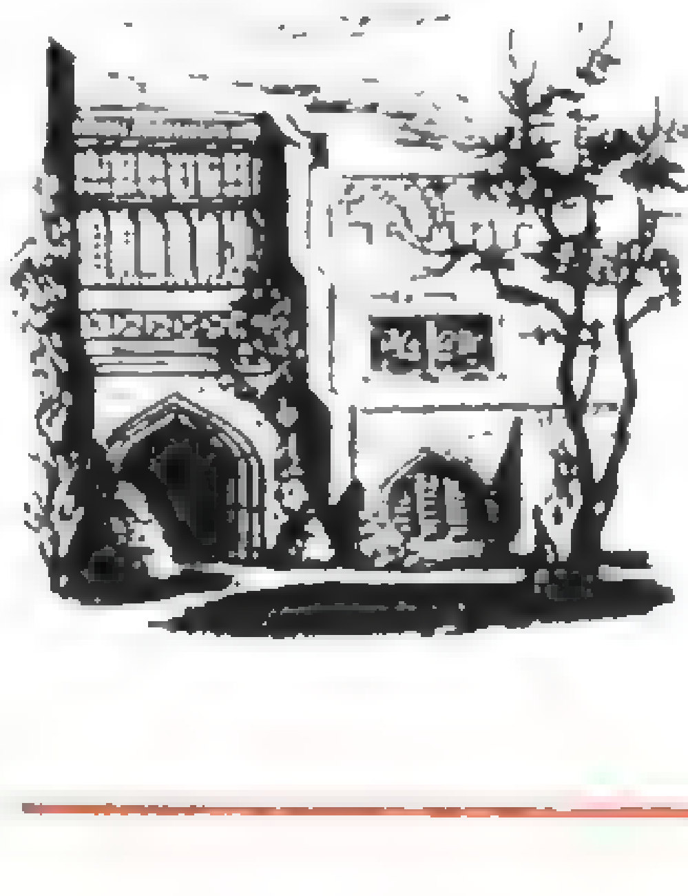

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The Female Form—and What of It

Continued from page 42

fer them. The anatomists, the anthropologists, like to stick to the skeleton, for it remains relatively constant in adult life and can be weighed, measured and assayed with truly scientific exactness. The rest of the body they dismiss as the "soft parts."

The same skeleton that supports those swelling curves of thigh and trunk must also supply internal space for the vital process of reproduction. The burgeoning life must have proper room in which to grow and develop and be delivered into the world. Ideally, this means a broad and shallow pelvis, with a low and wide arch where the pelvic bones meet in front. It is here that the female skeleton differs most from the narrower, deeper and heavier pelvis of the male.

Consider some of the results. One may think of the crosswise axis or "beam" of the pelvis as a horizontal stick to which the legs are attached. In walking, the body moves forward, first by moving forward the right end of that stick as the right leg takes a step, and then moving the left end as the left leg takes a step. Naturally, the wider that horizontal stick the greater will be the sway.

Other aspects of the female skeleton raise their problems. Often it may be difficult to get the narrow shoulders into proper esthetic balance with the hips. Because of the wide pelvis, the thigh bones are attached at a greater angle than in the male, and so they are more liable to be pushed out of the hip socket, especially in infancy. Again because of the wide pelvic axis, the thighs form something of a V pattern. Thus the true female figure usually tends toward the knock-kneed.

It's amazing how well the gals get around these handicaps. If you want to see the full effect of those narrow shoulders, wide hips and knock-knees, put a gal in a bathing suit and stand her up, heels together, facing straight front, arms dangling at her sides. She is now in the worst possible position to be photographed. No woman should ever be stood against a wall, except to be shot. All professional models bend a knee (to give a reason for that sharp incoming angle that nature has built there anyway), sit down, lie down, half recline, cross the legs, raise the arms—do anything to bury angles and bring out curves.

Aside from beauty, how efficient is the female physical machine? Perhaps the most startling answer comes from Amram Scheinfeld. In his book, *Women and Men*, he flatly labels males as the weaker sex. Why? Because the males die younger, they get serious diseases more often and they are less able to withstand them. Scheinfeld pours it on: "The male is biologically weaker than the female. From the very beginning and throughout life the male is less resistant than the female, more often defective and likely to die under adverse conditions."

You can't laugh off these conclusions, for they are backed by rows of life insurance statistics and your own observation. Look around you and note how many widows you see, how few widowers.

But we boys have our story. Females are sick more often and for more trivial causes.

When the male is knocked down, he usually is really sick. Furthermore, the male tries harder in life generally. As Scheinfeld shows, the male is born with greater initial "drive," and the social pressure on him to succeed is vastly greater than on the female.

Let's admit the girls outdo us in simple ability to remain alive. However, in the realm of muscle power and sheer brute strength we can brush them aside. Anthropologists stress the heavier bones and muscles of the male, his greater height and weight. Scientists indeed, point out that in all the orders of mammals, including man, the typical male is larger and stronger than the typical female.

Men can lift heavier weights, deliver a harder blow, work longer at heavy labor than women. The males can run faster, jump higher, swim better, ring up better marks in almost any sport than females.

Someone may now wail, "We don't want girls for strength or sports—we want 'em for beauty." This indeed is the true realm for the female body and this is where it is most at home.

Fashion enters here. A thousand whims affect current tastes in beauty; and a girl, starting out with the face, limbs and trunk that God gave her, must somehow seek to conform.

Our taste today is the "high fashion" model. She is taller than the average, has wider shoulders, narrower hips, longer legs—and is several pounds under-weight.

Trim and streamlined she undoubtedly is—but, is she a good biological specimen? The anatomists have their doubts. For straight purposes of reproduction, nature has real use for the broad pelvis, more ample bosom, and the substantial hips and thighs that often accompany them.

A leading authority in physical anthropology is Dr. Erwin H. Ackerknecht, Assistant Curator of Anthropology at the American Museum of Natural History. Speaking from the vantage point

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of his M.D. training and mellow learning, he said to me, "I think that the actual changes in female body build are too small to explain to any great extent the changing ideals of the female form. I think also that they are not likely to be at the bottom of our decreasing birth rate; as, for example, certain Italian scholars have asserted.

"I would rather argue the other way around—that our 'sterile' society is more inclined to venerate a not very fertile type of beauty than other times or tribes. Our changing ideals of female beauty seem to me primarily cultural, not biological products. And the silhouette . . . can be inflated or reduced and to a large degree adapted to changing fashions."

Perhaps we should take time out at this point for a couple of disclaimers. It has never been proved that the size and shape of the body in either male or female has anything to do with brain power or innate intelligence.

Point two goes to the ladies. If some feminine eye chances to come across these lines its owner may wonder why so little attention is given to variations in the male figure. The answer—naturally—is that there is so little to say on the subject. Your own observation will confirm the general level of excellence of the male body.

Proceeding, then, with the girls, we may line up some typical specimens of today's womanhood. With the assistance of the United States government and the heads of three agencies for models, John Robert Powers, Walter Thornton and Harry Conover, we arrive at the accompanying comparison table.

Barbara Tullgren, in this table, represents the tall, high-fashion type with the high cheekbones and flat, hollow cheeks that set off a mink coat or a $600 evening gown to advantage. She is markedly slimmer than her predecessor of twenty or even five years ago.

John Robert Powers feels that American women make a mistake in copying too closely the modes set by these models. "Any girl who has to work before the camera," says Mr. Powers, "needs a relatively slim face and body because the camera tends to fatten a person's features. A person with a full face tends to look positively plump." He also says a model, in order better to set off the garment she is modeling, will look bored, stare into space, suck in her cheeks and look more angular than she really is because it is considered that angles give pictorial drama. This is the depersonalized look that appeals to women and sells a mink coat. "American girls ape these expressions without knowing why the girls look that way and without realizing that the bored, wooden look has little appeal to men."

Every male will utter a pious "Yeah man!" to these sentiments.

Rita Daigle, in the table, represents the type of well-developed beauty dispensed by Walter Thornton as the pin-up girl. Her slim waist tends to emphasize the hips, which is where we started with our babe—remember?

Mr. Thornton, too, is quite outspoken: "Because of fashion modeling, long, skinny girls have dominated the magazines and movies. The best clothes drape is a tall, willowy woman, built along the lines of a window dummy . . . A beautiful girl detracts from the beauty of the garment and a full, curvaceous figure causes fitting problems . . .

"Men have never approved of this lean, lank creature. Before the war, men never had a voice in the matter. Photographic models were chosen by casting girls who were famous for anything but their beauty. The casting girls' choices in many cases were amazingly similar to their own figures. The girl thus chosen as the American ideal was a woman's woman."

Comes now Mr. Harry Conover to herald the masculine revolt. His contribution to the table is Madelon Mason, the type of fresh and wholesome beauty that so often lands on magazine covers.

Mr. Conover says that unlike the fashion trade, the magazine "Cover Girls" are usually picked by men, with the male idea of beauty: "As for the shape of things to come, she will probably be not too slim and her body will be well rounded. The boys home from the wars are looking for something with more curves, someone who is believable, who looks like the girl next door, only perhaps a little prettier." ⧻

	Height	*Bust*	*Waist*	*Hips*
The Venus di Milo*		37″	26″	38″
Average American Woman** (all ages—18 to 80)	5′3¼″	35½″	29¼″	38¾″
Average American Girl** (age 20 to 24)	5′3½″	33.9″	26.4″	37.4″
Hazel Space, Junior-type Powers model	5′4″	33″	23″	34″
Barbara Tullgren, High-fashion type Powers model	5′8″	34″	24″	34″
Rita Daigle, Thornton Pin-up girl	5′6½″	34″	21″	34″
Madelon Mason, Conover Covergirl	5′4″	33″	23″	34½″

**Approximation of colossal statue brought down to normal size.*
***U. S. Department of Agriculture statistics.*

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The Reel Glory

Continued from page 64

lensmen in New York. In the early 1930's a Negro down in Salisbury, Maryland, was being held in the county courthouse jail on the charge of raping a white girl. Southern blood boiled hot and a correspondent there tipped off New York that a lynching might be expected. A newsreel firm dispatched two men to Salisbury, one by car, the other by plane.

The man who went by auto arrived first, for he left New York much earlier. He drove his car, the sides of which proclaimed that he was from Such-and-such newsreel, down the main drag of Salisbury. Before he had gone two blocks a policeman stopped him.

"You-all had best go back where you came from," drawled the cop. The newsreel man, new in the business, demanded why.

"For your own good," replied the Law. "We got a little trouble round here. Some folks is talkin' up a lynchin' party—I reckon that's why you're here—and they plumb just don't like reporters. Go if you want, but don't say I didn't warn you!"

He went. Ten minutes later his car, loaded with $25,000 worth of cameras and lenses, was at the bottom of the Wicomico River, and he sported a gorgeous shiner.

As his fellow cameraman's car was being dumped into the drink, Santone's plane taxied to a landing at the Salisbury airport. Santone set up his camera in the plane, told the pilot to stand by, made arrangements with a youth hanging around the airport to accompany him with a six-foot stick; and the two rode off in a cab to an oak-shaded meadow where they witnessed the lynching.

One of the lynching party suddenly spied him about two hundred yards away, and soon Santone was surrounded by an angry mob.

"What the hell ya think you're doing around here? Who the hell are you, anyway?" a spokesman demanded.

"Not that it's any of your damn business," said Santone, "but I'm a government surveyor. What do you think this is—a grand piano?" He jerked his thumb toward his camera, equipped with a 12-inch telescopic lens, a lens that had taken in the whole grisly episode.

"And what the hell do you think that lad is holding over there," he demanded, pointing to his airport accomplice, "a trout rod?"

"Okay then," rasped the spokesman. "Just make sure you didn't see nothing out here!"

On his way back to the airport, the cameraman passed several truckloads of state militia speeding toward the meadow, but by the time they had returned to headquarters he was in New York with the film.

So tightly knit is the newsreel brotherhood that it has been almost impossible for the past decade for an outsider to get a regular cameraman's job. There has been only one addition to the sacred ranks in that time. He is Tommy Craven, a former "still man," and the perseverance he employed to break down the walls of the inner sanctum makes an Horatio Alger hero seem like a ne'er-do-well.

In 1935 Craven, a good-looking young Irishman, began haunting the newsreel offices. He collected more curt "No's" and "Beat it's" than the mint had nickels. But Craven finally got himself a job with one of them on a day-to-day basis.

When the giant airship von Hindenburg began its transatlantic service in 1936, Craven got an idea. Every single time the dirigible came to or left Lakehurst he was there with his movie camera.

Maybe you remember what happened to the von Hindenburg that fateful May 6, 1937. Certainly you can never forget the newsreel pictures of the horrible holocaust when she exploded as she attempted to land at Lakehurst. Craven took those pictures —scoop, exclusive. He had his camera in focus at the second of the explosion, and was able to get them out of the area before the Navy censorship was clamped down. It was his film that was shown five hours after the disaster at all first-run Broadway movie houses. As a result, he received a bonus—and a job on the permanent staff.

"I had a hunch that big balloon was too big to last," he said.

Taking the terrific chances they do, it is inescapable that some cameramen "turn the last crank" —die in line of duty. In the recent war eight lensmen, assigned to battlefronts as correspondents, lost their lives so that you might witness on the screen the progress of the great conflict. But even in peacetime the risks are high.

When auto speed racing was popular on the sands of Daytona Beach, Florida, Charlie Traube was sent down from New York to cover the trial runs of Lee Bible, who was out to beat Sir Malcolm Campbell's record. It was a clear day as Traube set his camera up alongside those of the men from the other reels, all five cameras located about fifty yards to the landside of the speed course. Several miles up the beach, Bible's wheeled projectile started its run

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with a roar. As the car approached the lensmen at better than three miles a minute, it suddenly swerved directly toward the battery of cameras and cut Traube and his camera off the end of the group, regained its course and zoomed on.

Traube's condition was such that he had to be cremated, but by a freak of fate the camera's magazine was intact, the film undamaged, and the pictures were shown in theatres everywhere.

Andy de Castro, Chilean correspondent for one of the reels, cabled his home office from Santiago that a revolution was expected to break out any day. "Cover" came back the order and two days later bloody hell broke loose in the city. De Castro set up his camera at a vantage point to get pictures of government troops marching into the city to restore order. A half-baked officer, mistaking the camera for some kind of weapon, shot him in the heart.

Tom Proffit, covering a lumber-logging celebration, wanted to get pictures from the middle of the stream. He located a good-sized raft and had a powerboat tow him to midstream, where the raft broke and spilled Proffit into the water and he was drowned.

All the newsreel companies "make up" twice a week, on Monday and Thursday, meaning that a complete new issue is put out on those days. Not infrequently an editor is pushed to it to get enough material to fill a reel. It is then that the whole staff is churned into a frenzy, trying to think of a suitable subject that can be put in the can without loss of time. With no spot news or sports to cover, the editor must rely on human interest stuff, fashions or a stunt.

On such a day last year one editor was literally pulling his hair out. Just as grey despair was setting in, Lou Hutt, an old-timer in the business, asked, "What's the matter with the Empire State Building? We haven't done anything with that since we tried to tie a blimp to the top of it ten years ago."

The cinematic adrenaline began to work. It was decided to stage a trick roller skating act out on a hastily thrown-together wood platform, four feet square, that would be poised fifteen feet out from the ledge of the building's 102nd story. Would the skaters, with 1200 feet of nothing under them except a nice, soft cement street, slip and fall?

It was a wonderful stunt. They had it all figured out—when somebody asked where two skaters crazy enough to co-operate could be found. It was then less than eight hours to make-up deadline.

They say you can find anything in New York and, sure enough, one of the staff who had been dispatched to investigate the insane roller skaters situation came in, cheerfully escorting two athletic young men he had picked up from the floor show of a café.

The newsreel's carpenter and his assistants charged the Empire State Building with the spirit of the Light Brigade, armed with hammers, saws, nails, planking and two-by-fours. An associate editor did some tall talking to the building superintendent. Papers of indemnity were signed, as were in-case-of-accident releases from the two young men, who were given five dollars each and the assurance of nationwide publicity. Through some oversight, the New York police department was not apprised of the impending experiment.

When everything was in readiness—three hours and a few minutes after Lou Hutt first hatched the idea—four cameramen were assigned to the picture. Two took up positions atop other high buildings in the vicinity, their cameras equipped with telescopic lenses and focused on the four-by-four platform, while Hutt was hoisted up the 15½-foot staff on top of the mooring mast of the Empire State tower. It was his assignment to get good "down shots" of the skaters, showing them doing their stuff as the ants crawled in the street below. The fourth lensman was stationed level with the platform. His film would show close-up action and the spires of the city in the background.

The two young men practiced for a minute or two on the shelf that encircles the 102nd floor. They did spins, holding onto each other's hands as they revolved rapidly round and round, and then one picked the other up around the chest and did some more spinning. It was quite impressive and the speeding skates made a most satisfactory noise on the tile shelf. Then they stopped.

"We're ready," said one. "So are we," said Lou Hutt, and the men walked out across the supporting two-by-fours to the platform.

There, they spun again, doing all sorts of intricate twirls and ball-bearing gymnastics, duplicating their practice routines and adding refinements and frills. The cameras ground on, the young men spun, and then sirens could be heard in the street below.

"Cut!" shouted Hutt from his perch up the staff. "That'll be enough. That was swell!" The two young men returned across the two-by-fours.

Just then something went wrong with Hutt's rope harness, he gave a single, hollow bellow and came tumbling down to the shelf, camera and all, the full fifteen and a half feet from his position.

The front office sent him a small basket of flowers at the hospital next day, and the editor inclosed a dictated note advising him to take it easy for a little while—inasmuch as he had a broken arm, a fractured wrist, and three ribs that could stand a bit of healing.

But it made a wonderful picture. Hell, it's a wonderful business! Confidentially, though, if you want to lead the placid life—become the human cannon ball in some reputable circus! #

GAELIC OLD SMUGGLER
GAELIC
Old Smuggler
Brand
ESTABLISHED 1879
86 PROOF
4/5 QUART
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100 SCOTCH WHISKIES
THE GAELIC WHISKY

Careful...

don't waste a drop

...that's

Old Smuggler
BRAND

Old Smuggler Scotch Whisky is composed and nurtured with patience and scruple... and is distinguished by great softness and delicacy of flavour. Blended and bottled in Dumbarton, Scotland.

From Scotland for 69 Years

Blended Scotch Whisky • 86 proof

W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY, SOLE AGENTS FOR U.S.A.

FERMENTATION

seasoning process, during 24 months, makes Mission Briar as mellow as old wine

Photo of MISSION BRIAR burls for MONTEREY Pipes being placed in underground pit where they will be covered with earth to season, ferment and mellow for 8 months.

Virgin Grain $7.50

The Monterey
MISSION BRIAR
CARBURETOR
Pipe
PATENTED

For lasting enjoyment, choose the MONTEREY PIPE, made of mellow MISSION BRIAR. The briar is cut when mature. It is seasoned for two years, during which fermentation mellows it, for a mild, sweet-smoking pipe. The Carburetor* in the bowl of Carburetor Monterey, shown above, allows a governed UPDRAFT of air to come into the pipe. This updraft adjusts itself so that it provides a counter-action of cooling air to mix with your smoke. Popular with pipe-smokers for many years, this "carburetor action"* also permits cool air to circulate upward through bowl between drafts. Other MONTEREY PIPES are $3.50, $5 and $10, at dealers' all with precision-made TORKE* stem. Booklet on request. Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, 20, N. Y.

*T. M. Reg.

Look for the Mission when you buy a pipe

Book Briefs

Spotlighting the cream of the current literary crop, you find plenty to think about, and the reappearance of some top performers

LEGEND: 🟠 gifts for him ○ gifts for her ● fun to read ⭕ brainfood

		POOR	FAIR	GOOD	EXCELS
Dear Fatherland, Rest Quietly *by Margaret Bourke-White* *(Simon & Schuster, $3.00)* A study—half in text, half in photographs—of postwar Germany and the attitudes of the little people, the ones who "didn't know" about the monstrous Hitler regime. Interviews and observations reveal bitterness, ignorance and prejudice against the Allies.	🟠	🟠🟠🟠🟠	🟠🟠🟠🟠	🟠🟠	
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Nightmare Alley *by William Lindsay Gresham* *(Rinehart & Company, $2.50)* A rough, violent, emotional story of a double-crossing carnival hustler who cruelly climbs to the big money as a spirit medium. There he is betrayed by a woman, the only person he never played false, and winds up lower than he started.	🟠	🟠🟠🟠🟠	🟠🟠🟠🟠	🟠🟠🟠🟠	🟠
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Dunkerley's *by Howard Spring* *(Harper & Brothers, $2.50)* About a British tycoon and the people around him in the publishing business. All are products of the slums and their pasts catch up with them alarmingly. Two love stories are threaded through the narrative.	🟠	🟠🟠🟠🟠	🟠🟠		
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The Butterfly *by James M. Cain* *(Alfred A. Knopf, $2.00)* An absorbing story, set in the Old West, involving one man's love for a woman who might or might not be his daughter. Swift action—killings, illegal distilling, fast love—keeps tale moving.	🟠	🟠🟠🟠🟠	🟠🟠🟠🟠	🟠🟠	
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An Essay on Morals *by Philip Wylie* *(Rinehart & Company, $2.00)* Author of *Generation of Vipers* lays it on the line again. Targets this time are war, the church, sex and falsity in a brilliant appeal to use psychology in pursuit of truth.	🟠	🟠🟠🟠🟠	🟠🟠🟠🟠	🟠🟠	
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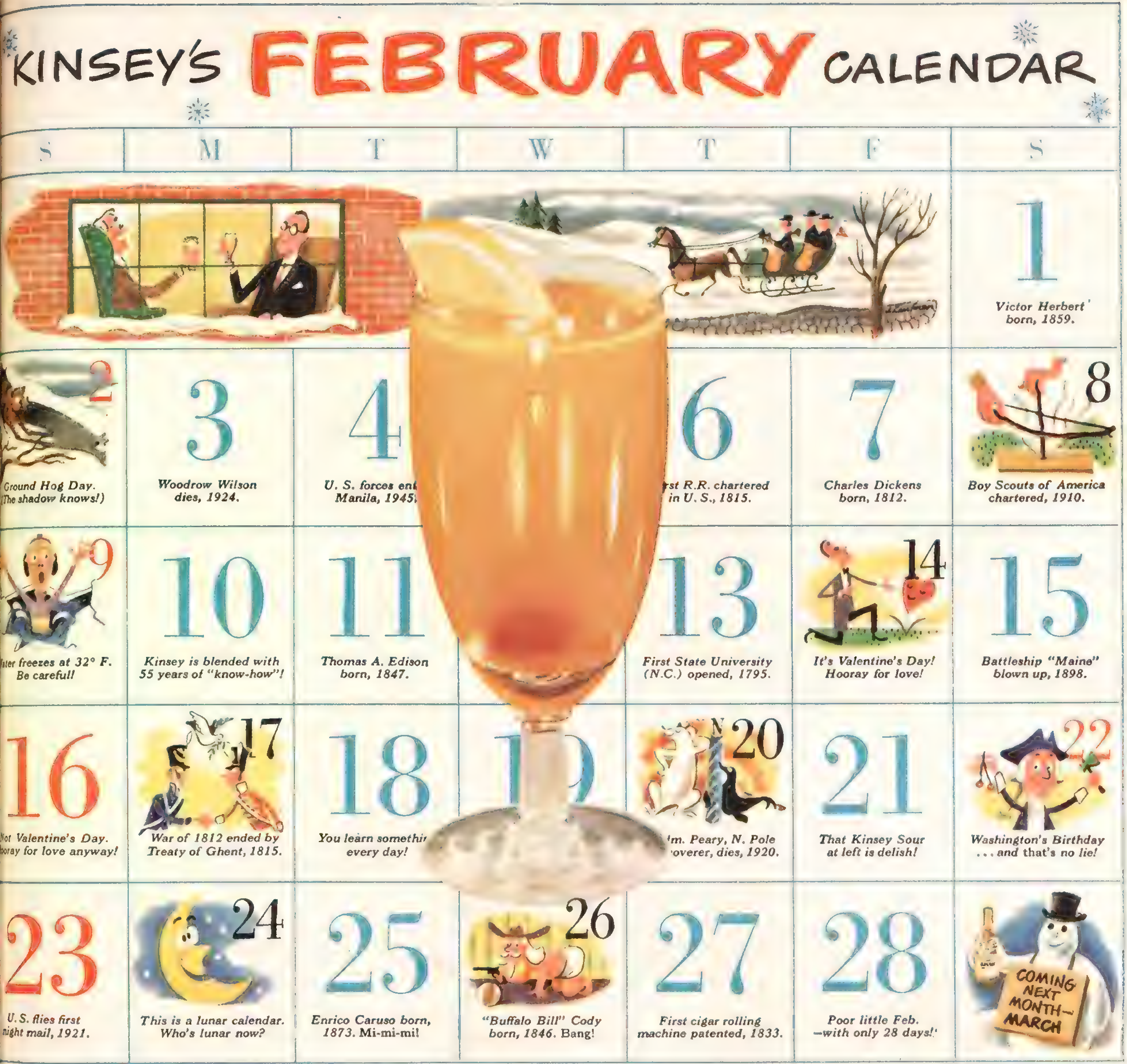


KINSEY'S FEBRUARY CALENDAR

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1 Victor Herbert born, 1859.
2 Ground Hog Day. (The shadow knows!)	3 Woodrow Wilson dies, 1924.	4 U. S. forces ent Manila, 1945		6 rst R.R. chartered in U. S., 1815.	7 Charles Dickens born, 1812.	8 Boy Scouts of America chartered, 1910.
9 ater freezes at 32° F. Be careful!	10 Kinsey is blended with 55 years of "know-how"!	11 Thomas A. Edison born, 1847.		13 First State University (N.C.) opened, 1795.	14 It's Valentine's Day! Hooray for love!	15 Battleship "Maine" blown up, 1898.
16 Not Valentine's Day. ooray for love anyway!	17 War of 1812 ended by Treaty of Ghent, 1815.	18 You learn somethi every day!		20 m. Peary, N. Pole overer, dies, 1920.	21 That Kinsey Sour at left is delish!	22 Washington's Birthday . . . and that's no lie!
23 U. S. flies first night mail, 1921.	24 This is a lunar calendar. Who's lunar now?	25 Enrico Caruso born, 1873. Mi-mi-mi!	26 "Buffalo Bill" Cody born, 1846. Bang!	27 First cigar rolling machine patented, 1833.	28 Poor little Feb. —with only 28 days!	COMING NEXT MONTH— MARCH

In February's leisure hours, Enjoy delicious Kinsey Sours!

bruary is a short month, but you can make long on drinking pleasure by mixing your hiskey Sours with superbly smooth Kinsey hiskey. Here's how:

Juice of ½ lemon . . . ½ teaspoon of powdered sugar or honey . . . 2 oz. of light, rich Kinsey Whiskey. Shake well with cracked ice and strain into glass. Fill with soda . . . and decorate with half-slice of lemon and a cherry.

hatever your favorite drink, try it with Kinsey e of these wintry February days. We think u'll find Kinsey's full-bodied flavor so unusu- y good you'll stay with it all year 'round.

KINSEY

BLENDED WHISKEY

the unhurried whiskey

for unhurried moments

Since 1892
KINSEY
J. G. Kinsey
KINSEY
Blended Whiskey

Copyright 1947 Kinsey Distilling Corp.

86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

YOURS... for good business

Esquire's 1948 Line of CALENDARS and SPECIALTIES

You get *top value* for your advertising dollar with Esquire calendars and specialties . . . that's because they are *welcomed* and *prized* by everyone who receives them.

To create new business and to keep old business friendly, use "The Line of Treasured Advertising." It's YOURS for good business and increased good will in 1948!

Esquire Gallery Wall Calendar—Twelve great American artists give you the matchless Esquire Girl. Beauty and spark combine for potent advertising.

Coronet Kiddie Calendar—Lovable, appealing children in glorious natural color make your advertising message as friendly as a handshake.

Ladies of the Harem
YOUR ADVERTISEMENT HERE
YOUR ADVERTISEMENT HERE

The Ladies of the Harem—Straight from Esquire, a dozen of the famous harem cartoons—authentic, colorful, original—and packed with chuckles.

The Esquire Desk Calendar—A new Esquire Girl miniature each month on the popular desk calendar. Your firm name strikingly stamped in gold.

MORE CALENDAR ITEMS:

Jumbo Wall Drop
Coronet Junior Deluxe
12" x 22" Hanger
Semi-deluxe Calendar
Coronet Scenic Calendar
Esquire Sports Calendar
14" x 29" Hanger
Single Picture Desk Calendar
Esquire Fashion Calendar

Use Esquire Calendars and Specialties for 1948 and make your name THE NAME they'll remember!

Typical of Esquire's distinctive gift line—playing cards in a jewel box and a fine leather secretary.

CHOOSE FROM THESE SPECIALTIES:

Pocket Secretaries
Playing Card Sets
Plastic Playing Cards
Picture Plaques
Lucite Specialties
Memo Books
Eskyfold Billfold

PLUS A WIDE SELECTION OF OTHER LEATHER AND PLASTIC SPECIALTIES.

MAIL THE COUPON TODAY . . . AN ESQUIRE SALESMAN WILL CALL WITHOUT OBLIGATION TO YOU.

ESQUIRE CALENDAR DIVISION
919 North Michigan Avenue,
Chicago 11, Illinois

Yes, I'd like to see the Esquire Line. Please send your representative with a comp
assortment of samples as soon as possible.

Company name____________________

My name____________________

Title____________________

Address____________________

City__________ Zone______ State__________

A **(SAMPLES CANNOT BE MAILED. PLEASE DO NOT REQUEST THEM.)**

Illustrated: Block "Sportster" in checked white or Pacific Blue. Also Block "Shortster" in California Gold

BLOCK

Sportswear

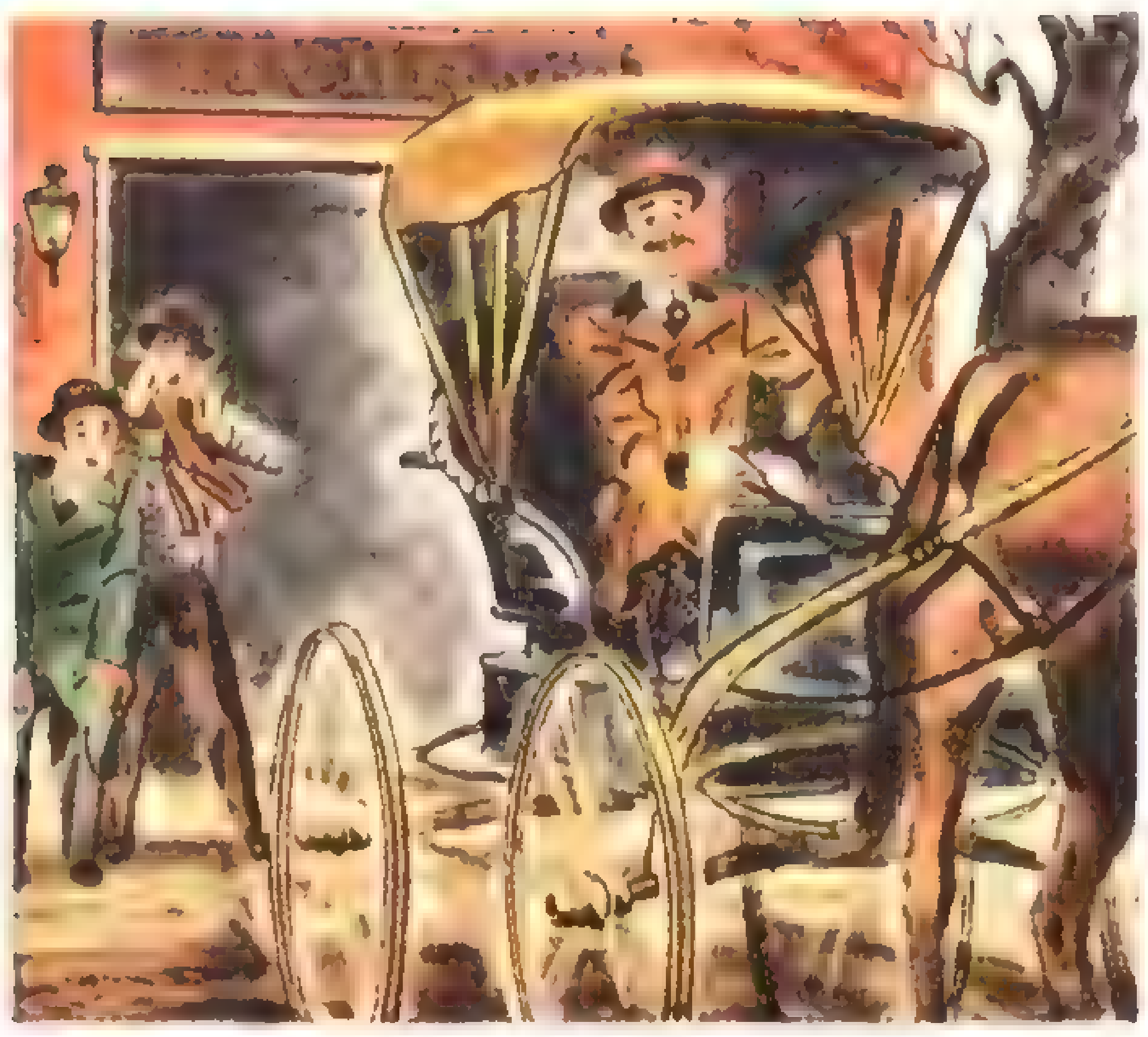
1563 MISSION STREET, SAN FRANCISCO 3
608 SOUTH HILL STREET, LOS ANGELES 14
261 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16

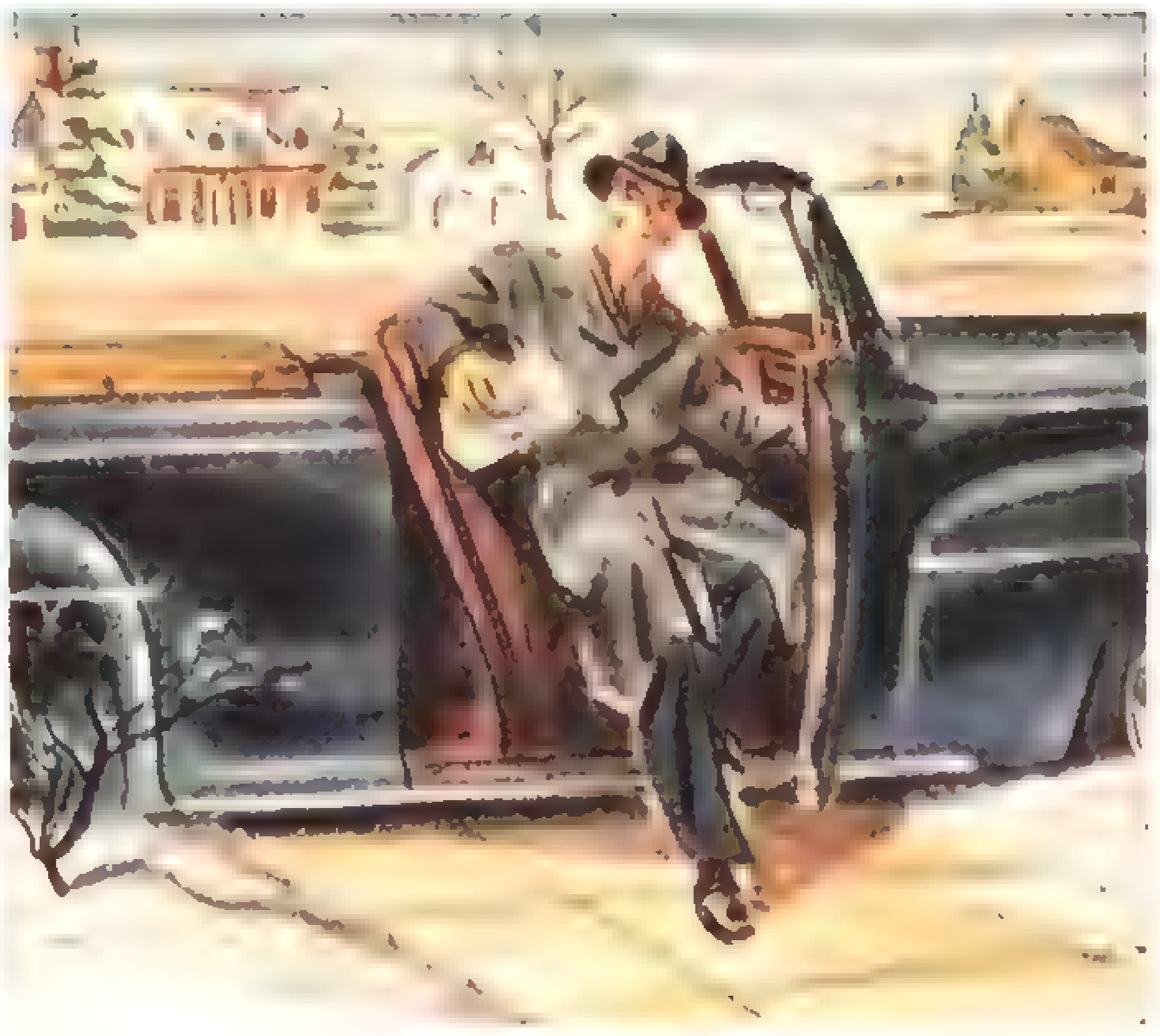
He's not missing any other shots!

No ifs, ands or putts about it, Block Sportshirts build up your ego something terrific! So you miss an easy shot now and then. Who cares? Block made-in-California Sportshirts look so handsome and feel so darned comfortable you take minor setbacks in stride. Cut full and free for easy action on the fairways or at the 19th hole.

"The secret of California Casualness"

Which is *your* Valentine picture?

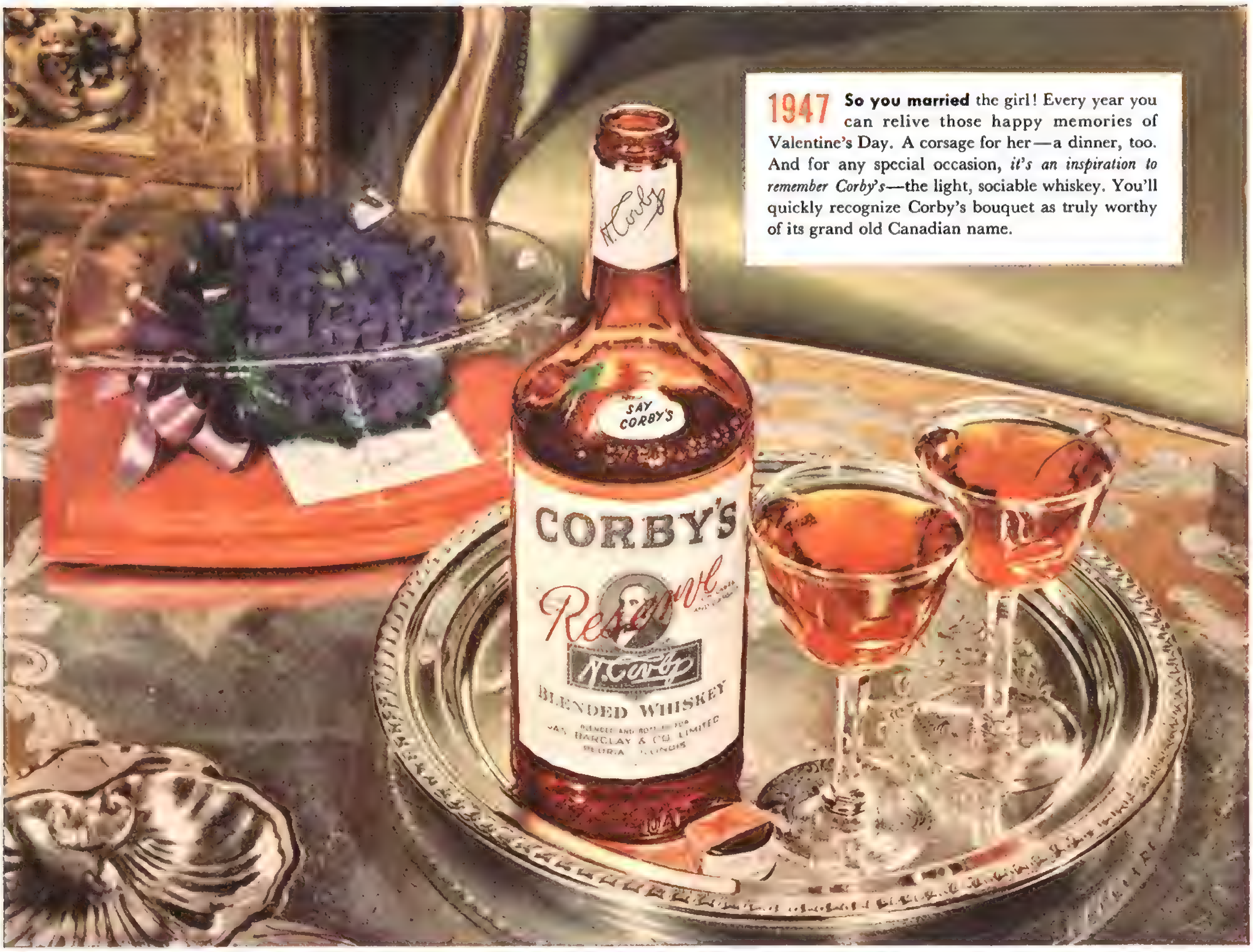




1890 **Age doesn't matter**—it's a bet your Valentine picture is here somewhere. Maybe this is it. In a hired "rig" you left for HER house, followed by cat-calls from the stable loafers. Remember? That Valentine's Day was 32 years after the name Corby's came to Canada.

1921 **Or is this it?** You wormed into your pal's raccoon coat and borrowed your uncle's red speedster. This was in the loud and raucous twenties, 63 years after the name Corby's became a Canadian tradition, but Valentine's Day was still a day for sentiment.

1942 **Recognize yourself** here? Perhaps "greetings" had just arrived from Uncle Sam and you were soon to be a G.I. Valentine's Day in 1942, when Corby's had been a famed Canadian name for 84 years, is easily remembered because of its ominous war clouds.



1947 **So you married** the girl! Every year you can relive those happy memories of Valentine's Day. A corsage for her—a dinner, too. And for any special occasion, *it's an inspiration to remember Corby's*—the light, sociable whiskey. You'll quickly recognize Corby's bouquet as truly worthy of its grand old Canadian name.

Look for me on every Corby's bottle

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender*

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Illinois

The Superfluous Obbligato

Continued from page 48

went into the Army as a private and came out a major with almost a record collection of campaign ribbons (one for every theater the five-star Air Corps general he worked for flew through). He ruminated his military situation long and thoroughly. His stories of good and bad officers behind the lines, their feuds and preoccupations, help map a third area of wartime frustration.

Applying Liebling's Law II to some samples of current or recent fiction, *The Hucksters*, which everybody says is a very funny book about the radio advertising business, is reported to be weighted down by a boy-and-girl section that nobody seems to give a damn about. This is strictly secondhand, because I figured it would be a waste of time for me to read a book knocking radio advertising, the Salazar Government in Portugal, the Chicago *Tribune*, or the tsetse fly.

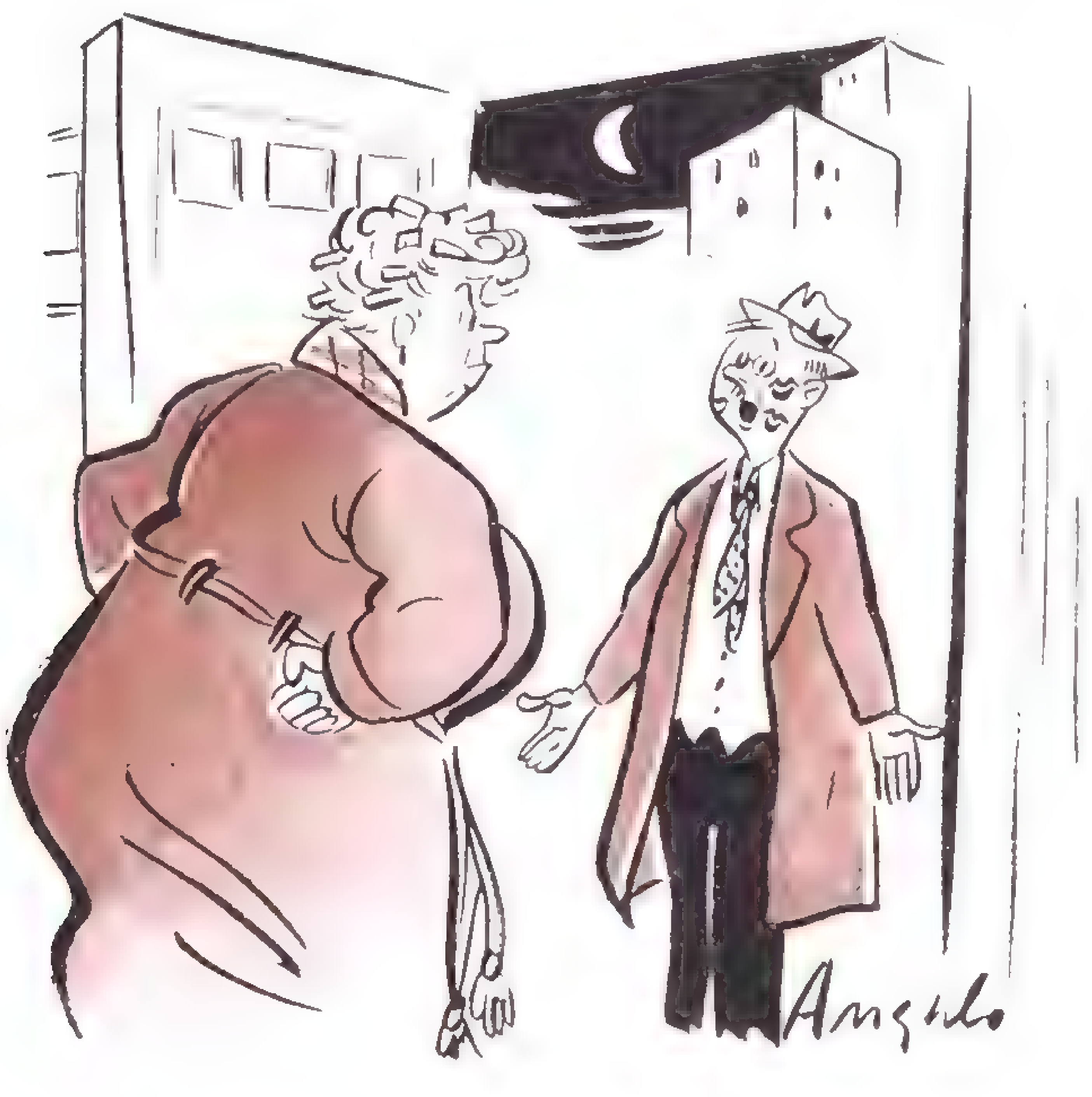
Never So Young Again (Rinehart, $2.50) a really good war novel by Dan Brennan, another young Minnesotan (I am not prejudiced in favor of that state, it just seems to be shot with talent), has the same sort of spotted fever. The spots about air combat are wonderful, those about romance are fairly commonplace. And Hamilton Basso's Huey Long novel *Sun in Capricorn* to which I referred a couple of issues ago, seemed to me to bog down in the same place. There was a novel way back in 1934 called *February Hill* that I thought was extremely amusing, about an old blowzer who lived in a New England Shantytown. But Victoria Lincoln, the author, had to append to it an idyll of young love which it still annoys me to think of. Or you take *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, for that matter. How much did the romance add to the interest of the book, before it was made into a movie?

Not that I'm trying to blink "the facts of life," or even casting doubt on the existence of romance. I'm just against hitching an extraneous boy-meets-girl sequence to a novel that would be tighter and better without it. A belief seems to have arisen that a novel without a bedroom scene is as incomplete as a sentence without a verb. Yet such a novel *can* get by: *Huckleberry Finn* and *Moby Dick* were reasonably acceptable without sex interest. They have even been made into moving pictures, although I can't guarantee that the next Hollywood Ahab won't have Ingrid Bergman aboard the Pequod with him, disguised as a Papuan harpooner. *The Scarlet Letter* is the kind of novel to which the male-female relationship is essential, because if the preacher hadn't dallied with the dolly there would have been no resultant situation to write about. And that, it seems to me, is the test of whether dalliance should be left in or out.

There is no simple explanation for the currency of the contrary belief. I know quite well that writers like Coates don't introduce the love story with an eye to a possible Hollywood sale, although cheaper types may. Hollywood, if it buys a novel, has a whole corps of plastic surgeons ready to skin graft a battle of the sexes onto anything it buys, anyway, so that a novel doesn't have to have built-in soul kisses in order to sell to one of the major film studios such as Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

For awhile I thought that a set piece about the carnal had become a traditional test of virtuosity, like the fancy fiddling

Continued on page 140



"If I tell you the truth, dear, you'll only think I'm bragging"

Now you can
take it with you!
ALPAGORA
Coats

No need, any longer, to walk out of your favorite clothiers, disappointed, because you can't find an Alpagora Coat in your size. For now, we're finally catching up with your demand! And, in every detail, it's the same quality-designed Alpagora you were so proud of before the war. You'll find a lot of new interesting colorings to tempt you — and whether you choose a Covert, a Tweed, or one of the new camel shades in Fleece, now you can take Alpagora quality with you . . . and enjoy it for years to come! And all at such moderate prices!

Topcoats from $35.

FOR THE NAME OF YOUR NEAREST DEALER, WRITE: STRATBURY MANUFACTURING CO., GALION, OHIO

APRY
FRENCH LIQUEUR
FAMOUS SINCE 1755
APRY
MARIE BRIZARD
Enjoy APRY also as a Cocktail—
⅓ Apry; ⅔ Dry Gin;
Teaspoon Lime Juice.
Shake well with ice.
Strain and Serve.
As truly French as the
famous Boulevard restaurants of Paris—
APRY, the famous liqueur by Marie Brizard
has always added a gracious note
to dining and hospitality.
You will appreciate APRY . . .
"the soul of the apricot".
MARIE BRIZARD
IMPORTED by Schenley

Apricot Liqueur—80 Proof. Schenley Import Corporation, New York, N. Y.

The Superfluous Obbligato

Continued from page 139

Menuhin and Heifetz have to do in the middle of a piece. It seemed to be a competition. Hemingway in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* said that when Jordan and Maria achieved rapport "the earth moved." He has been severely criticized for this by a number of non-writers, who complain that women who have read Hemingway cherish unreasonable expectations. Bigger Thomas, in *Native Son*, felt white surf breaking over a rock inside his head. I rather like a more restrained figure of Jean-Paul Sartre's in *l'Age du Raison*. He says that the male party of his duet felt as if he were being picked up by the back of the neck. The prize reaction of this ill-remembered series occurred, I am almost sure, in a very bad book called *Equinox* published about three years ago. The broad in the book had different sex associations with every man she knew; when she thought of one of her lovers she saw blue electric flashes. This stops just a centimeter short of hyperbole. Or as Doc Barrett, the old Columbia trainer, once said to a 287-pound freshman football candidate: "Six ounces more and you'd be a mastodon."

The most reasonable explanation of this compulsion to write about love as explicitly as possible, however, is, I think, the writer's illusion that he has a unique experience to share with the world. This is the most private of activities; each thinks he has discovered it for himself. It is like the good little restaurant in a side street, which the connoisseur fancies he alone has found. He recommends it to a friend, who says: "Oh, *that* place! *Everybody* goes there, even advertising people."

Then the connoisseur is hurt; he goes off to find another restaurant, which turns out to be where the Kiwanis Club meets at noon each Thursday and where the B'nai B'rith gathers on the first of every month.

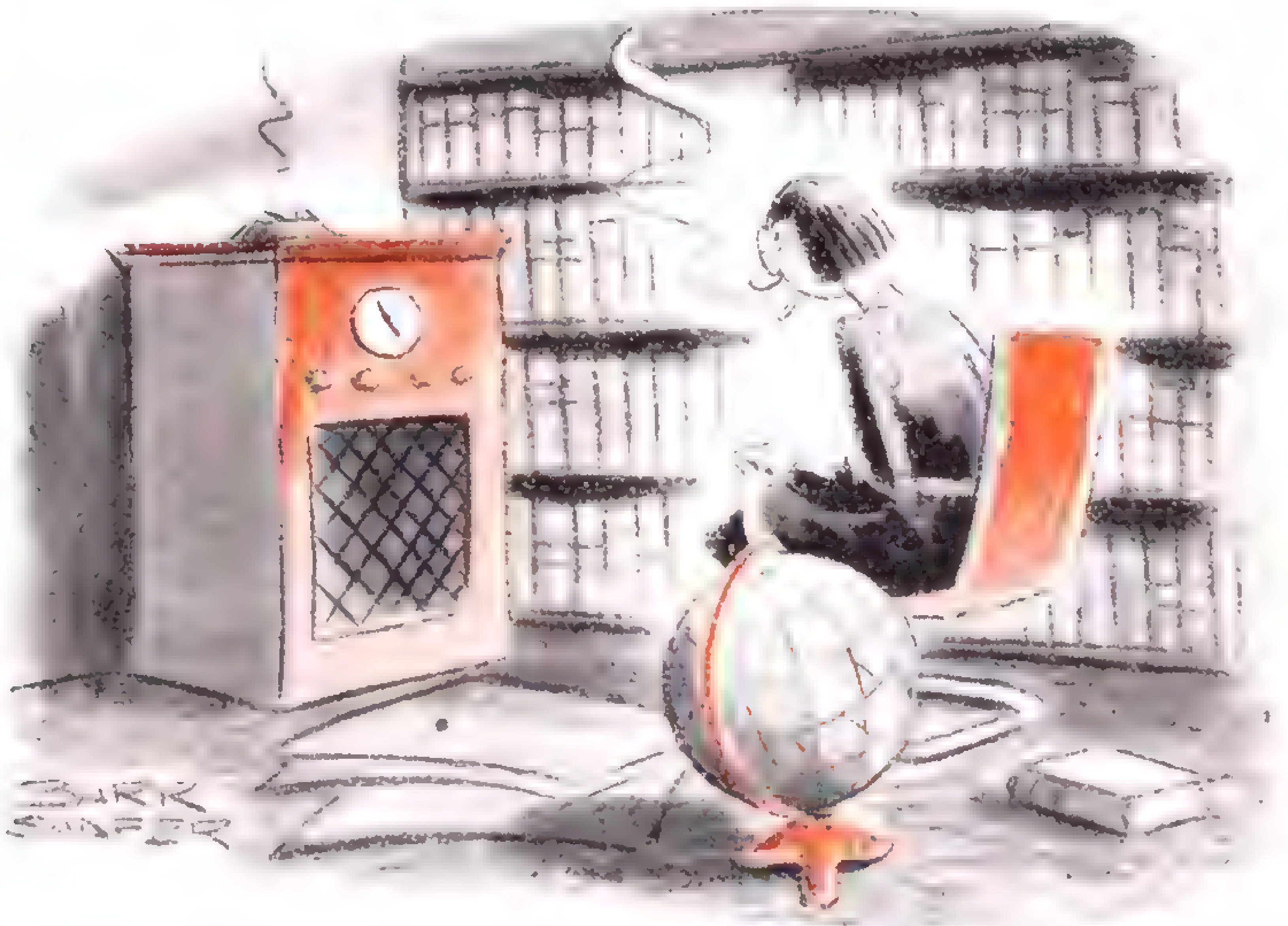
It is the sport in which no annual handicap list is posted; a man must go through life without being certain whether he is in Class A or just a sub-novice. His schedule may have included an unusual number of stumble-bums, in which case he probably overrates himself, or he may have drawn a disproportionate number of opponents who had awkward styles, and so wind up unduly humble. There may be demonstrably unique, or at least unusual experiences in this incompletely explored realm, like the unknown animals that are believed to lurk in the extreme depths of the sea, but none has been brought to the surface by a writer in quite a long time.

Once, while I was at Dartmouth, I knew intimately a young freshman who returned from a visit to Montreal dizzy with the conviction that he had had an experience that was unparalleled in all of human history. On subsequent reflection, however, he decided that it was open to anybody else who had five dollars.

Much less has been written about the vicarious quality of modern life. Young men are delegated to bear the physical consequences of our thoughts. Some of them die. We, on our safe transport in the Pacific, at our desk in the Pentagon Building, in our studio on Lexington Avenue, try to tell ourselves that we are unhappy because we have not died with them. But, occasionally, we hate ourselves, because it is not really so. ⌗

**Liebling's Law I, enunciated in the* New Yorker *for May 19, 1945, is: "If you are smart enough you can kick yourself in the seat of the pants, grab yourself by the back of the collar, and throw yourself out on the sidewalk."*

Continued from page 48


BARK
SALTER

"What will happen now? Will Harold and Jane make up after their quarrel over Chiang's attitude toward the northern provinces? Will Jane's aunt continue to confuse the heroic endurance of the Russian people with the genuine difficulties in Bulgaria? Be sure to listen tomorrow and . . ."

Hagen Treatment

The Haig had a stick of psychology in his bag the day he met Turnesa

by **WILSON HICKS**

MAYBE an athletic champion doesn't have to be a psychologist, but even a sports dullard will admit that there are many times when it helps.

The day old John L. kept staggering forward into the path of Jim Corbett's conversational fire as well as his left hooks, he was as much a victim of psychology as he was of the dancing master's boxing skill.

And Mr. Psychology was on the mound with Pete Alexander that afternoon when he had the late Tony Lazzeri frantic in search of soft curves that just about got to the plate.

There are even some horsemen who swear that Seabiscuit used psychology on War Admiral when he lapped himself on Sam Riddle's fast-breaking colt and broke his spirit by not letting him get his nose in front at any stage of the race!

Walter Hagen is, of course, a fabulously talented athlete, as well as a bon vivant, showman, philosopher and—psychologist. As a tournament golfer, the genial Haig was a man who maneuvered more than his sticks; he maneuvered opponents as well. But never was he so skillful at the latter task than on the afternoon at Cedar Crest Country Club in Dallas, Texas, when he did a job of psychological work on Joe Turnesa in the final match of the 1927 Professional Golfers' Association tournament.

The Haig had an international reputation as one of those athletic freaks, a golfer who never stopped enjoying the game, come sweaty palms or ulcers. He took tournament golf as he took everything else—in stride. While his competitors breathed heavily over three-foot putts and hovered dangerously near thrombosis on the fairways, the Haig sailed along, getting as much of a bang out of the game as he did out of living. He wasn't one to worry about losing. And he was cagey enough to sense that his opponents worried a great deal about it.

Said the Haig: "Take it easy—relax—laugh. As you travel down the road of life, there are times to be serious, but you've also got to have fun—and a smell of those flowers as you go along."

Haig was the defending P.G.A. champion in 1927 when he entered the tournament that was to give him his record four wins in a row. But he was badly off his game, a fact which was obvious as he teetered through an erratic start. He steadied down then, knocked off Tommy Armour and Al Espinosa in the quarter- and semifinals and moved up to meet twenty-six-year-old Turnesa for the title. Walter's golf was good now, but so was Turnesa's, and the genial master was taking no chances. For an extra weapon, he dug deeply into his reserve of psychology and prepared to give Joe what was known as the special Hagen treatment.

The match was scheduled for ten o'clock; the Haig arrived blithely at the first tee at ten-thirty while the officials fumed and Joe Turnesa fidgeted with false nonchalance. That was psychological step number one.

Turnesa's approach on the first hole was good, falling ten feet short of the cup. Lying a potential one stroke back, Walter surprised everyone and Turnesa especially by knocking the latter's ball out of the way and conceding the putt. Startled, Turnesa asked if Haig had gone crazy, conceding ten-footers in a P.G.A. final. Walter just grinned and said, "You'd have sunk it anyway, Joe. Besides, I owe you something for keeping you waiting." That was psychological step number two.

Playing steady but not brilliant golf, Walter made the turn three strokes back (after conceding putts on the second and third holes to the amazed Turnesa) and had to turn it on in earnest in order to take the title and—incidentally—make his psychological scheme work.

Walter turned it on—genially and intensely. After thirty-four holes, he was only one down with two to play. Now it was time to administer step number three—which was to be the psychological *coup de grâce*.

Hagen and Turnesa were lying even on the thirty-fifth green, facing a piddling two-footer. Half-kidding, half-serious, Joe turned to Walter and asked him if he wanted to concede the putt again.

"I don't know," said Walter, taking his time, stooping to sight the lie, waggling his own putter thoughtfully. "This could be a tough one, Joe. Better shoot it," he advised.

Turnesa took his bead, nudged the ball—and missed. The gremlins had him for fair.

Still smiling and nonchalant, Walter muttered words of consolation and put his own putt away to square the match, with one last hole to go. But it was as good as over. His clubhead weighted under a whole caravan of gremlins. Turnesa bogied the thirty-sixth hole and Hagen took his expected par—and the championship. ##

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"**. . . WHAT A SHAME** that his appearance isn't as good as his playing! His hair is so stringy and dull . . . it never looks combed, and . . . oh, oh . . loose dandruff, too! A plain case of Dry Scalp. Guess it's up to me to tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp
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WHAT A DIFFERENCE there is in his appearance now, thanks to 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic! Try it yourself, and see what a world of difference a few drops a day make. Loose dandruff is checked. Your hair looks better . . . your scalp feels better. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before every shampoo. It's double care . . . both scalp and hair . . . and more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

The Rainbow in Blood Alley

Continued from page 67

them as brides; married men ponder vaguely on divorce. The Foreign Offices of the Allies sponsor them as incomparable agents to recover the stolen loot which the strife has made a fabulous commerce. The girls appear in Portugal, South America, India, China, and now in Macao, this murderous outcast of a disciplined world.

Its menace hides under a sleepy beauty. "In this land of sweet sadness," sings the poet, Camoens. His Portuguese song becomes immortal, *The Lusiadas*. From the harbor, the grey hills rise in a soothing haze; up there Monte Fort is comfortable with its old cannons, two centuries past its prime. The soft wind out of China rides with a balm that persuades innocence and peace. Terraced along the heights are the old Portuguese houses, light blue, pink, and yellow; the colors are fading like old dreams, here and there a bright spot in the growing dimness. The colors run down into the weathered sails where the fishing junks live in a world of but three elements, water, fire and air. To these fishermen, the boat is their home, their business, their church, their government, their life; and from the smell, it might well be their Hereafter.

Beneath this Oriental composure, so violent is the squirm for life that the next day brings a British naval cutter bearing Major Rufus DeLacy-Forbes to rescue the Sartov girls. Alarm has followed their Macaon trip; the Foreign Office wants them in safety again. One he would save by marriage, the other by protection.

Their home on Praia Grande welcomes him, but official circles are disturbed. A guard of Indian soldiers is offered, and rejected. Twenty-four hours prove how necessary it is. The major and one of the girls go up Penha Hill to picnic, and to romance of a wedding that may sometimes be. Which girl? Does even the major know! A bird whistles near them, twice, then a third time. It is an ambush. Figures leap towards them, for which the major is prepared. His revolver is hammering their defense. One snatches at the Sartov girl, then is dragged away; near his throat sticks a pearl-handled dagger which was made in Denmark.

When the major reports the attack, his chatter leaks the first information of the Sartov girls' mission. High British interests have engaged them to recover a treasure sacked in the Hong Kong looting. Their efforts unlock a brilliant success. But their jubilance cracks in mid-victory. The bold navigating skill of Captain Red, with his abject enslavement to the girls' beauty, knights him to give the treasure its safe destination. Several integrities enjoin him to his honor; that of a sea officer, of a partner, of a businessman, and of a suitor. His avarice swallows all. He transfers the wealth to a fishing boat in midnight flight. His treachery eclipses the prestige of the Sartov girls. Macao keeps its official hands off, watching the relentless pursuers and the defiant thief.

Declaring only tragedy can follow, with the season treading upon the monsoons, the major strenuously urges the girls to surrender the chase. He meets with stubbornness. "I will get that treasure back from that red traitor if it is the last thing I ever do."

"But he's in love with you. Use strategy, return to Hong Kong; he will follow. That's the rascal's reputation; he can't resist a beautiful woman with whom he is infatuated. It's common sense, my dear; come back on the cutter with me, the man will follow; you can dictate your own terms."

Both girls are obdurate. "This is the only time we ever failed, and we're not going to let him mock us."

The major departs on his cutter. That night the captain's bedroom drips with chloroform. But no loot is found. When his wits drag back, he abandons the hotel for his cellar barricade.

Macao twitches with rumors; the tension draws into Blood Alley. The Rainbow inmates are talking of the drama in a dozen tongues, choosing sides with bitter dissension, one clique on the side of Captain Red, the other for the Sartov girls.

In the afternoon a growl comes up from the choppy sea; thunder explodes into squalls of rain; the wind raises its wild scream. Sixty, eighty, one hundred miles an hour! The monsoon strikes.

Now the food rots; fabrics turn to slime; and a throat that needs cutting is quickly attended. The evil in human nature sprouts in this dankness; impulses become passions; passions become manias, for which savagery and violence make the only quick poultice.

When the storm retires, the Sartov girls come at once to measure the difficulties of their task. A jinrikisha delivers one to the fan-tan joint where she is received in the tearoom. She understands Chinese cities; knows such a district is a warren of secret passages, hidden tunnels, devious getaways.

Her opening is persuasion: "Let

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us be friends, Captain Red. We will double your share, and make no trouble. My friends will see that you get another ship; you are famous for your skill; my friends will protect you, and support you; you can prosper and have a fine career."

When it fails, she turns to warning: "If you refuse to return this treasure, my friends can block every port against you, and make it impossible for you ever to get a ship. Imagine your life barred forever from the sea, always a prisoner in this spider's nest."

Threats bring the climax: "Remember, Captain Red, money never sleeps and never forgives. You have no reason to fear us Sartov girls, but money has no conscience and no mercy. We are here as the voice of that wealth; and if necessary, as its weapons. We will give you five days, then the money will take its action, without conscience and without mercy."

He makes a naïve offer: marry him, then they will both have the treasure. Her indifference starts his angry boasting: "I can buy you any time I want to when you once see the treasure I have in my boxes. Diamonds, pearls, rubies, emeralds, by the hundreds and hundreds, in bracelets, rings and pins of the best, I tell you, the absolute best. No woman can resist jewelry like that. I know; I've seen plenty of them die for it; no woman in the world can resist it."

As she leaves, he says: "When I send for you, come; and let no one know about it. We may make a deal."

Seeking her 'rikisha man in a loitering group, she disturbs a father who salts the bidding for his daughter. When her mind surrounds the gist of this mad auction, she doubles the highest bid, with the provision that the money shall be used as a dowry to purchase a husband for the girl. The rescued one thanks her by kissing her hand.

Day after day the steaming monsoons scald the city.

On the fifth day, the captain's servant appears at the home on Praia Grande, delivering a note. In the captain's writing: "Come over, and I think we can make a deal." One of the Sartov girls dresses for the storm. Wrapped in waterproof, she disappears into the howling gusts of rain. It is the last time she is ever seen.

An hour later, the other Sartov girl is out in the night, battering futilely on Captain Red's heavy shutters. Her frantic pounding turns to the shutters on The Rainbow of Blood Alley. The old Chinaman unbars to let her enter. He cannot help her for he knows nothing. But he takes her back to the home on Praia Grande with the gentleness of an old father.

With daylight, she is darting through the city, calling at the government offices, consulting the police, sending radio messages. The courage and will which have carried the girls so far in their adventurous career do not forsake her.

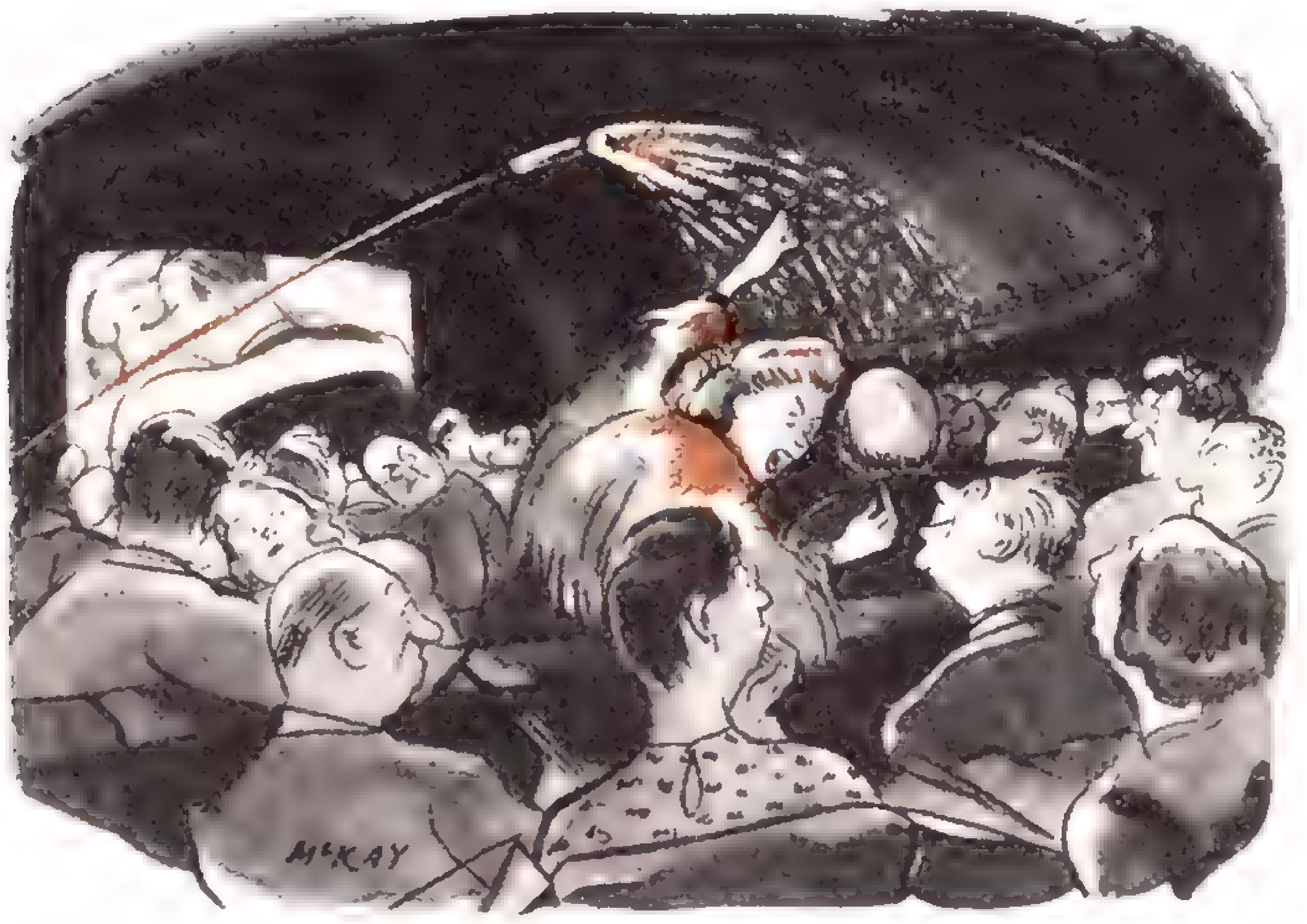
Macao is not concerned. A girl has disappeared; well, they often do. At Captain Red's, the explanation is that she started home, probably got mixed up by the storm, lost her way, and something happened. Why would a girl be out alone in such a night!

The radio brings Major De-Lacey-Forbes. With the Sartov girl, he calls on Captain Red, demanding the privilege of searching the place. In the cellar, they find rooms luxuriant in furnishings. Facing a heavy table is an enormous chair covered with a cotton throw as a protection against mold. The major presses the covering to see that no body is hidden there. The inspection is without a clue.

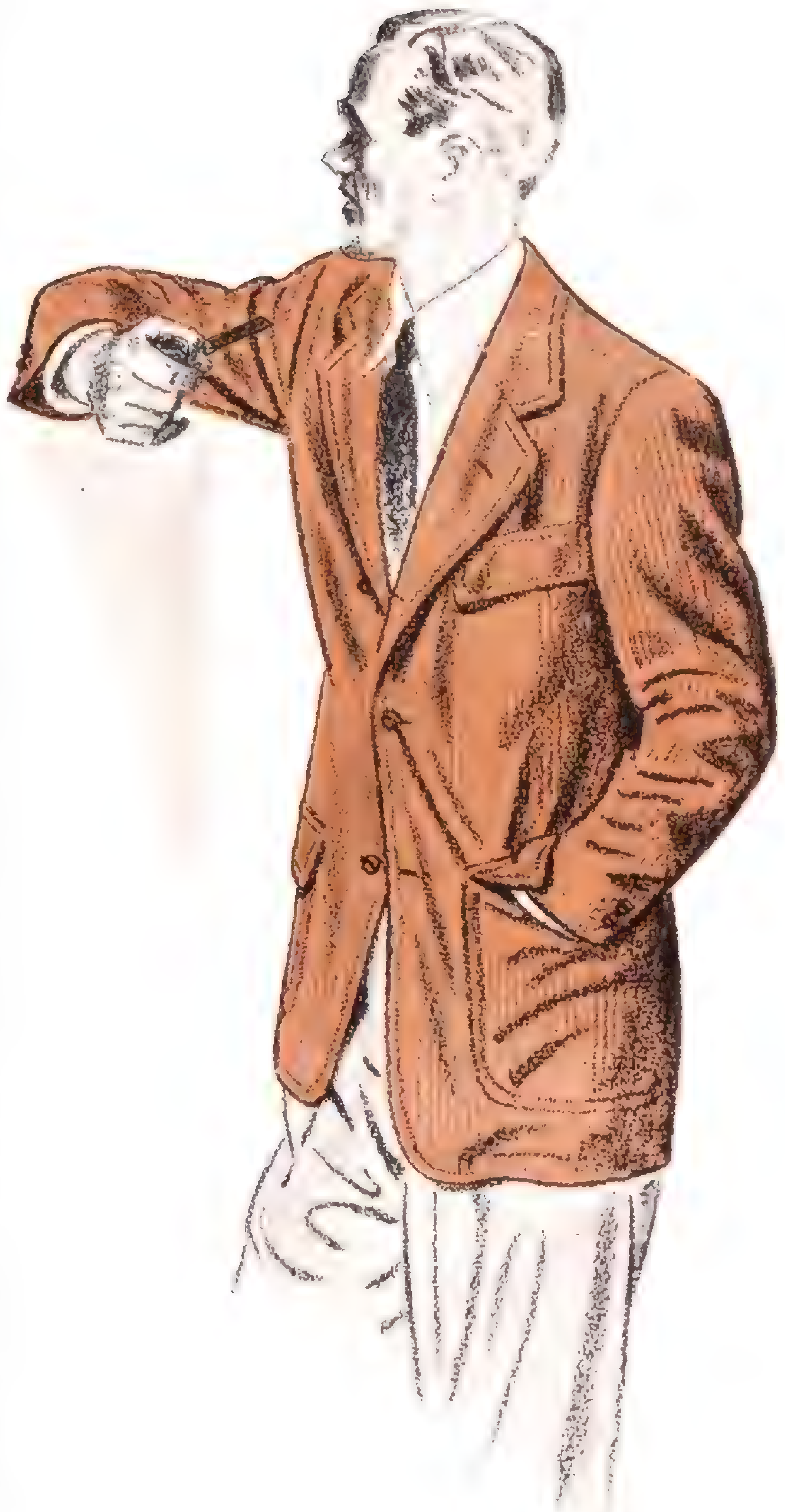
The major insists that the remaining girl accompany him to Hong Kong. Until she finds the missing one nothing will induce her to leave. The major is embarrassed; is it Hilda or Frieda that is involved, so he can report to his superiors. "Just say it is one of us; that will be sufficient."

For three days the girl is ceaseless in her lonely efforts. Then she turns to the Eurasian and the result is something that startles even Blood Alley. The Sartov girl becomes a resident in The Rainbow. Hardened to tragedies

Continued on page 144



"The Gormleys have sent up a flare—they must've found us better seats"



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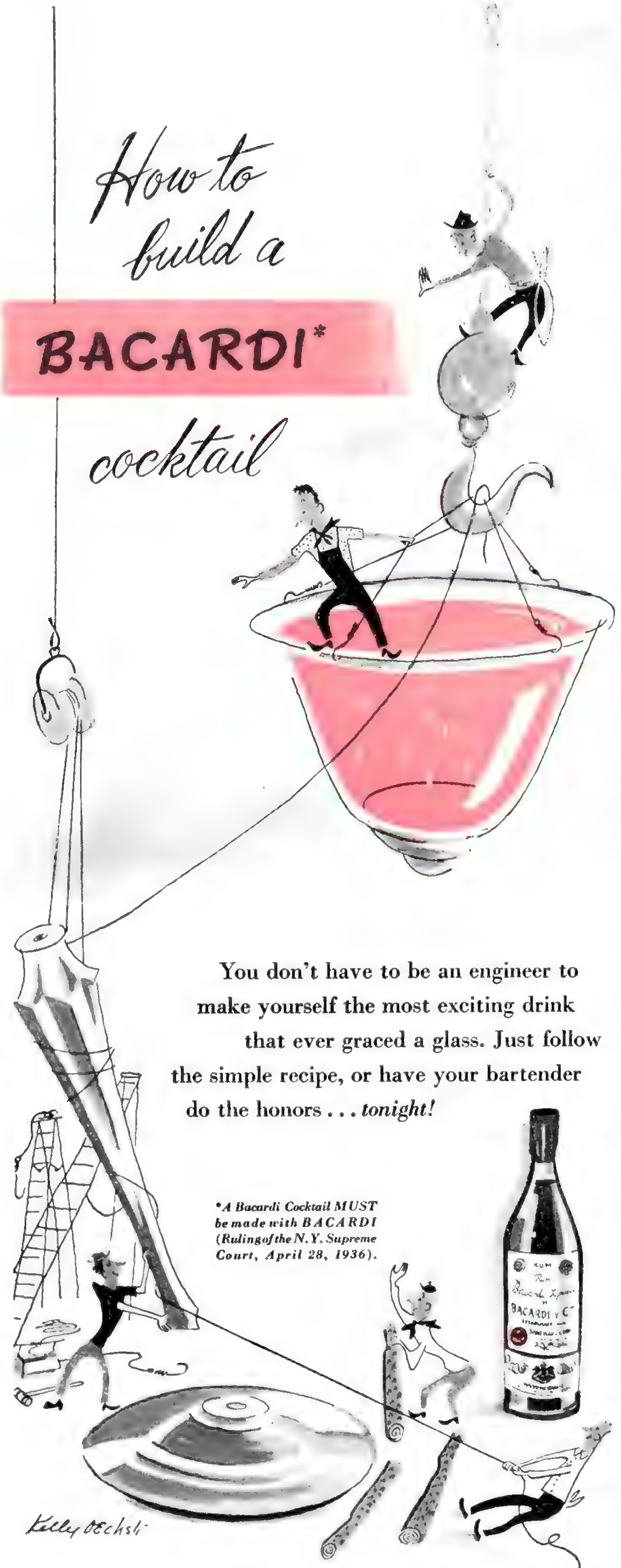

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Juice of half a lime; dash of grenadine; a generous jigger of BACARDI, White or Silver Label; mix thoroughly and shake well with finely chipped ice; strain and serve. If you prefer it dry, simply substitute ½ teaspoon of sugar for the grenadine.

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The Rainbow in Blood Alley

Continued from page 143

that surpass melodrama, this turn of events stirs Blood Alley, starts its greatest legend. The Danish girl occupies a cage, they whisper.

Her rich experience in secret affairs easily makes her way among the other girls who rally to her cause. Every whisper of the Macaon underworld finds a channel to The Rainbow. The Eurasian is her counsel.

She is there more than a week, becoming friendly with Captain Red. The old Eurasian is always near; he says he had become rather silly about this fair Danish girl; and in his old age, jealous. Captain Red finds that very amusing, the half-dead old fool. On the night when the monsoon strikes again, a note comes to the Sartov girl. She nods to the servant who brings it. Then she spends hours with the Eurasian in his little office.

The morning launches a tumult in Blood Alley. Shopkeepers, idlers, hop-heads, prostitutes, pimps and beggars surge in a shrill babble outside Captain Red's door where the police now stand. An ambulance is coming. The doctor is piloted downstairs where the body of Captain Red slumps in the enormous chair, his body crushed in a massive girdle of wooden slabs. An upright wheel-of-fortune fastened to the table facing the chair is hung with splendid jewelry, bracelets of great value, diamond and emerald rings, strings of pearls, pins and brooches of many kinds, heavily jeweled. It is a fortune.

The doctors cannot free the man whose heavy neck is clawed with stab wounds. Then he spins the wheel, and understands. The lascar's wild story of the chair is no myth. When the wheel spins, the girdle about the waist slowly tightens. It is plain enough. The victim seated in the chair is told she may have any of the jeweled treasures, merely spin the wheel to the points where the prizes lie. Excited by the tempting bounty, the victim sees the wheel spin without realizing that a set of gears converts each turn of the wheel into the slow tightening of the girdle. Slowly the body is hugged until the pressure is too tight for breath, then panic, strangulation and collapse. It is the mad captain's pleasure to watch the greed of women bring about their own death with this lethal device. Now some avenger has caught him in his own trap.

In a pocket, the doctor finds the key that releases the girdle. As they drag the unconscious man from the chair, a dagger falls from his chest. It is pearl-handled, with the stamp: Made in Denmark. The police take the jewelry, but the servant insists something even more valuable is missing; many boxes of treasure.

Miss Sartov is back in the Praia Grande home. In the afternoon, the major arrives again in his naval cutter. Within an hour they are married in a civil ceremony. The major does not know about the accident which befell Captain Red. When the Sartov girl signs the registry, the major is anxious, as is everyone else, to see which of the Sartov girls becomes a bride. Is it Hilda, or Frieda?

She writes the name firmly, without a disturbing tremor—Hilda Frieda Sartov.

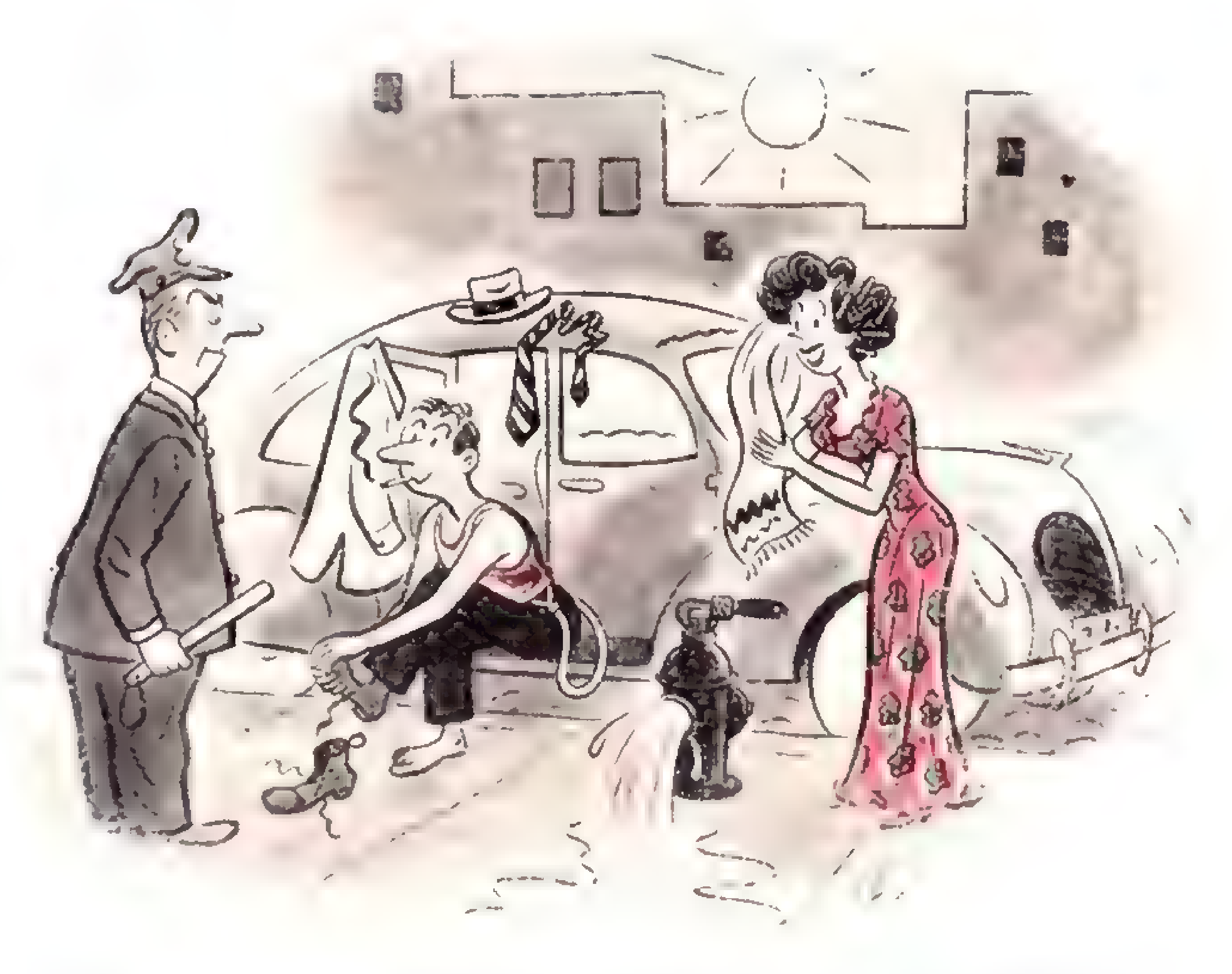
When they go aboard the cutter, the coolies complain of the heavy boxes the bride is taking with her; the record of the Sartov girls has no failure; it is the captain's treasure.

The Eurasian is given the enormous chair which he assembles in working order. It now stands in The Rainbow of Blood Alley as an added attraction for sight-seers.

A dove-grey dress appears for sale in the secondhand bazaar, the price is sixty cents. A little girl buys it for her wedding dress. It is like the one the kind woman wore when she gave the dowry to buy a husband. The husband is nearly fifty, somewhat toothless, but such is romance "in this land of sweet sadness."

The founders had not foreseen such activity when they chose the name—Macao means "The Favorite City of God." ###

Continued from page 67



"We traded our apartment for a new car, officer"

Blueprinted in Silver

Continued from page 70

dangerous still, but happy. Salisbury charged that he had violated the agreement, but a court decided Cody was within his rights.

In these fabulous surroundings many of Colorado's laws were born. Because there wasn't any Statehouse, the legislature divided its time between the Silver Dollar Bar and Madam Jenny Rogers' establishment. Madam Jenny was considered by many people to be the best-built lady they had ever seen, and she had allegedly attended an exclusive Eastern finishing school. Her girls were lovely, versed in their trade, and well-bred. They rode to the races in a coach and six, and never spoke to a customer who was with his wife.

Once, in a lighter mood, Harry Tammen set fire to Jenny's, causing the legislature which was holding session inside to gulp its champagne and stream into the street in various stages of dishabille.

During the sessions at the Windsor each roll call and vote meant another round of drinks. In consequence, the passage of a hotly debated bill was likely to find many of the members willing but unable to affix their signatures.

On one immortal occasion when the lawmakers were deadlocked, a member was discovered lying behind the bar. In a burst of alcoholic acumen, the speaker suggested the slumbering legislator be aroused and offered a drink.

"If he takes it," the speaker said, "the bill passes."

A committee was formed to wake him. After he had been shaken for several minutes, the inebriated member opened his eyes and the question was put to him. Bleary-eyed, he staggered to his feet, grasped the bar and downed the proffered shot. The bill became Colorado law.

The solid mahogany bar ran the length of the room; its footrail and cuspidors were solid brass. Décor was the usual pink, buxom nudes. An eighteen-inch molding around the ceiling was gold-leafed.

Shortly after the Windsor opened, Haw was having a drink with an Easterner. "Pretty good for a boom town, isn't it?" he asked.

The Easterner nodded. "All it needs is a silver-lined floor."

A year later the Easterner was passing through Denver and stopped again to have a drink at the bar. At the door he halted open-mouthed. Embedded in the stone floor were three thousand polished silver dollars.

Mark Twain, Teddy Roosevelt and the Grand Duke Michael of Russia could be seen in the Silver Dollar Bar. In the following decades it became the haven of all the great and near-great who ventured into the West. A breed apart were the English black sheep and younger sons, packed off to the raw frontier by their families.

Sir Cecil Moon was such a one, coming up from his ranch near Fort Collins at regular intervals to sip champagne with the girls from the Palace burlesque theatre. In the small hours of the morning he would reel back to the Windsor and leave an eight o'clock call with the night clerk before making his way to his room. The night clerk was forgetful and invariably his lordship missed the morning train.

On his last visit Sir Cecil appeared to register with a gunny sack slung over his shoulder. He offered no explanation, but the next morning at dawn guests throughout the hotel were rudely awakened by the sounds emanating from the Englishman's room.

Billy Bush made a hurried call. On the footboard of the bed was perched a rooster, and on a pillow, a hen clucked over a new-laid egg.

The management made every effort to please its guests. When Oscar Wilde complained that the wallpaper in his suite did not match his personality, Billy Bush had the décor changed weekly.

Once in the Silver Dollar Bar Gene Field and O. H. Rothacker brooded over the excitement caused by Wilde's imminent arrival. At Field's suggestion they hired a coach and, two hours before Oscar's scheduled appearance, paraded through the streets with Rothacker doing his best to emulate Wilde for the cheering multitudes. When the great man stepped off his train everyone had gone home.

That, Field often said later, was what made Oscar Wilde.

For all its plush and gold décor and French cuisine, the Windsor was still a frontier hotel. The baths were across the street in the Barclay Block and advertisements proclaimed a choice of "Russian, Roman or Turkish baths in elegant comfort."

When Haw married Baby Doe in 1883 he bought her the first bathtub in Denver for their second-floor suite at the Windsor.

The tub was four feet deep, four-and-a-half feet long and leafed with gold. It had no faucet or drain and when Baby Doe took her weekly bath, servants passed pitchers of hot water in a chain up from the kitchen. Her bath over, they bailed the water out of the tub and passed it downstairs again.

Baby Doe was born Elizabeth McCourt of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, an ambitious doll-faced girl who married the mayor's son, Harvey Doe, for his money, which he promptly lost. Harvey became a miner and Baby Doe moved on to Denver, bought herself some fancy clothes and took a room at the Windsor.

At the Tabor Opera House, she caught sight of Haw, met him at a café afterwards, and let him take her home. In a few days he installed her in the second-floor suite at the Windsor and imported $20,000 worth of furniture to please her flamboyant taste.

Meanwhile, Augusta, his faithful wife of the Leadville years

Continued on page 146

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Continued from page 145

with the pick and burro, refused to dress like a lady and invited the servants into her parlor, and one night Haw packed his bags and carried them downstairs. Augusta rushed to the balustrade. "Oh Pappy, don't leave me," she cried, "you know it'll be your ruin."

But Haw went to his Baby Doe and time bore out her prophecy.

In 1892 Harry Brown shooed his brindle cow from her grazing land half-a-mile east of the Windsor and built the $1,600,000 Brown Palace. Denver called it a white elephant until Brown donated the adjoining land to the legislature for the new state capitol. The town began to move away from Larimer Street.

Consumed with envy, Haw bought the land next to the Tabor Opera House for $62,000 and gave it to the city for a new post office.

Asked why, Haw said, "Well, it's a nice government, ain't it?"

In '93 Haw's luck ran out. The panic wiped out his Leadville investments, and then the inexhaustible Matchless was suddenly exhausted, and the sprawling Tabor empire collapsed.

Penniless, the seventy-year-old Haw ripped the gold leaf from his picture albums for a grubstake and went back to the mountains with his pick and burro.

In 1898 the Republican Party remembered his generosity and made him postmaster, with an office on the site he had donated six years before, at a salary he had once lost in a single poker hand. With Baby Doe and their two daughters he moved again to the Windsor, to a dollar-a-day back room.

In April, 1899, Haw stood in front of the Tabor Opera House gazing at a portrait of himself in the lobby. Suddenly he felt a knifing pain in his stomach. He was carried to the Windsor and Baby Doe summoned the parish priest. After awhile the pain stopped. Baby Doe put an ivory cross in his hand. The next day he died. His last words to Baby Doe were, "Hold on to Matchless."

A month later she was evicted from the Windsor. Haw had left her no money to pay the rent.

By the first World War the Windsor was a dollar-a-day transient hotel. The gold leaf gradually disappeared from the molding around the bar. The gold-plated doorknobs were replaced by brass.

One day somebody removed the mahogany bar.

A few years later you could flop on a hand-carved walnut bed for twenty-five cents a night and in the grand ballroom piles of straw rented for a dime.

Denver was a city, and the Windsor had ceased to have a place in the scheme of the new century.

In the lost twenties Frank Rice arrived, a throwback to the gaudy past. Self-consecrated Bishop of the Liberal Church, Incorporated, he held communion every Sunday in the Silver Dollar Bar for the derelicts of Larimer Street with nickel rye.

When one of his flock consumed a bottle of wood alcohol and expired, Rice arranged for the body to lie in state on the bar for twenty-four hours. The funeral services were held in police court.

"The deceased," said Rice, "spent most of his life in one of the two places, and it is only fitting that he be remembered in his accustomed sphere."

Through the thirties the Windsor deteriorated quietly.

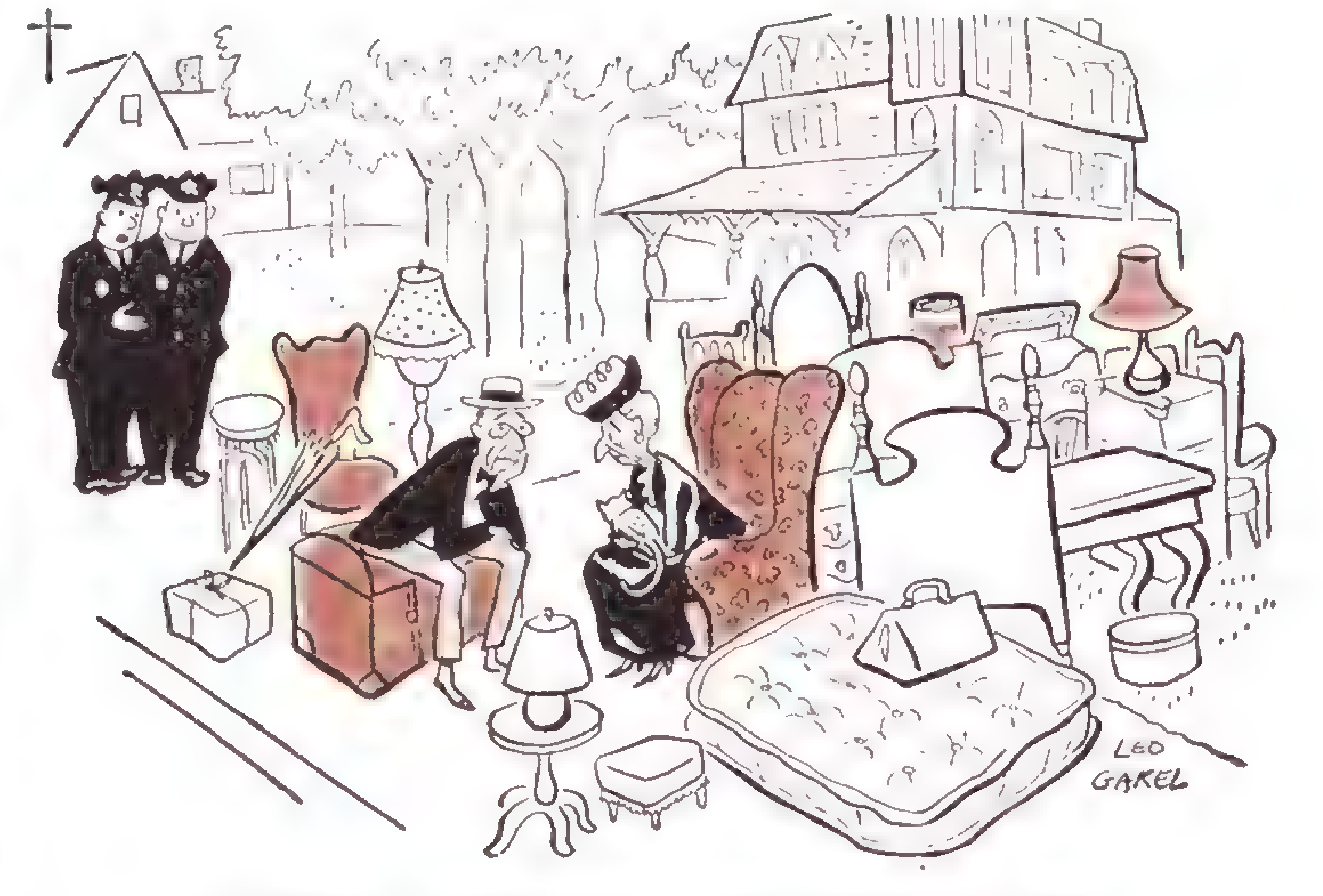
Then came the Hohnbaums to rediscover, repaint and refurnish it in pallid imitation of its dead splendor.

Publicitywise, on the hundredth anniversary of Buffalo Bill Cody a year ago, they corralled a handful of men who had known him, and herded them back to the Windsor, to the Silver Dollar Bar.

Someone asked one of them if it didn't look like Haw Tabor's time again. The ancient surveyed the sight-seers standing in line under the picture of Baby Doe, waiting to pay their sixty cents for a tour through the hotel.

"Not exactly," he said, "not exactly." ⵌ

Continued from page 70



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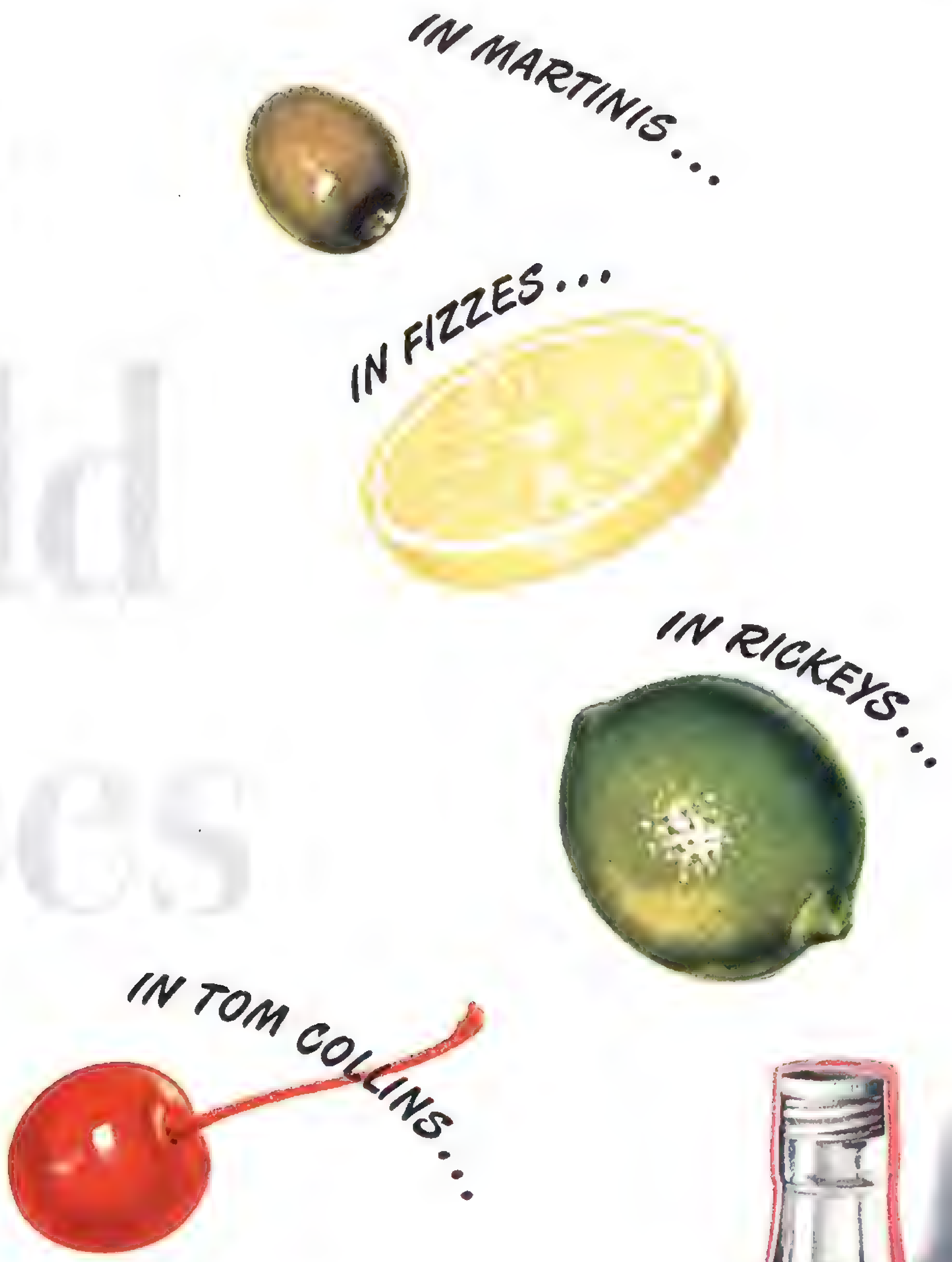
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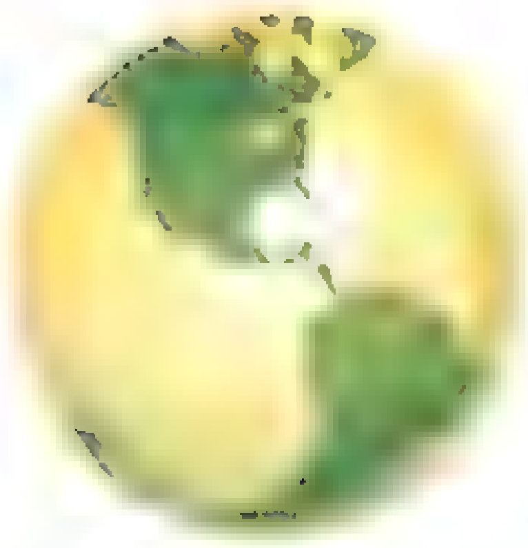

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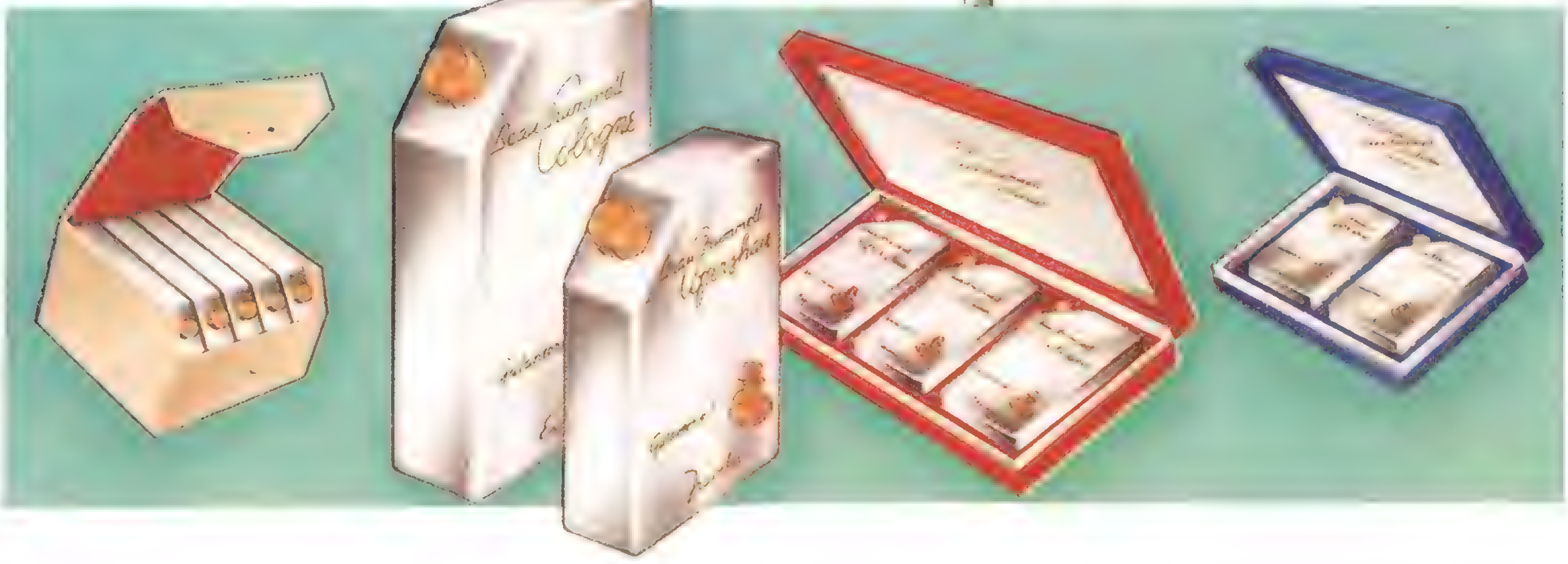

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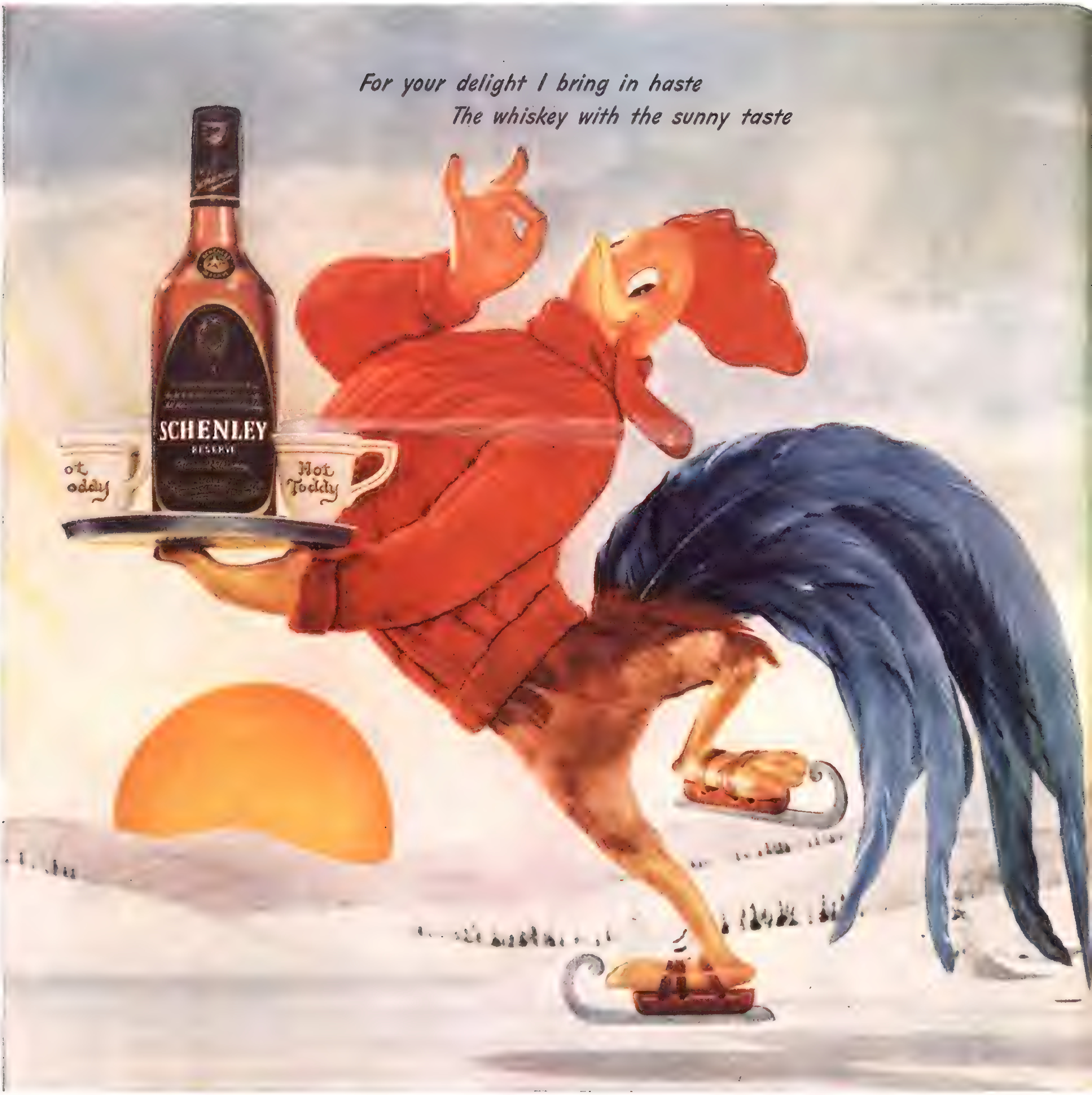
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The Beachcomber of Miami Beach

Continued from page 69

"but you can beachcomb anywhere you want, just so you have some ocean and some sand and some warm sun. Personally, I like Miami Beach fine. If you feel like a pastrami sandwich all you have to do is go across the street and get one. Or if you feel like seeing Gary Cooper or Cary Grant in a movie you don't have to walk more than a couple of blocks and there's a picture show. I doubt whether Tahiti would be like that."

"But just how do you go about being a beachcomber in a place like Miami Beach?" I asked. "I read a story in the Sunday paper about a year or so ago about beachcombers, and it said they were always on the outlook for valuable cargo that had been shipwrecked and for ambergris. But you can hardly find that sort of thing here."

"No, there's no shipwrecked cargo around here," said Sam. "Occasionally, a squall will come up and beach a canoe knocked loose from its moorings. That's about all. If there's any ambergris around here, I haven't run into it yet. I am not sure just what that is. There are some pelicans around here, though. They like to get on a jetty and dive into the water for fish. They're really something to watch."

"But if there aren't any wrecked ships and any ambergris around here," I said, "how in the world can you be a beachcomber?"

"Well, why don't you come along and watch me?" said Sam. "I'm beachcombing now."

Sam stood up and I got out of the chair and we started walking down the edge of the beach. Every now and then Sam would stoop down and pick up something. Sometimes it would be a shell, sometimes an empty bottle, sometimes a pebble. Sometimes he would say, "Look at this—rather unusual, isn't it?"

Then, several hours later, he put five bottles, thirteen seashells, nine or ten pebbles, a small pile of seaweed and two rubber bathing caps under a palm tree. Then he sprawled himself out in the sand.

"Well, that's that," he said. "I think I'll call it a day."

"And that's all there is to beachcombing?" I asked incredulously.

"That's about all."

"But what are you going to do with all this—this stuff?"

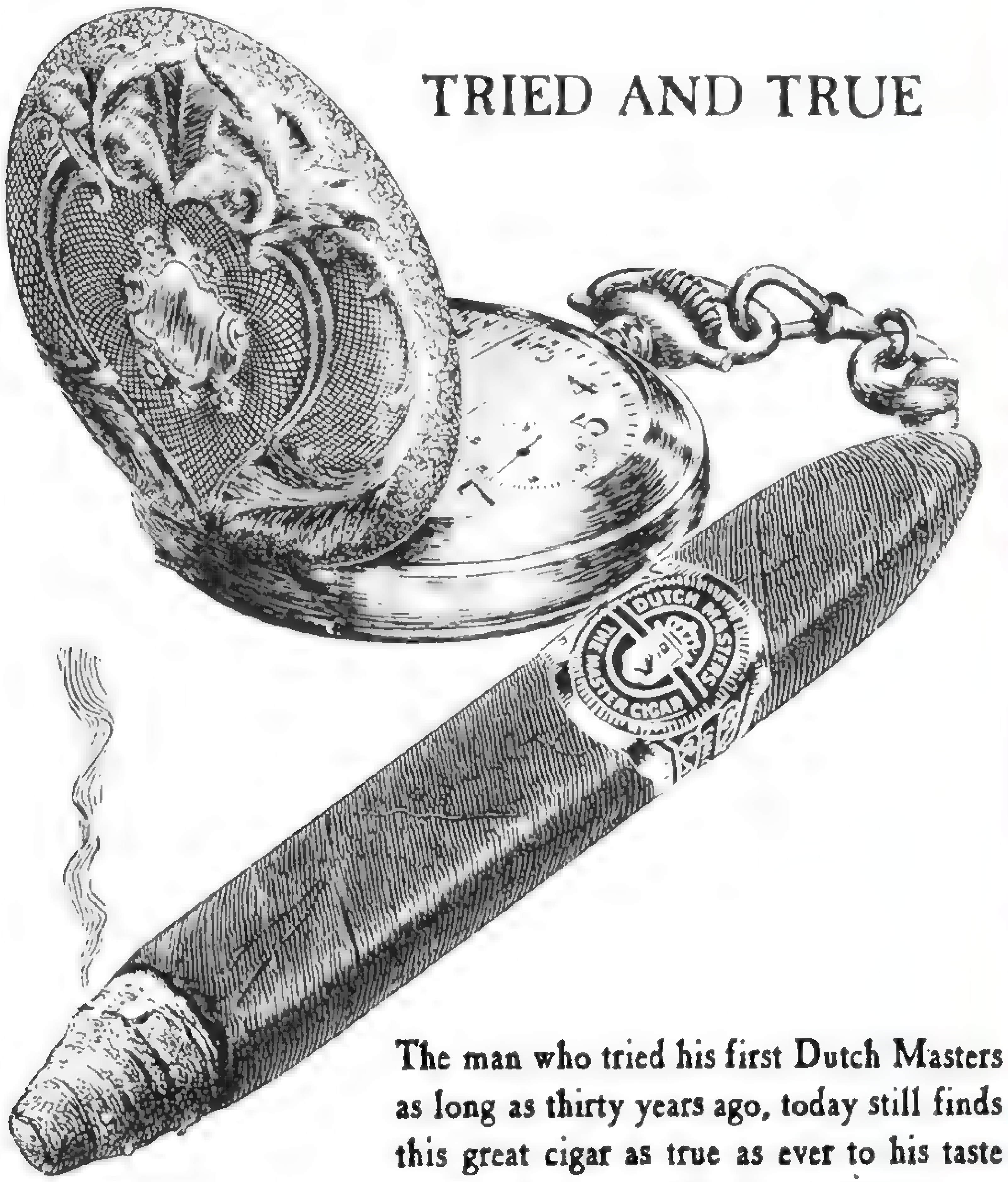
"Admire it for awhile. Then put it back in the sea again."

I sat down by Sam.

"I don't get it," I said. "How can you make any money out of such an operation? I know that it doesn't cost you too much to live maybe, but it's bound to take

Continued on page 150

TRIED AND TRUE



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The Beachcomber of Miami Beach

Continued from page 149

something for food and for rent."

"Of course, it takes a certain amount of money to exist," Sam admitted. "You have to have some clothes and there's food—I happen to be partial to pastrami, which is rather expensive—and there's my room at the Maveris which must be paid for."

"The Maveris! You stop at the Maveris? Why, that's one of the most expensive hotels on the beach!"

"I know. But I happen to be very fond of my room there. It's a large corner room, with a sea view. And the service is excellent, of course."

"But how do you get the money for all this, Sam?"

"Being a beachcomber."

"But exactly how?"

"I'll show you," said Sam. "See that kind of plump woman out there threshing about in the water by herself? Well, the chances are she's a well-to-do widow. A lot of them come out here. Most of them are like her—plump and alone—and she's probably in the chips or she wouldn't be on a private beach. Now just watch."

Sam left me and walked across the beach and into the water where she was. I couldn't hear what they were saying but I could see they were holding a conversation. Then I saw Sam pick her up and carry her out of the water. He put her down in the sand, there was some more conversation and they parted.

"She turned out all right," he said when he came back to me. "She's a Mrs. Catching, and she's staying at the exclusive Bellhaven Hotel. We're having dinner tonight at eight."

"But how do you do it, Sam—you certainly worked it fast."

Sam Tankersely shrugged.

"There's really nothing to it," he said. "It works almost every time. I just walk out into the water and say, 'Lady, I thought I'd warn you—there are a lot of stingarees in the water today,' and they always say, 'Oh, my goodness, oh my goodness,' and I say, 'I'll carry you out of the water.' There's really nothing much to carrying them because the water's buoyant, but when you put them down they look up at you as if you're a hero or something and they get all gushy and thank you a dozen times, and before you know it you're having dinner that night. These well-to-do widows are all alike. They're all gushy and coy, but they all want to have a good time. They know it's going to cost them a little something, but they really don't mind. That's how I can afford to stay at a swank hotel like

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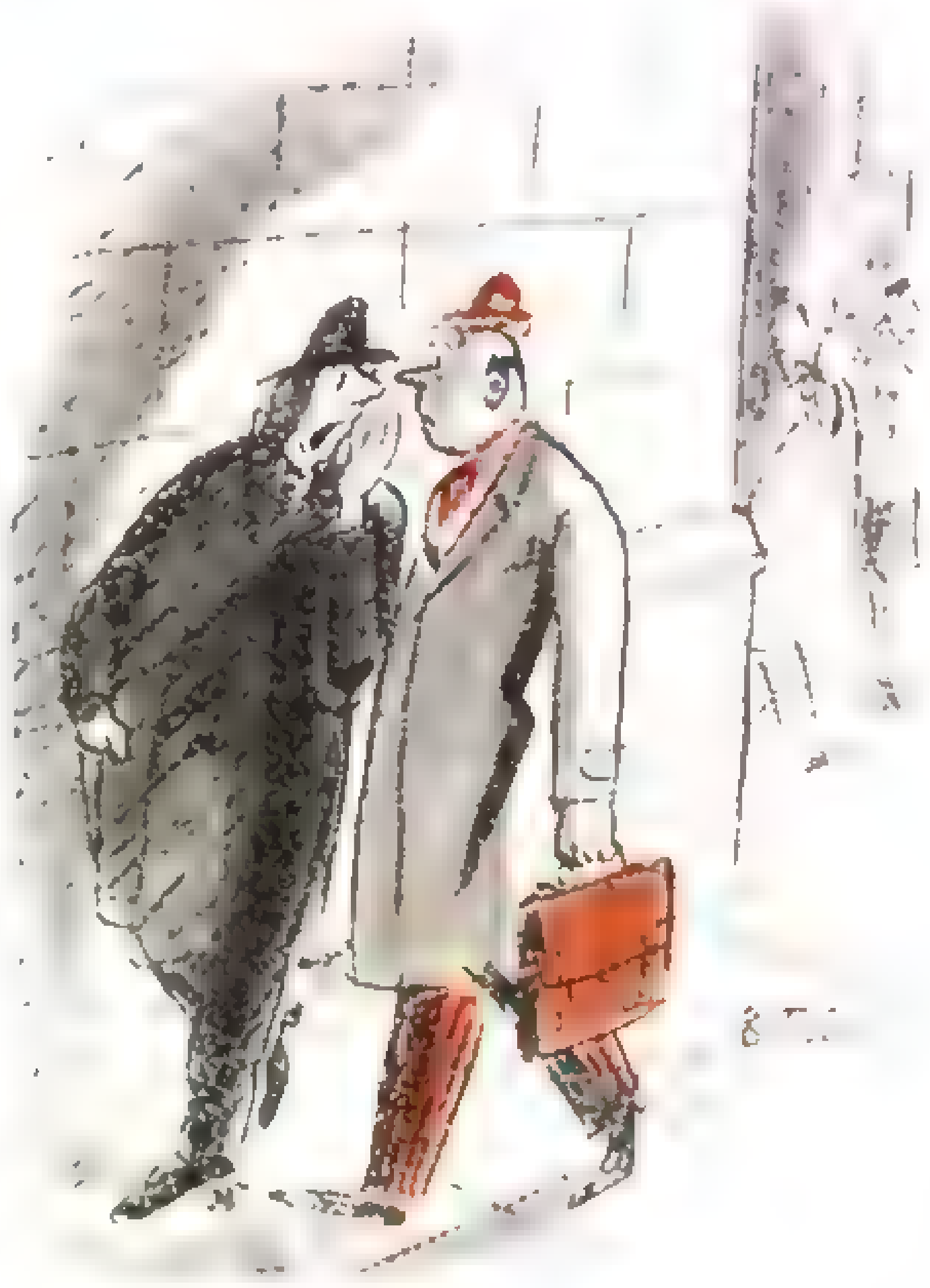
the Maveris and eat pastrami."

Sam invited me to drop over to the Bellhaven's Gardenia Room and have a drink with him and Mrs. Catchings. Out of curiosity I did. He was dressed in a white coat and bow tie which gave his lean bronzed face a certain picturesqueness. He looked sort of like maybe he'd been a matinee idol a few years back and was now spending his time being charming. There was a certain aloofness about him, and a kind of swashbucklery too, that made people look at him. He danced with Mrs. Catchings very gracefully and at the table he was always telling some amusing story that had Mrs. Catchings laughing. I couldn't stay with them very long, because the convention's steering committee, of which I was a member, had a night session, but it was very plain that Mrs. Catchings was proud to be out with Sam and was enjoying herself hugely. It seemed clear that whatever it was costing her she was getting her money's worth.



"Interested in a raffle ticket on a vacant love nest?"

I had to leave the next day so I went out on the beach that morning, hoping to run into Sam so that I could say good-bye. Sure enough, it wasn't long before I saw him. He was in his trunks walking along the edge of the beach, picking up little things.

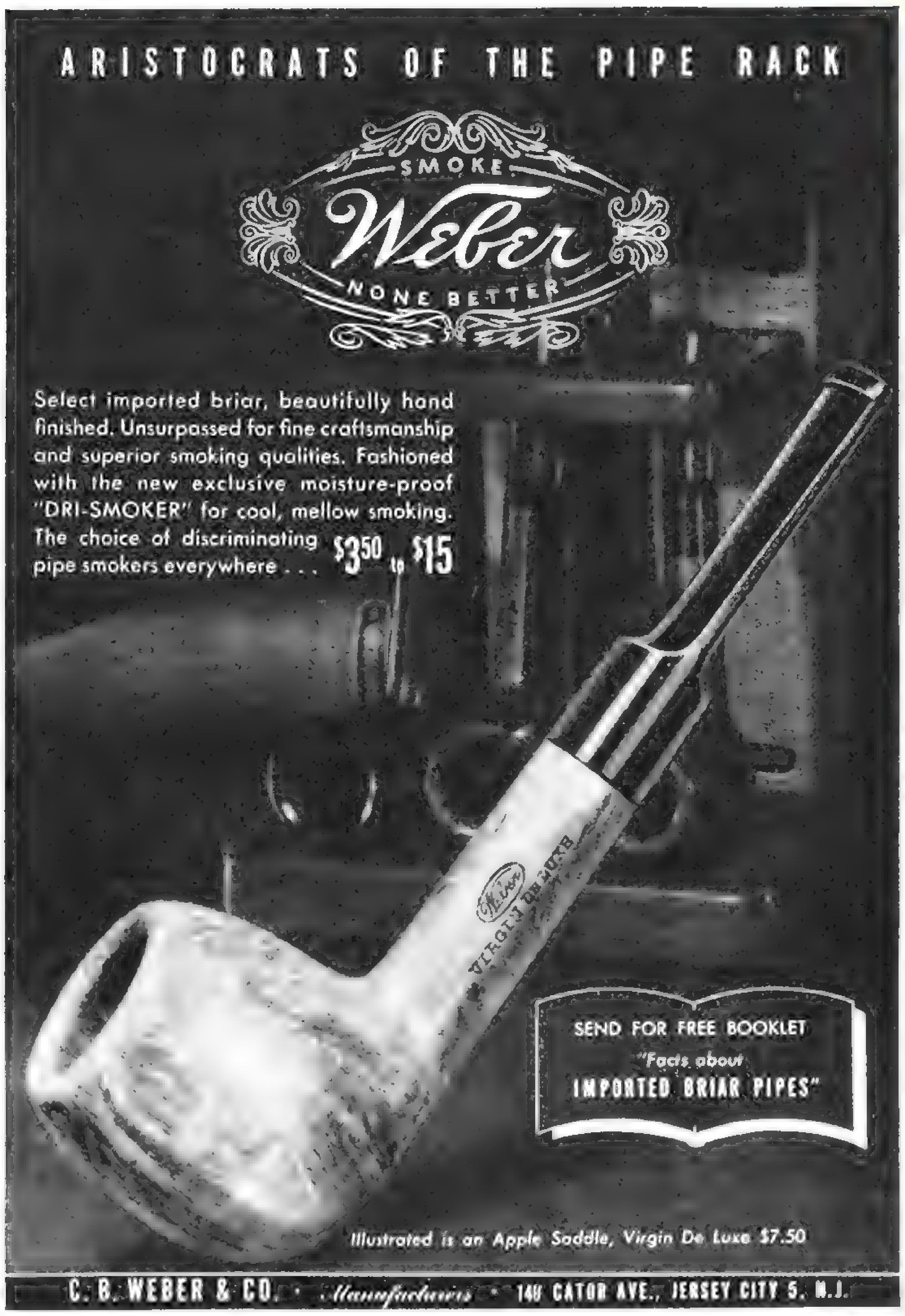
I walked over to him, told him I was going and we wished each other the best of luck.

"Oh, by the way," I said. "I have a piece of information that might be useful to you. I ran into a Mrs. Stappers staying at my hotel who is a widow, rich and lonely. In fact, I understand she has millions. Kind of nice-looking too. If you like, I can introduce you to her before I leave."

"No, that's not the way I do things," Sam said. "I never have anything to do with a widow unless I meet her in the water. What do you think I am—a gigolo? I'm a beachcomber and make my living by what I pick out of the sea."

And with that he turned around and strode pridefully down the beach. #

Continued from page 69



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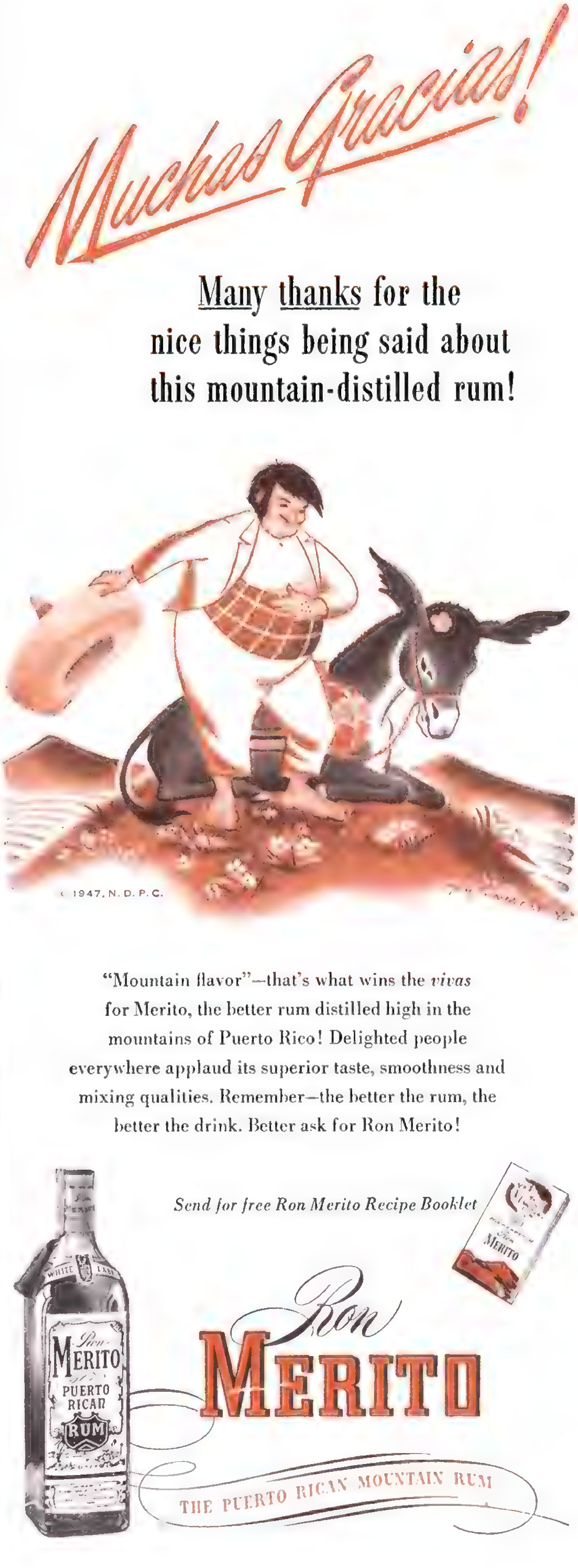

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The Cost of an Irish Kiss

Continued from page 77

the tears badges of sorrow—and who could they be for but him?

"Set a light in the tower, sweetheart," he said as he held her close. "Keep it trimmed day and night and I'll see it for a guide across England, France and Italy."

* * *

MacGillicuddy, Prince of the Reeks in Kerry, a venturesome lad, came riding through the east of Ireland and halted for food and shelter at the castle of Ardee, which for the moment was the home of Dermod, King of Leinster. He got a welcome from the MacMurrough befitting a monarch with whom he had no quarrel. And from the Kerryman, Derbforgaill's love learned O'Rourke had gone to Rome.

In the morning Mad Dermod got up with his mind set. He had been a fool to gallop away from the wedding of Derbforgaill. The woman loved him. He had seen it in her eyes. She was one who had time only for warlike men like himself and he had left her to marry a pilgrim. Like as not she had been putting down the King of Leinster for a craven ever since.

"If it had been O'Neill or O'Donnell or O'Brien or any other two-fisted king I wouldn't raise my hand," he said to himself, "but it's a shame for me to leave Barefoot's granddaughter pining out her life with a reader of books."

So he jumped on his horse and didn't take a single man-at-arms with him. He rode across Ireland, and in due time came to the gates of the castle of Drumahaire. The servants ushered him into the big room with the books, and the Princess of Breffni came in, her head high but her face pale as death.

"What brought you here?" she said to him.

"Love of you. What else?" he answered—and reached for her.

"Is there no honor in you?" she cried, getting behind a chair.

"The love I have for you and the love you have for me has not a thing to do with honor and well you know it," he told her boldly.

"Who ever said that I loved?" she asked him in wonderment, and forgot herself enough to come forward from behind the chair.

In a second he had picked her up in his arms and was kissing her eyes, her hair, her mouth.

"The morning of the wedding I knew it," he whispered. "All the marriages in the world couldn't change you from being my woman nor me from being your man."

It was dark of the evening when Dermod trotted over the drawbridge to wait his midnight tryst with Derbforgaill five miles down the road. The Princess of Breffni for her part wept and prayed for

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strength to stay where she was, but no help came to her.

At an hour from the time of her tryst she called a man-at-arms to saddle her horse, saying she wanted to ride in the moonlight, and when she heard the sound of the horse at the gates, she mounted to the tower and blew out the light which had burned there to guide the Prince of Breffni home.

She had gone only a bit of the way when she heard the voice of a child-girl crying by the roadside. She pulled up her horse and called out but there was silence. She moved on and the crying began again. Each time she stopped the moaning stopped and each time she moved on there it was. Frightened, she put her horse to the gallop and then from all around came the noise of people crying as though their hearts were breaking. Children, young girls, voices of every age.

Ahead of her once, as she whipped on her horse in terror, she saw an old white-haired woman crossing the road as though she was dragging a long chain behind her. The horse trod on it as he galloped past and the metal rang out.

"Go back! Go back!" cried the old woman turning her face to the Princess of Breffni. It was Ireland calling to her through centuries of oppression to come. She rode on, terror-stricken, to pull up only when she saw a giant figure standing under a clump of trees. The voices had died down now.

"What ails you, darling?" cried Mad Dermod as he caught her in his arms. But she could only sob hysterically against his breast.

"I've spread our bed under the oak trees," he said. "At dawn we'll be on our way to Dublin before they start hunting for you."

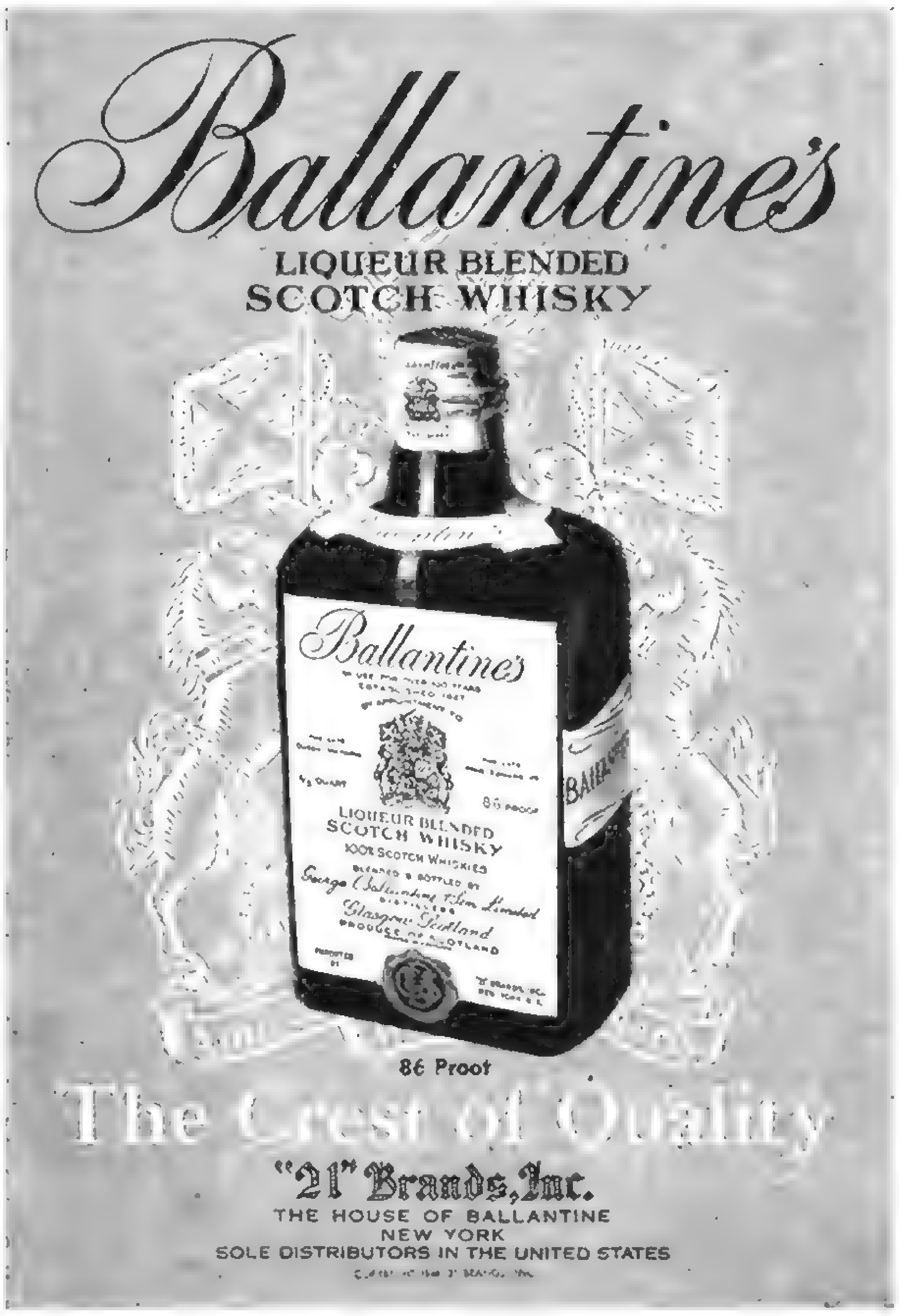
* * *

Already the curse is upon her
And strangers her valleys profane;
They come to divide—to dishonour,
And tyrants they long will remain.
But onward!—the green banner rearing
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt.
On our side is Virtue and Erin
On theirs is the Saxon and Guilt. *

Henry, the Second, King of England, sat by the fire warming his hands and listening the while to the big gaunt man who was telling him his troubles. And Dermod of Leinster had troubles to tell, all of his own bringing.

O'Rourke of Breffni, though a scholar, was no coward such as Dermod had set him down for. He came home from Rome to find Derbforgaill had left him, had raised his clansmen, demanded help from Rory O'Connor, over-King of Ireland, and without waiting for it had marched against the King of Leinster. But aid came pouring to him as he rode to war. The hand of every king was raised against the despoiler. In the battle line, as it moved from every corner on Leinster, was Rory O'Connor, the Ard-ri, O'Brien of

Continued on page 154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The Cost of an Irish Kiss

Continued from page 153

Thomond, MacFloinn of Meath, O'Neill of Tyrone, O'Donnell of Tyrconnell, MacCarthy of Desmond, O'Loughlin of Connaught and a score of hereditary princes.

You might well say that this array should have made short work of subjugating the MacMurrough. And it would have, had the Leinster men been led by any other. For six years Mad Dermod fought against overwhelming odds. Time and again he and his woman, the Lady Derbforgaill, missed capture and death by the skin of their teeth. Through it all the red-haired girl stuck to her man. She that had never before known the feel of aught but silk or velvet on her body tramped through the glens in rags and barefoot, the way her grandfather had fought and gained his name.

Her baby, Eva, had been born in a cave that overlooked the waters of Dublin Bay. Rising from her bed of rushes after her pain, she had come to the mouth of the cave and had looked down at the battle between the Leinstermen and a portion of Rory O'Connor's army. Standing there, she had seen the Prince of Breffni fall from his horse, an arrow through his throat. She had shed no tears, for the years had hardened her. She had her baby, and her man, Mad Dermod the MacMurrough, so no other thing mattered.

And now she sat in her lodging in London, her little girl playing on the floor, waiting for news of the bargain that the King of Leinster was trying to strike with the King of England.

"I remember well the things you did for me in Normandy over and above killing the Duke of Burgundy," Henry was saying to the MacMurrough. "But we'll have to go about this business decently and in order. You're the rightful and proper king of Leinster and they've pushed you out of the country?"

"They did, your honor," said Dermod.

"She must be the frightful pretty woman," grinned Henry.

"She is, your honor."

"I'm at peace across the eastern water at the moment," went on the King of England, "and consequently I have a lot of idle Norman soldiers on my hands hungry to be fighting."

"Give me the leave to command them and I'll sweep Ireland clean," Mad Dermod told him.

"Clean for you or clean for me?" asked Henry.

"Why, for me of course! And I'll be your friend ever after."

"I'll make a deal with you and you can take it or leave it. You've nothing to lose for you're an out-

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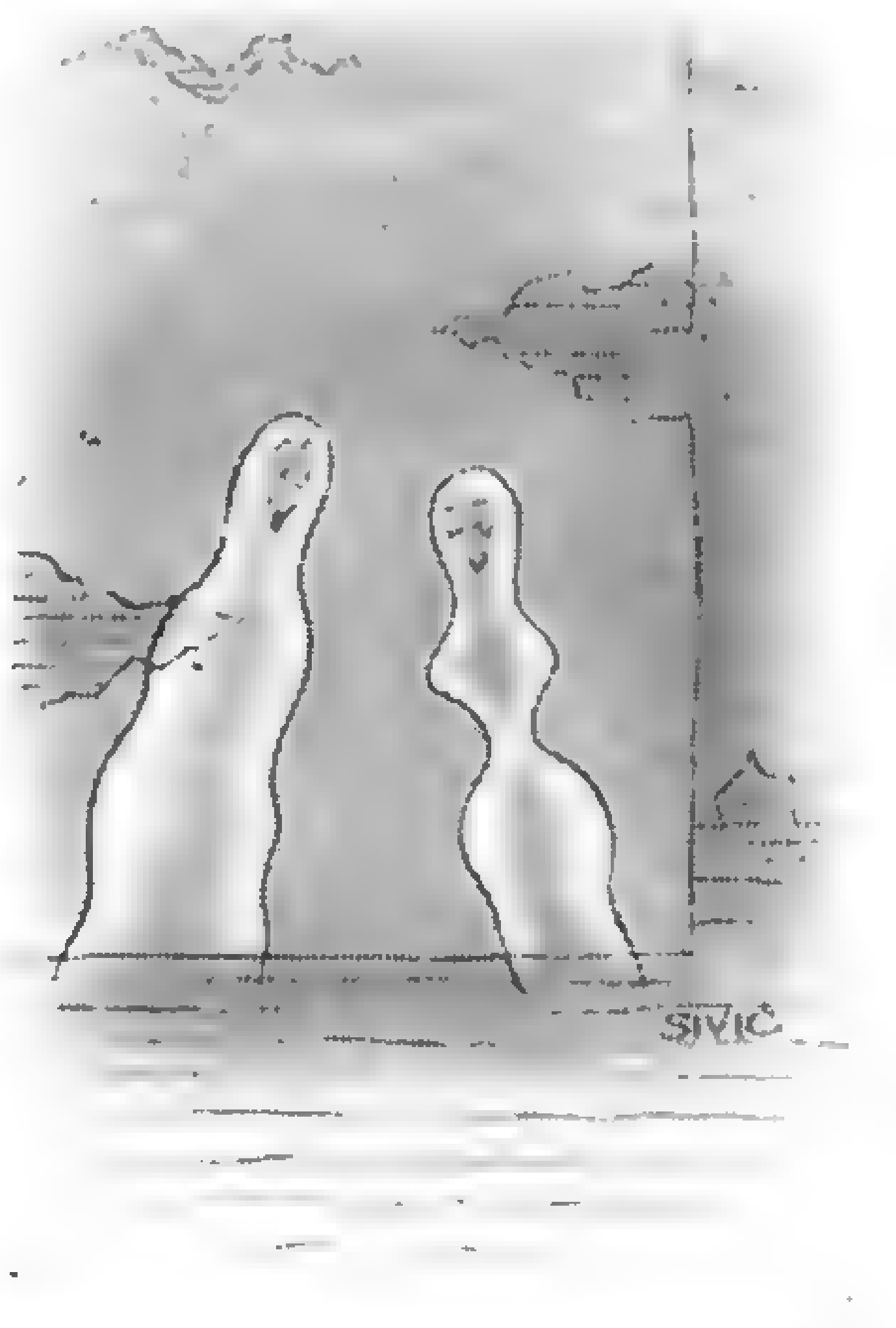
cast now. There'll be an army raised but my man will raise it. You can fight under him if you wish. When Ireland is swept as this man will sweep it you'll be King of Leinster again—but vassal to me, the King of England. Your daughter is to be affianced to the man who will win you back your throne, and when you're dead he'll be the King of Leinster. Those are my terms for giving you revenge on those who chased you from Ireland for wife-stealing."

What could the MacMurrough do but accept?



"How about you and me and a little haunted house?"

* * *

The morning of October 8th, 1172, was bright and cold in Dublin town. Strongbow's conquering army stood in massformation on three sides of a raised platform on which were gathered the Norman men who would be the new Irish chieftains—Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke—Strongbow himself; Fitzgerald, Fitzstephen, Fitzgibbon, Fitzmaurice, Carewe, Grace, Gerard, De Courcy, De Lacy, De Cogan and the rest. It had taken years for Strongbow to do it—but it had been worth the price for this hour of triumph!

The trumpets sounded and across the great green field a body of horsemen came galloping. Strongbow, tall, dark and handsome, stepped down from the platform and, as King Henry dismounted from his horse, he bent his knee to the first English overlord of Ireland. The king and his two young sons, Richard, afterwards to be known as The Lion Hearted, and John, to be surnamed Lackland, mounted the impromptu throne and behind them came the ladies and the courtiers.

Again the trumpets blared and from the other side of the field rode the conquered kings of Ireland to do homage to their English overlord.

Strongbow the conqueror stood at the King of England's right hand and beside him his affianced wife, the young Princess Eva of Leinster whose father, Mad Dermod, had fallen in battle against the Irish two years before. Behind the princess, richly robed,

Continued on page 156

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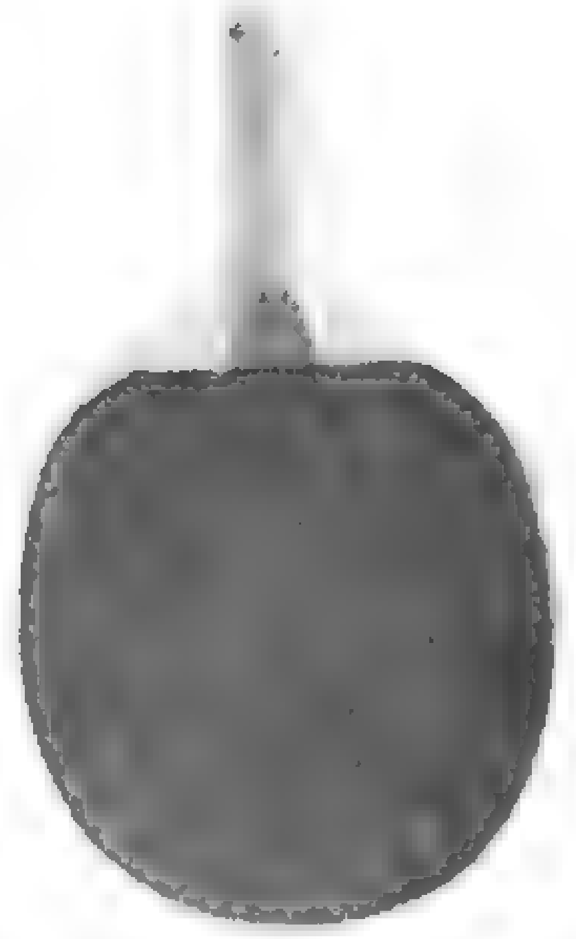

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The Cost of an Irish Kiss

Continued from page 155

was a woman who had once been very beautiful but was now aged in looks far beyond her years. Every vassal king had to pass the Lady Derbforgaill before he did obeisance to his overlord and each one looked right through her as though she weren't there.

Following the ceremony there was a great tournament and tilting match to which the Irish had been invited, and which they all attended as a part of their vassalage duties. There was feasting and drinking and many professions of good fellowship, and what with the show and all it was dark when the Princess of Leinster and her mother set out with their retinue for the lodge by the sea which Strongbow had set aside for them.

When they got to the gates the Lady Derbforgaill was sure that something possessed her. She said what she didn't want to say, but just had to say it.

"I'll turn back and ride down the road. I always liked to ride when it was full moon."

But she had feared to ride in the full moon ever since that time she had come from the Castle of Drumahaire to meet Mad Dermod. Things were pulling at her.

"You'll take some of the men with you," said the Princess.

Now dearly the woman wanted to take every one of them and dearly she wanted to say so. But the words just wouldn't come.

"I'll go by my lone for just a short while," she heard herself saying.

Her horse went round as though somebody had him by the bridle. He trotted down to the gate and turned to the sea and the Lady Derbforgaill was terror-stricken.

And then wailing of girls and women began again just as it had done on that long-ago night in Breffni. Now there were wraiths on each side of her with their hands on the bridle. One was the old woman with her white hair streaming and the rattle of chains about her, and the other the little girl that the O'Rourke had seen crying by the side of Lough Allen so long ago.

"Faster! Faster!" screamed the old woman to the horse as she flew along.

"Faster! Faster!" cried the little girl, with a sob in her throat as she floated on the other side.

They were most to the edge of the high cliff before the Lady Derbforgaill found her voice and cried out. But the old woman and the child and the horse paid no attention to her at all and they all went on and over and into the Irish Sea. ⵌ

**Verses from* The Breffni Lament *by Thomas Moore.*

Continued from page 77

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Mexico—Land of Contrasts

Continued from page 60

point of view, of course!" He may still be in there . . .

Mexico City: The capital is probably the best starting point for your Mexican visit. Mexico City reflects much of the charm and attractiveness of the country, yet you can live pretty much as you would at home. After knocking about Mexico City for a few days you can decide whether to see the country, or whether you'd better stick to the more usual tourist haunts.

To Americans who know Mexico really well, Mexico City is apt to be a bit tame. They complain that the city is overtouristed—that the picturesque peon you see taking his siesta in a doorway is probably some dope from Dubuque sleeping one off. That might be an exaggeration, but it is true that you won't know Mexico until you get out of the capital. Nevertheless, you'll find plenty to keep you interested in Mexico City, for a few days at least.

Not that we're going intellectual on you, but it wouldn't hurt you to read up on Mexican history before you go down. And it will help your sight-seeing immeasurably if you have some idea of what you're looking at. Among the most popular books on Mexico are: *Timeless Mexico* by Hudson Strode; *Mexico—A Study of Two Americas* by Stuart Chase; *Dust On My Heart* by Neill James; *Mexico South—The Isthmus of Tehuantepec* by Miguel Covarrubias; and *A New Guide to Mexico—Plane, Car, Train, Bus and Boat* by Frances Toor.

With the mocking sound of your laughter ringing in our ears, we'd like also, timidly, to suggest you could do worse than start your Mexico City visit by hiking around with a guidebook in hand. One of the best is the *New World Guides to the Latin American Republics*, published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce, and sponsored by the Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs. It gives you just enough of the historical and cultural background to make people turn around and look at you as you sound off learnedly in the Ritz Bar, yet it won't strain your intellect, even if you played three years of varsity football. Costs $2.50. It even tells you about restaurants, night clubs, and stuff.

Let's say you spend your first day in Mexico City sight-seeing. You wander around, bumping into people along the crowded Avenida Juarez as you read your guidebook. Which is a good way to strike up an acquaintance.

A couple of hours of this and you'll be ready to hit the sack for a short siesta. To your amaze-

Continued on page 158

Hylo Sportswear Archie Jackson Port Richmond, N.Y.
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Mexico—Land of Contrasts

Continued from page 157

ment, you'll find you won't be able to move your head for a couple of hours. It's the altitude, of course. Seventy-four-hundred feet takes a lot of getting used to. You'll be acclimated in a day or so, if you take it easy at first. If not, you're likely to be on your back, suffering from exhaustion.

What to eat: Your first night in Mexico City, if you're alone, it might be a good idea to eat at one of the larger hotels or restaurants. In the first place, they speak English in the larger places—and if you don't speak Spanish you won't know what or how to order in the truly Mexican restaurant. Secondly, Mexican food is highly spiced and heavy, and it's advisable to eat something light and customary until your orientation has really begun to perk. Altitude again. Best of the big restaurants include (American style) the Emporio Roof Garden, Hipodromo, Lady Baltimore, the Reforma Coffee Shop, and Sanborn's. The Shirley Courts, where you'll probably stay if you drive down to Mexico with a trailer, is run by Americans and serves excellent American food. Its restaurant is one of the noon gathering places of the American colony. There are also many fine cafés serving French, Italian, Hungarian, Viennese and German specialties.

Getting down to the real native dishes, you'll find that mole is considered the national dish of Mexico. It is a sort of curry of turkey or chicken. Its rich, reddish sauce is composed of about forty ingredients, including chile, almonds, raisins, tomatoes, garlic, sesame seed and chocolate! Try the mole at the Café de Tacuba, one of the best of the typically Mexican restaurants.

Staple of the Mexican diet is the ubiquitous tortilla, a thin pancake made of ground corn soaked in limewater. Stuff it with chopped meat, fowl or cheese, roll it and fry it, and you have a taco or sandwich. Cover your taco with sauce, sprinkle with grated cheese, and it has developed into an enchilada. Fry your tortilla crisp and spread it with diced chicken or other meat, and you've got a tostada. Fill the tortilla with hash, cheese, chicken, chile or squash flowers, pinch it together like a turnover and fry it and you've got a quesadilla.

Other favorite Mexican dishes include arroz con pollo (chicken with rice), tamales, many varieties of fish, and frijoles refritos. Don't ask for chile con carne, though. That's strictly from Texas.

What to drink: Mexican beer is among the world's finest. Among the best brands are XX (pro-

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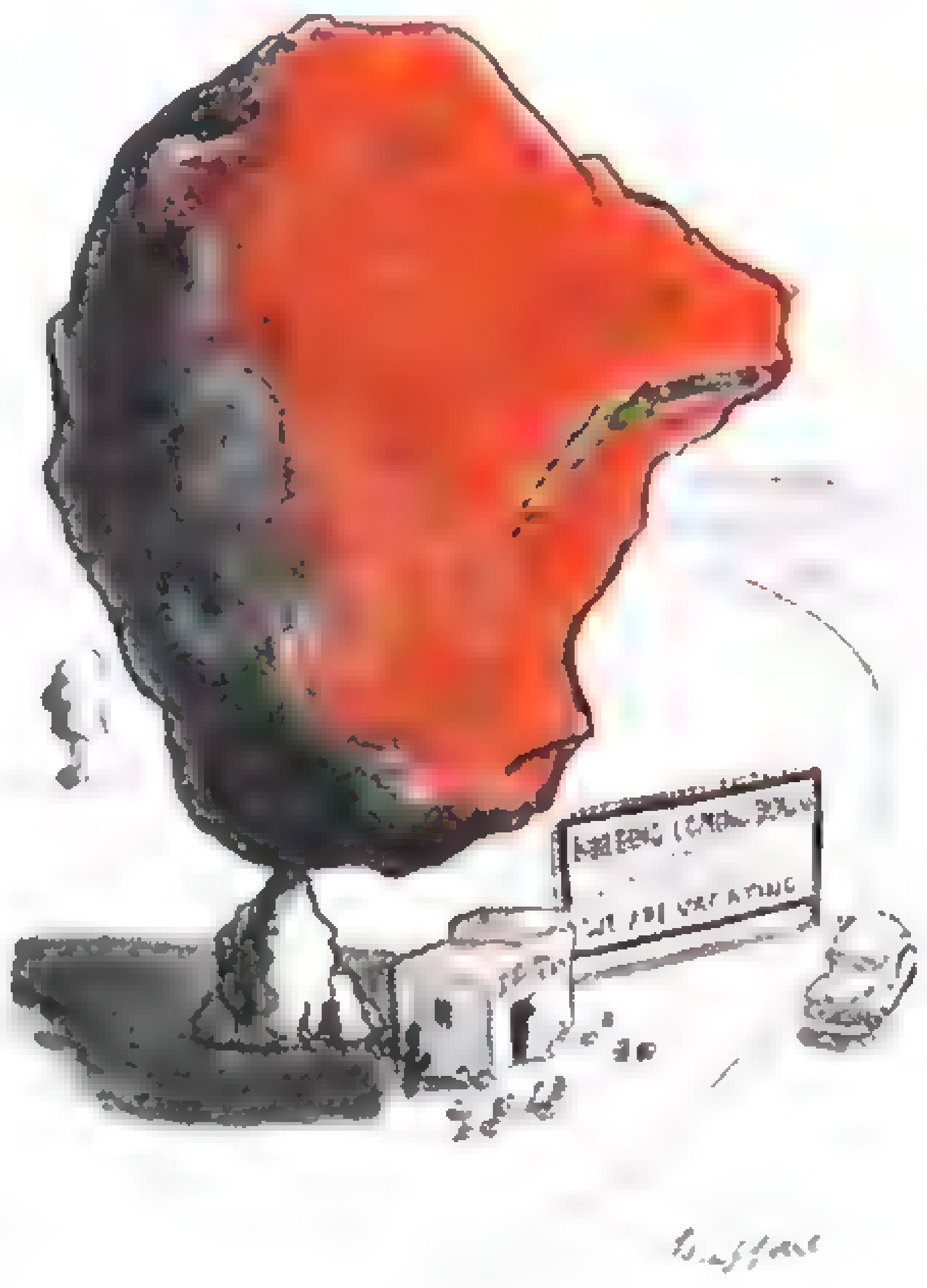
nounced "Dose Eckies") a dark beer; and Bohemia, a light beer. Another popular light brew is Carta Blanca.

Local dynamite is tequila, distilled from cactus. Pulque, the poor man's lot, is a syrupy extract from the century plant.



What to do: Mexico City's nightlife department has plenty to keep you busy. Don't start out much before midnight, or you'll find things are dull. If you're getting a bit bored with your own company, start your night off with a visit to the Waikiki. It's a middling low-class joint on the Paseo de la Reforma. You'll find plenty of girls there with nothing more important on their schedules than to do the town with you. You're sure to find one who speaks English. And you'll learn about Mexico City from her. You'll learn never to climb into a cab without first reaching an agreement with the cab driver on the fare to your destination. Your girl friend will tell you about the capital's flourishing gigolo business.

Probably the most popular night spot in Mexico City is Ciro's, in the Hotel Reforma. We found it on the stuffy side, aside from the interesting Rivera murals.

El Patio is the best-known typically Mexican place. Bagdad, Minuit and Sans Souci are other leading niteries. You'll find Mexican working people relaxing in places like El Tenampa, Guadalajara de Noche, La Leda, Teocali and Salon Mexico, the capital's favorite dance hall.

Wind up your evening at the Casanova, anywhere from 3 to 5:30 a.m. It's an intimate spot, on the style of a Parisian "boite," run by Czech refugees and featuring French songs and American dance music. The noises you hear are the inhibitions dropping off American gals in the place, as their gigolice tell them how well they speak Spanish. The Casanova has a 25 peso per person minimum ($5 U.S.) which lasts about four rounds for you and your date. Comes the end of the evening and you slip your girl guide a few bucks for her time, and take her back to the Waikiki. She's more

Continued on page 160

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Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy—
Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp—Removes Dandruff Flakes
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Mexico—Land of Contrasts

Continued from page 159

than saved you the difference by making sure you didn't get clipped.

Be sure you stay at least one Sunday in the capital. That's the day when Mexico City really comes to life—for the Mexicans. First on every Sunday's program is a visit to one of the markets—La Merced, Abelardo L. Rodríguez, San Juan or the Flower Market. Many Mexicans reserve Sunday mornings to go to the markets to look, to be seen, to meet friends, talk politics, pass the time pleasantly—and, sometimes, to buy or sell something.

Shortly before noon on a sunny Sunday, most residents of Mexico City stream to the Zócalo, the main plaza of the city, where they board trams for the famous Floating Gardens of Xochimilco (pronounced Soh-chee-meel-koh). There they paddle around the twisting little canals in flower-covered boats, play guitars, eat lunches, take pictures and fish their kids out of the water.

The floating gardens had their origin in Aztec times, when the Indians built small floating islands of interlaced twigs and reeds, covered with earth and planted with flowers and vegetables. Later the plants rooted in the lake and today they furnish fruit, flowers and vegetables for the capital.

Shortly before four o'clock on Sunday afternoon you'll probably join the crowds headed for El Toreo, Mexico City's new bull ring, largest in the world. It may be because our bullfighting experience was limited to watching a bush-league performance out in the sticks, but, as far as we're concerned, the Mexicans and Spaniards can keep their bullfights. The way it looked to us, the bull just wanted to be left alone. It might have been less one-sided if anyone had tried to knock the bull off while he was really fresh. Instead, all the toreros ganged up on him until he was completely pooped. Whenever El Toro cornered one of the boys, all the rest were on him. High spot of our afternoon came when a smart bull said the hell with it—he was going to concentrate on one guy. He did so, chasing a bullfighter over the red fence, nicking his pants and leaving him blushing.

What to buy: Mexico is the shopper's heaven. It is the home of one of the truly vital contemporary art movements, and at the same time is a repository for the unspoiled handiwork of generations of native craftsmen. Therefore you can buy almost everything that's beautiful in Mexico—and practically everything you buy in Mexico is beautiful, from

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an oil or water color by one of the modern Mexican masters to the humblest piece of wrought silver or pottery shaped by the wrinkled hands of an Indian woman in a little mountain village. Hammered jewelry and silverware, carved wood, glassware, tiles, tooled leather, serapes, blankets, embroidery, lacquered ware, glazed pottery—all reflect a civilization where the machine had not yet supplanted human skill and artistry.

Prices vary with location. Naturally you'll pay much more in a smart shop in Mexico City than you would in a remote village market. Wherever you go you'll pay less than you would for articles of comparable quality and craftsmanship at home. Good-natured wrangling about prices is still being observed in Mexican markets. You make the seller unhappy if you pay the price he asks. He figures, then, that he should have asked for more. But give him a good, friendly battle—and beat his price down one-quarter to one-half—and you'll both be happy.

Where to stay: Most popular with American visitors are the Reforma, Ritz, Geneve, Regis and Posada del Sol. Minimum rates average $4 daily (U. S.) for a single room and $6 for a double room, without meals. The Hotel de Cortes is an eighteenth-century colonial palace modernized into a comfortable hotel. Other leading hotels include the Lincoln, Majestic, Maria Cristina, and Palace Apartments.

You can forget all the grim stories you've heard about Mexican hotels when you're thinking about Mexico City. The best hotels in the capital are truly first-class—but be sure to make your reservations well in advance.

Where to go: No matter how unadventurous you might be, you certainly won't want to spend all your time in Mexico City. At all the leading tourist centers you'll find life pleasant and well-ordered. It is a bit rugged only when you start to drift far off the tourist courses.

Acapulco is Mexico's best-known beach resort. An hour and a half by air and twelve hours by car from Mexico City over a highly scenic mountain highway, Acapulco is second only to the capital as a tourist center. It's something like a small Rio de Janeiro in its physical characteristics, and you'll find things about Acapulco to remind you of Sorrento, or the Riviera. The scenery is splendid, the fishing and the bathing are fine, and life at a place like the Hotel de las Americas—for example—is as luxurious as you'll find in any resort in the world.

Cuernavaca, a sunny, clean little town an hour and a half by car over the mountains from Mex-

Continued on page 162

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Mexico—Land of Contrasts

Continued from page 161

ico City, is a favorite week-end resort for capital residents. It's excellent for shopping and its hotels are among Mexico's best. It, too, has fine Rivera frescoes.

Mérida, capital of the state of Yucatán, is headquarters for sight-seeing expeditions into surrounding Mayan villages.

Taxco or Tasco, perched precariously on a mountainside, has long been considered one of Mexico's most picturesque little towns.

You've heard about swimming in a pool of gardenias—that's at the Hotel Ruiz Galindo at Fortín de las Flores, a mountain resort on the Mexican Railway, near the ancient city of Córdoba.

Puebla, one of Mexico's oldest and most interesting cities, nestles in a valley between the two snow-capped volcanoes: Ixtaccíhuatl, "The Sleeping Lady"; and Popocatépetl, "The Smoking Hill."

Pátzcuaro is the lake where the Tarascan Indians fish with the picturesque butterfly nets you've seen so many times in travelogues. Near-by is Paricutin, Mexico's brand-new, shiny volcano, which has made quite a noise for itself in the last few years.

Oaxaca is the heart of a picturesque Indian area, home of some of Mexico's finest handicraftsmen. San José de Purua is Mexico's most recently developed spa. Its mineral waters and its hotel's cuisine are rated among the best in the country. Other popular Mexican watering places are Tehuacán and Garci-Crespo.

What it will cost: As it has all over the world, inflation has boosted prices in Mexico. No longer can you live and travel all over the country in luxury for less money than it would take you barely to keep alive at home. But as Mexico's prices have gone up, so have the standards of hotel accommodations, service, cleanliness, etc. In general, you can figure the costs of your stay in Mexico City at just about what it would cost you for similar accommodations and services in the largest cities in the States.

Costs drop suddenly as you go to the smaller towns and resorts and get further from the usual tourist beat. Acapulco is as expensive as you would expect a luxurious resort to be. But you can still stay at a small hotel or pension in one of the smaller towns for less than it would cost to live in the States. The cost of your trip will depend pretty much on what sort of a guy you are, just like everything else about your Mexican visit. Which is what we set out to tell you in the first place. ##

Continued from page 60

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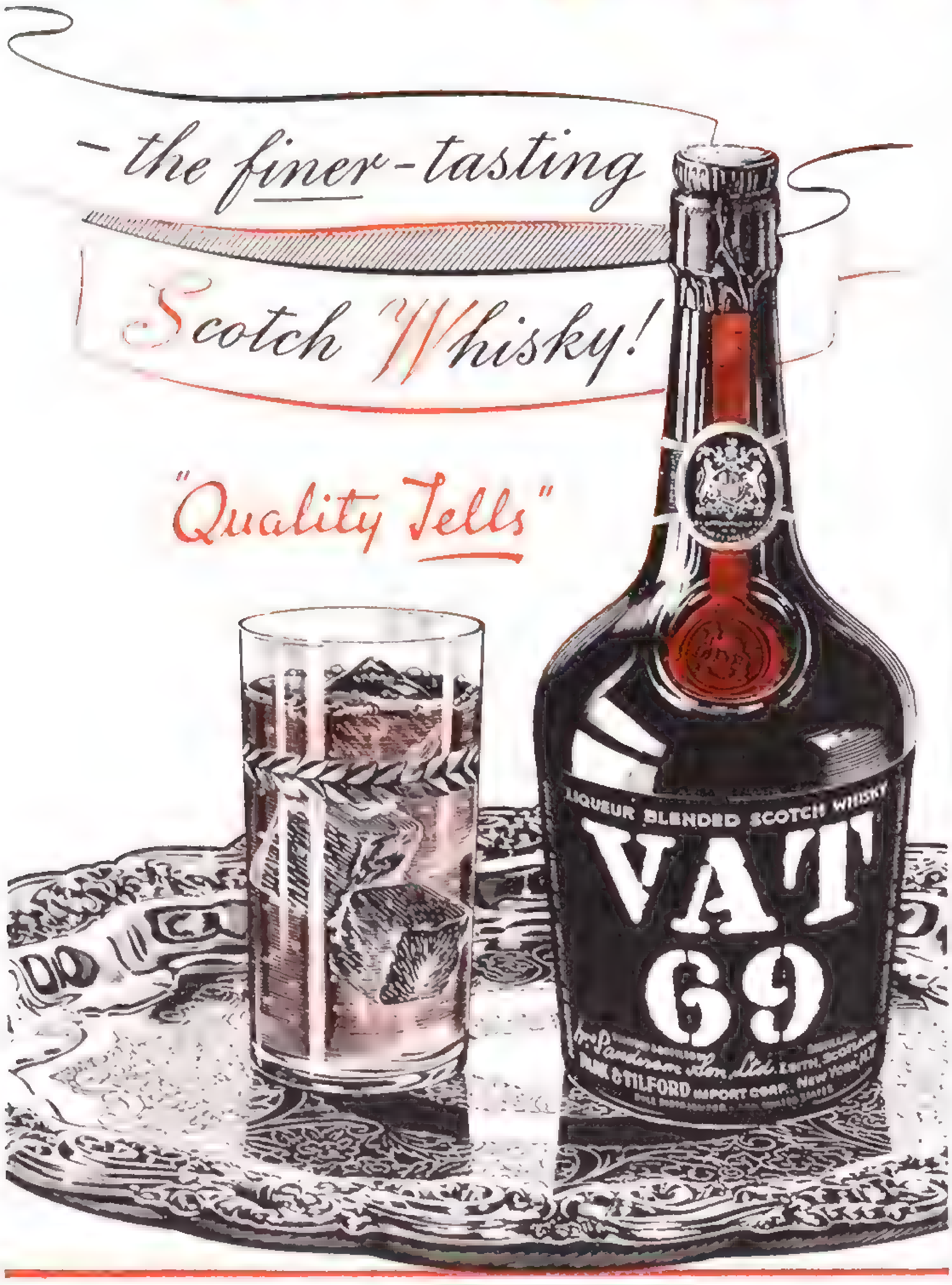
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A Few Fast Footnotes for Your Mexican Trip

What to Wear: Both warm and cool clothing needed. Climate varies by altitude, not season. Dry season, October—June; wet season, rest of year. Always hot in lowlands, temperate at Mexico City, cool in the mountains. Wear medium-weight sports clothes during the day in the capital, but take a warm topcoat with you for the evenings. Tropical worsteds good for lower altitudes. Take a good, comfortable walking shoe; not much need for evening clothes.

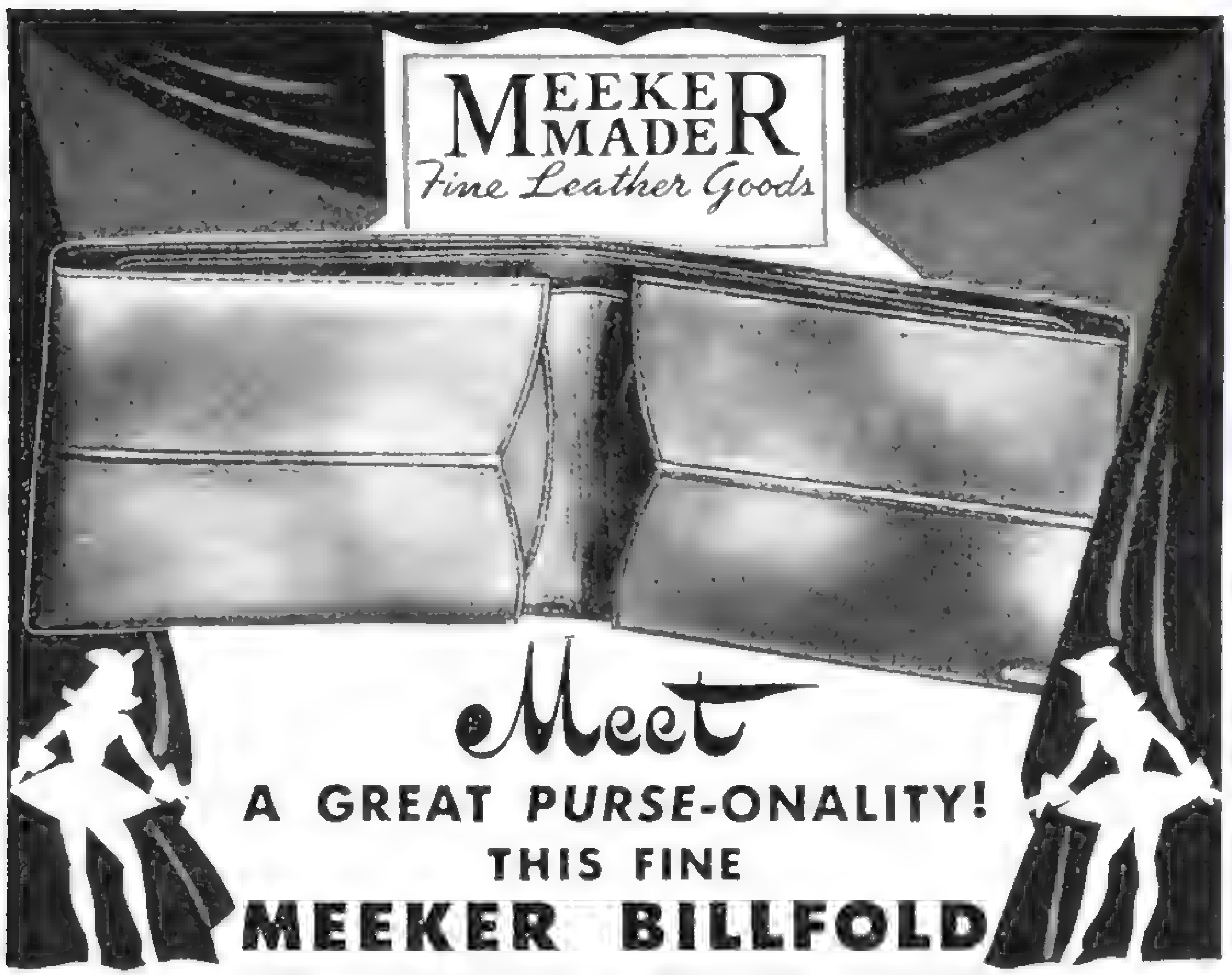
Red Tape: U. S.-born Americans need no passport. Tourist card, obtainable from nearest Mexican consulate, fee $2.10, good for six months. Register camera with customs if it's of foreign make. You're allowed $100 worth of Mexican gifts and souvenirs, duty-free.

Transportation to Mexico City: *Via Air*: (All prices round trip): *American*: From Chicago $174.86, plus tax, 12 hrs; New York $257.55, incl. tax, 13 hrs; Los Angeles, via El Paso $178.02, incl. tax, 14 hrs. *Braniff*: Chicago, via Brownsville, $200.90, incl. tax, 16½ hrs.
Eastern: New York, $257.56, incl. tax, 14 hrs. *Pan American*: New Orleans to Mérida, $99, plus tax, 3⅓ hrs.
Via Rail: New York: N.Y.C. or Pa., & National Railways of Mexico; round-trip coach $121.40 plus tax; first-class, $147.70 plus tax and $27.24 one way for lower; 3½ days. St. Louis: Mo. P. & N. R. of M. round-trip first-class, $92.95 plus tax, $19.74 for lower. Los Angeles: So. P. & N. R. of M., round-trip first-class $96.85 plus tax, $16.84 for lower. 84 hrs.
Via Motor: Pan American Highway, Laredo to Mexico City, on all-weather paved roads. Inside Mexico, more than 5,100 miles of tourist recommended roads.
Via Boat: Occasional freighters of New York and Cuba Mail S. S. Co. from New York to Veracruz. About $115 plus tax, one way. 7 days.

Currency: Mexican peso, or dollar (written $), is valued at 4.85 to dollar. Figure as 20c U. S. Divided into 100 centavos.

Tipping: In restaurants approximately 10%, more for small checks. Cab drivers aren't tipped. Twenty centavos to uniformed man in street who watches your parked car, 50 centavos if he parks it; 20 centavos to doorman for opening cab door; the same to bellhop for paging you; a peso to him for carrying your bags; don't tip a movie usher, but give theatre or concert usher 20 centavos; a peso for cushion at bullfight; 20 centavos for gas station attendant.

Health: Don't overeat at first. Don't eat fresh fruits without first peeling them. Stay away from green salads. That does it, if you're visiting the tourist centers. For hinterlands, drink beer or bottled water, get a typhoid shot.



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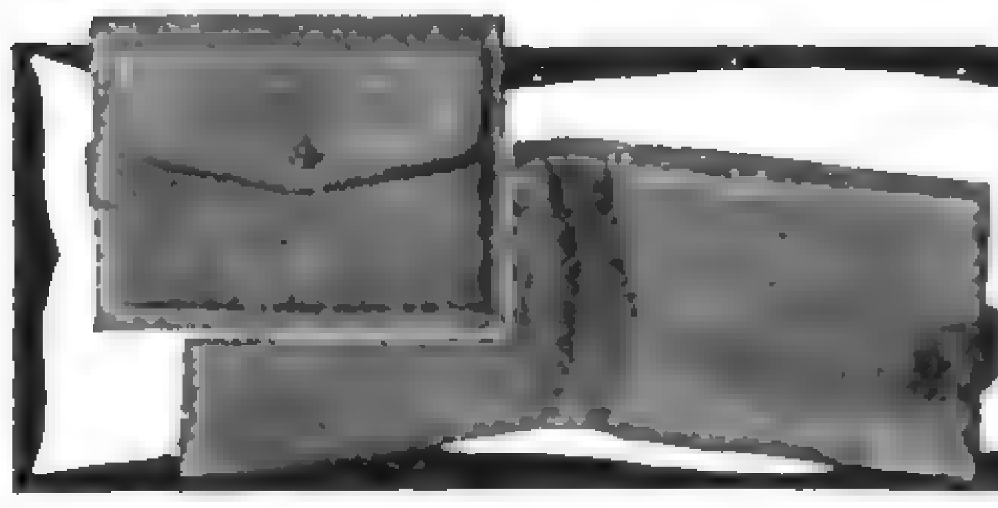
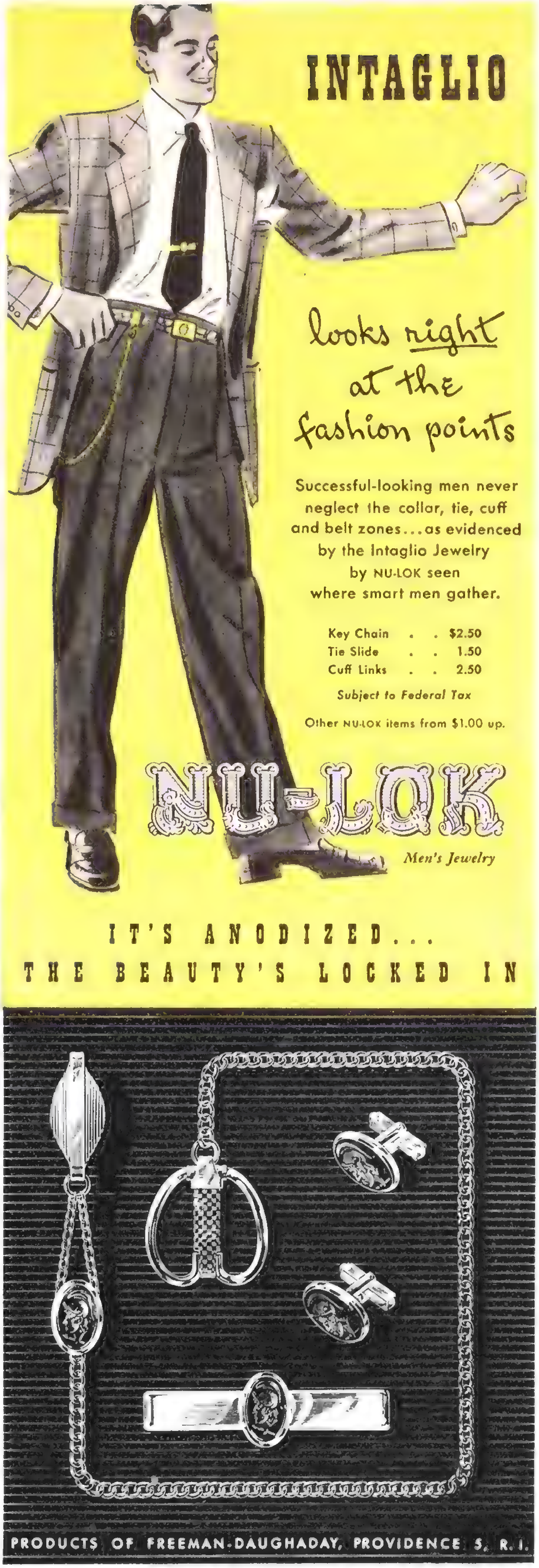


SHE'LL LOVE THIS ONE!
This "man-size" MEEKER-MAID Billfold has handy coin purse, removable pass case. Genuine Morocco, in various colors.



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Our Social Life with a Genius

Continued from page 75

walked toward the door, seemingly bemused. Just before he left, he turned and said in a tone of some surprise:

"She has absolutely no bosom.—Did you notice?"

We soon became accustomed to Alan's preoccupation with bosoms. I once mentioned to my husband that Alan seemed very interested in this subject, to which he only replied, "Most of us are." Alan's interest, however, seemed rather different from that of the average male. Most people have some physical feature that they notice about people first and consciously or unconsciously judge them by—such as hands or eyes. With Alan, it was bosoms. He would talk of knowing Dorothy Thompson, for instance, having lived near her apartment in New York.

"What was she like?" I asked, with the avid interest of a nonentity in a celebrity.

"She has an enormous bosom," replied Alan.

I waited for a more explicit account, but apparently that covered the subject as far as he was concerned.

In the same way, his great admiration for Tallulah Bankhead, whom he knew personally, seemed based in part on the fact that she had, in his words, "a magnificent bosom." One evening he played her role in *The Little Foxes* for us, and with his usual magic his voice took on her unique, glorious, deep-throated tones—and for a moment it seemed to me I saw her standing there, magnificent bosom and all.

This obsession of his used to bother me somewhat as I could not help but wonder what he thought of my bosom. I was certain it was the basis of his opinion of me and while it has always been an adequate average bosom, I doubted if it were memorable enough for Alan. I still wonder about this occasionally. I can almost hear him saying: "Elise Bell? She has a very undistinguished bosom." That is, I hope his opinion of me is that kind. More than that I dare not aspire to.

After that first evening, Alan was a very frequent visitor to our cottage. Whether this was due to some sort of liking for us, or whether it was simply because we made a good audience, I don't know. I suspect the two were synonymous in his mind. At any rate, he would drop in almost every evening and regale us with his stories and impersonations.

One evening, immediately upon his arrival, he announced he had written a song to me on the way

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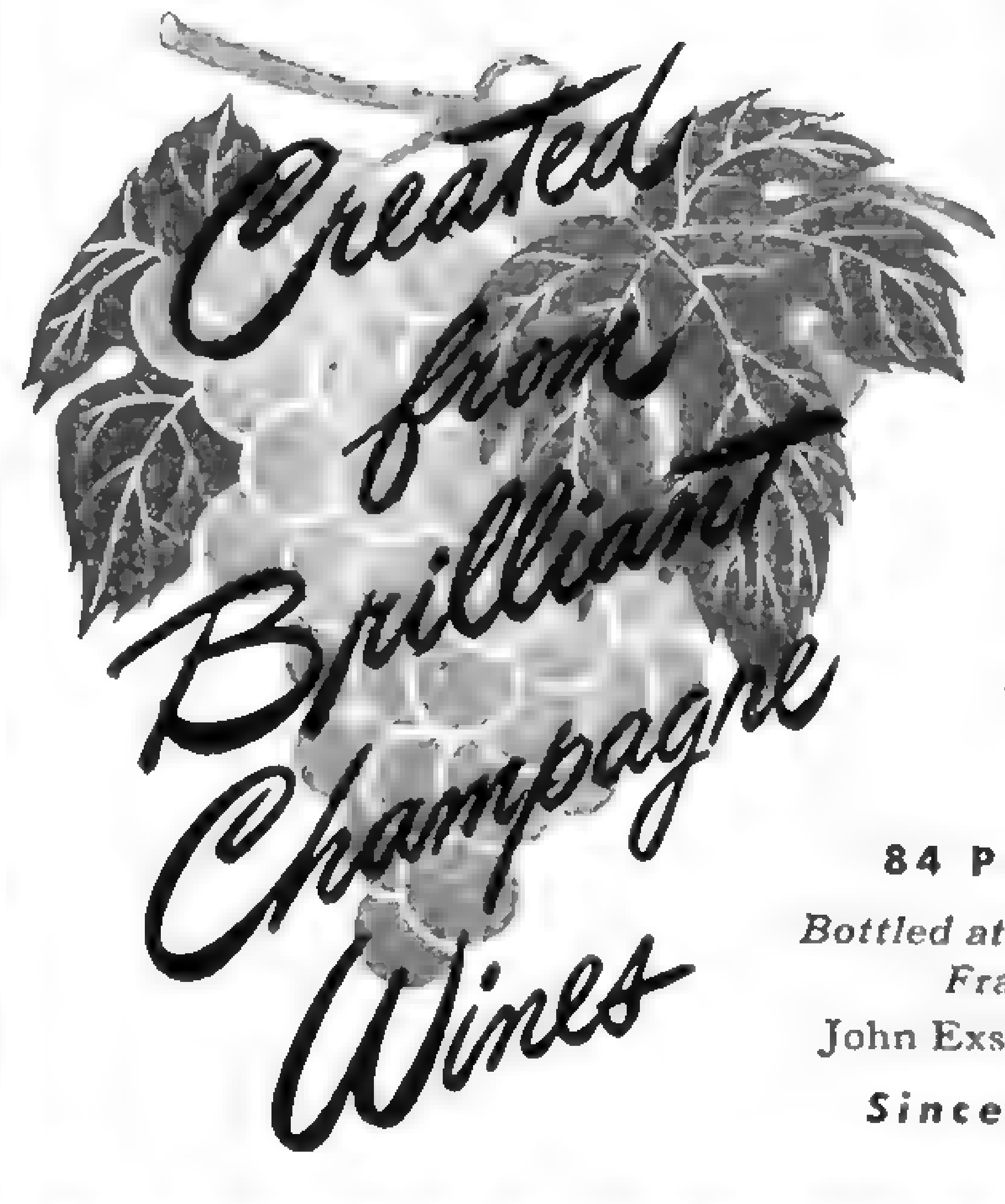

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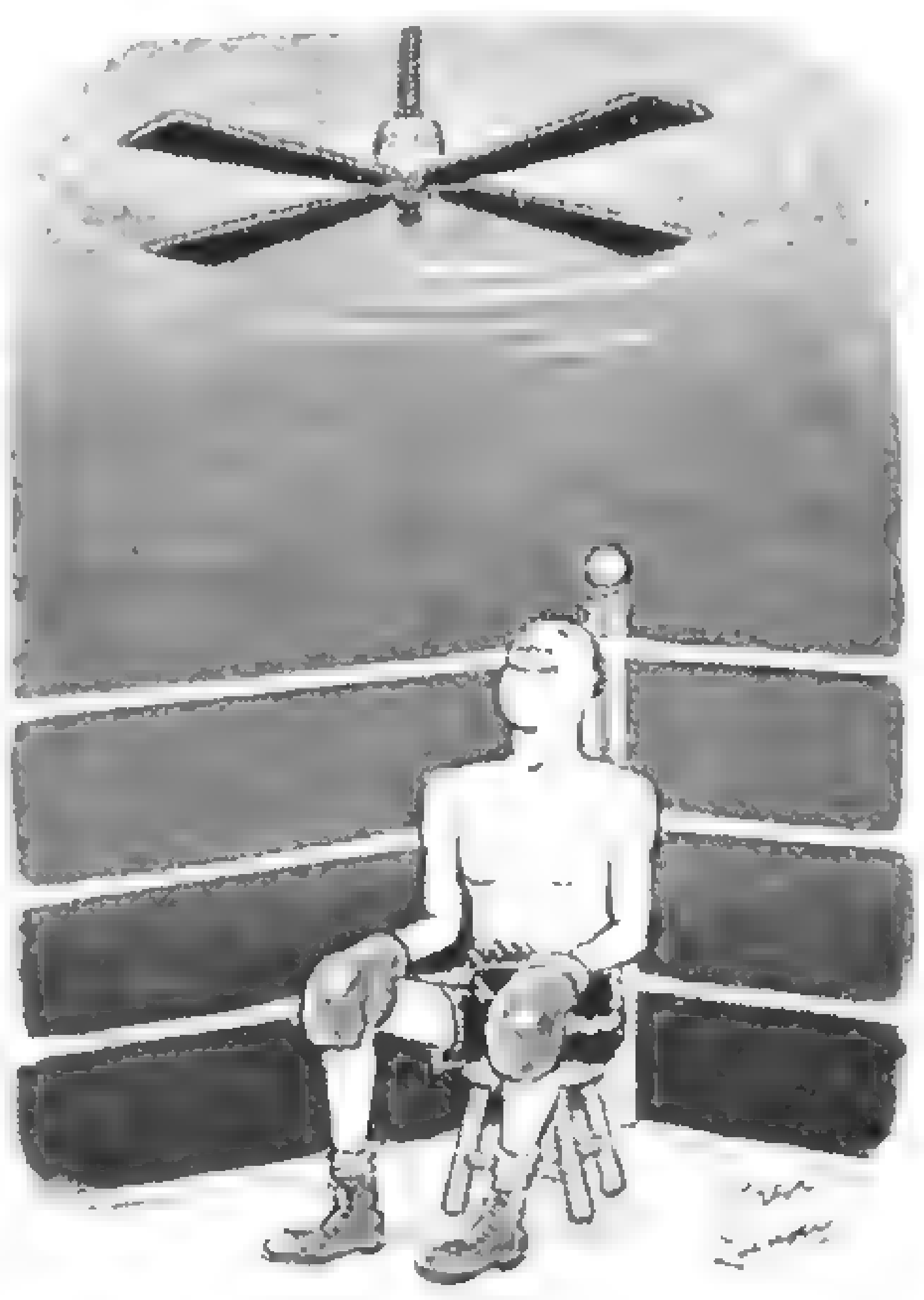
over and where was the nearest piano. Without thinking, I said that the cottage next to ours had once been a music studio and had a very good piano in it. Alan was out of our door before I finished the sentence, and on his way there, so we followed as quickly as possible, as we knew he would simply stride in and seat himself at the piano without a word of explanation, regardless of any activity which might be going on at the time. We found him gazing enraged at the front door, which was locked. He took this as a personal insult. Soothingly I pointed out an open window through which we could easily crawl, telling myself our action was justified. After all, genius was obviously burning, and besides I knew the people living there very well.



We got in, Alan made for the piano and for the next three hours stayed there—and we stayed too, as spellbound as we had been when he enacted his play for us. The song he had written on his way over proved a light, lilting piece of music which both my husband and I thought very catchy, but Alan dismissed it briefly and went on to play a complete musical suite he had once written, based on a cross-country train ride. It was in the modern George Gershwin style, with a very complicated and tricky rhythm which somehow caught the stimulating movement of a train. Alan was quite enamored of it himself and played it several times, improvising occasionally and forgetting us completely.

"Have you ever played this for anyone?" I asked him when he finally stopped. "I mean, anyone like Noel Coward?" I knew by now that Alan had met him several times.

"No," replied Alan. "I don't think that I'm quite ready yet for that."

It was the first time we had ever heard any remark even faintly modest come from him and we sat silent in amazement. I remember thinking then that maybe music was his real love, as it seemed the only field in which

Continued on page 166

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Our Social Life with a Genius

Continued from page 165

he didn't act completely satisfied. His next remark, however, shattered this theory.

"Now here's something really marvelous that I've written since I've been here. Ethel Waters could sing this."

He started to play very slowly and softly. It was a plaintive, haunting melody with all the simplicity and sadness of the Negro race caught in its poignant notes.

There was silence when he stopped playing. Somehow I was moved deeply. Then Alan, in that exasperating way he had of at one moment weaving a spell of magic and the next abruptly destroying it, rose from the piano and said:

"My friends tell me I'm an excellent composer. I don't know a thing about music myself."

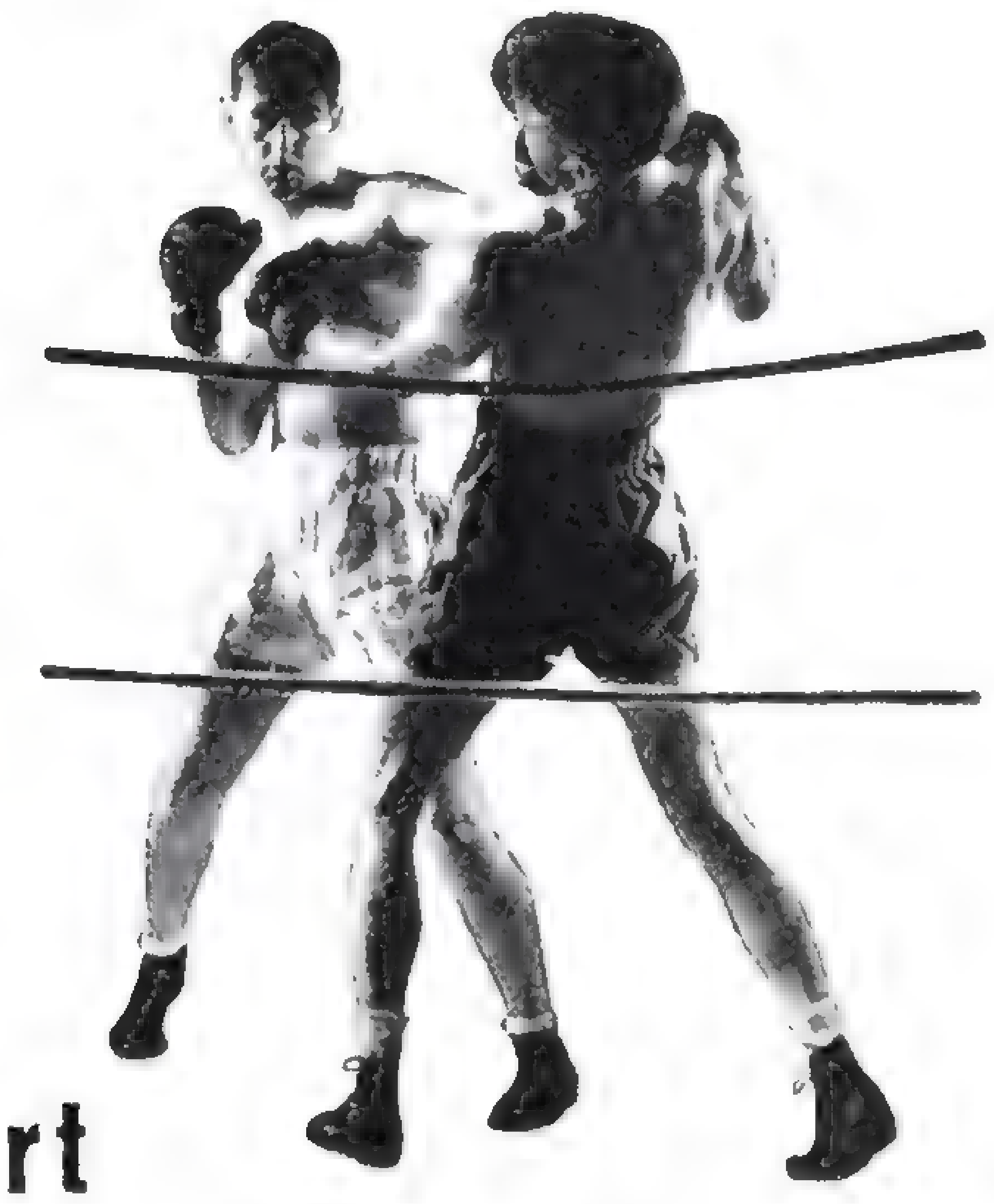
Alan frequently told us that he was very unpopular with the men and officers on his ship—that, in fact, he had always been unpopular since his early days in school. This fact caused him no unhappiness at all as far as we could tell. He seemed rather to look upon it as a lack of discernment among people in general.

When Alan's ship was about to depart for points south, we knew we'd miss his entertaining stories, his songs and his marvelous dramatic talent, but somehow it seemed wonderfully peaceful in the evenings not to have to worry about who would come, and how Alan would act. Apparently his talents required a specialized and limited audience. When we were alone with him, he was brilliant and amusing—if anyone else entered the room, his charm seemed at that moment to die and he became rude and obnoxious—a conceited, boasting nobody. It seems a very sad thing to me that he had this strange streak which so antagonized people, and I often wonder whether it will keep him from ever showing his real genius to the world.

The last we heard from Alan was by letter. He wrote he was somewhere in Cuba and learning to play the zither. Already he had practically mastered it and played it beautifully. His fellow officers were ignoring him and his continual practicing made him very unpopular, but he was fascinated by the instrument and completely happy with it.

We never heard from him again and I am sure he has forgotten us and found some other couple to dazzle. We have kept his letter, though. Somehow, it brings Alan back more vividly than anything else. It was signed, "As ever, fluently, Alan." ⋕

Continued from page 75



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The Belated Return of Seaman Simms

Continued from page 45

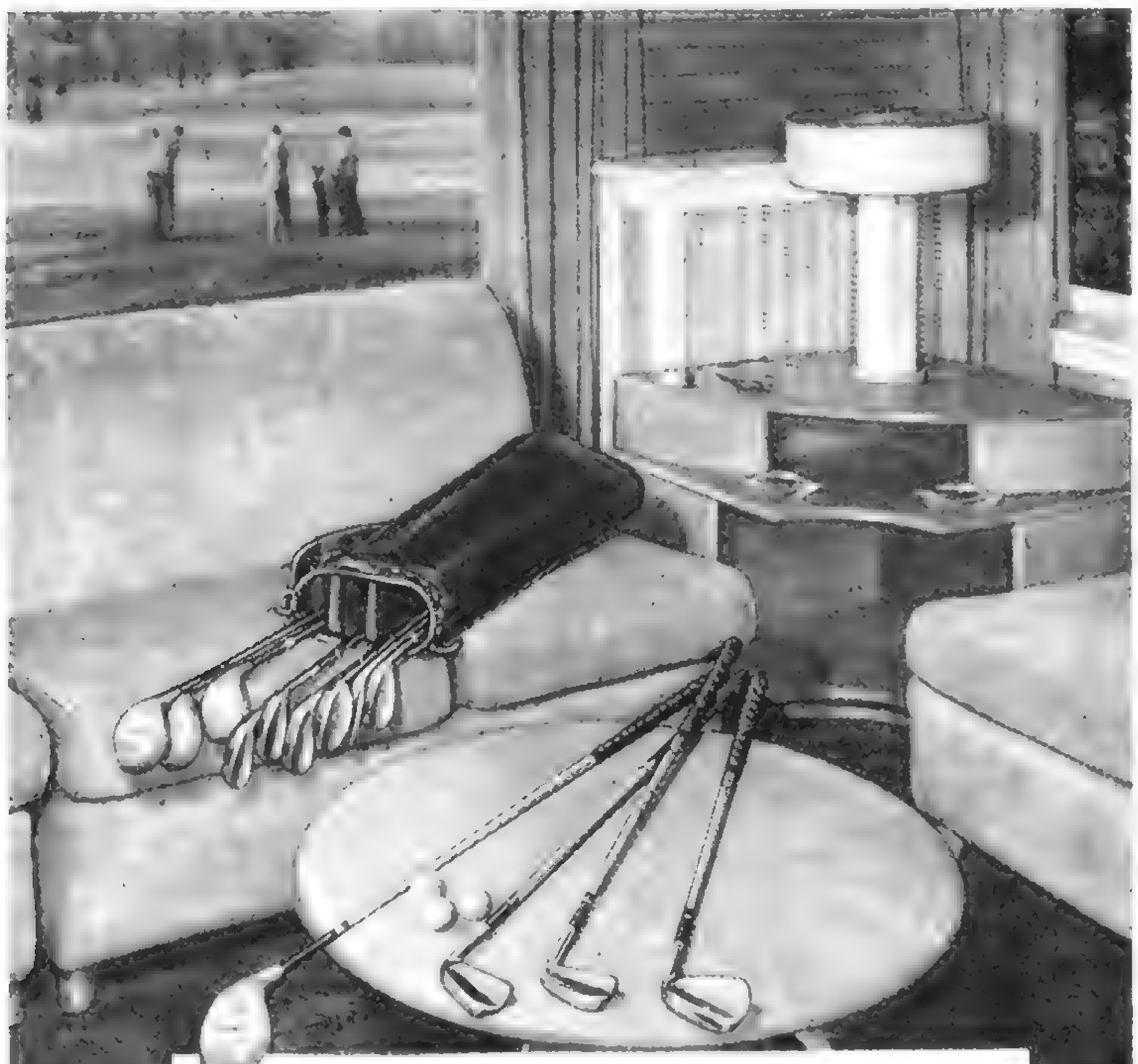
how I got to be guarding the mail and how I met you, sweetheart, which of course, was sometime later although you still do not know me in person to person. As I understand, what happened was that our ship got a signal that there was some Christmas mail for it laying ashore on this abandoned Seabee base, even although Christmas was five months past. The exec called off eight names of seamen, starting off with me and including all those known to live most of the time in the brig, because it was slopping rain, and sent us in for the mail. Well, a bird-brain lieutenant who was officer of the deck the day the old man flopped into the water at Tacloban, and who was eaten out for same, was in charge of the party.

We had to plow through the mud to this station and the only people around was a fast-talking lieutenant commander who had eight or ten sailors with him who were guarding the mail. This lieutenant commander said the mail was all for us and he talked our bird brain into signing a paper, relieving him and his gang. There was a broken-down quonset hut half full of it and our jerk didn't tumble and off in the rain goes the lieutenant commander and his bunch, never to be heard from again. Well, we lugged these mail sacks all day, soaked to the skin, and were just about finished when the boat started bringing it back because it wasn't for us.

Bird brain didn't know which way to navigate. By then it was night and still raining. We ate some of the supplies left by the lieutenant commander's outfit. Bird brain says who'll volunteer to stay ashore on guard duty while the others go out to the ship until he straightens out the matter with the captain. "That's fine," he says beaming at me, although I wasn't even breathing so as not to make any noise at all. So everybody started back to the ship, and Lieutenant Bird Brain said to me like Lord Nelson instructing six rear admirals on the eve of Trafalgar Square, "Regardless of what happens, do not desert your station and don't let anyone tamper with this mail, you understand?" I said, "Yes, sir," being as that was the only crack permitted in the Navy (U. S.).

Sweetheart, this might not sound right to you a civilian, but by the dawn's early light I couldn't see my old ship any more. They must have got orders or something, and dashed off. I expected they'd be back in a day or so and I made myself comfortable on canned hash and hot dogs, also

Continued on page 168



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The Belated Return of Seaman Simms

Continued from page 167

catching up on my reading as there was plenty of magazines around as late as April, 1945, editions. It was lovely at first, with nothing to do but sit.

For days I didn't leave the spot, keeping in my noggin what can happen to a guy when he leaves his post unrelieved, but if I had knew I was in for a long-term consignment I wouldn't have stuck anyways so close. You see, this mail was stacked not on the regular ocean shore itself, but on a bite from the ocean, which is sailor lingo for something like a bay, and I could only see the regular ocean a little bit through the trees, and I was afraid somebody would sneak up and catch me doing my guarding sitting down.

I ran out of drinking water in three days. There had been a gasoline can full of it. For two days then I didn't have anything to drink, being scared of the bay water, and finally I decided to do something about this situation, figuring that a guard who dies of thirst is no help to the Navy, or himself either. Then I left my post for the first time, wandering around this old Seabee base. I found their reservoir, but being smart, I boiled the water, making a fire with my cigarette lighter. My lighter lasted a couple of weeks, and then I tried that trick of rubbing sticks together. Okay for Boy Scouts maybe, but no fire for me, no matter how hard I rubbed. I broke chunks from the broken windshield of a wrecked weapon carrier and held them together and let the sun pour through like a magnifying glass and light my fires for me.

Not much was left of this base. The weeds had already started to give it back to the jungle, but you could see the seats of logs where the movie was and also the big white wooden screen was still up. Where the commander and sailors were living, I found some groceries, enough 10-in-1 and C and K rations for an army. Boy, thanks to the bacon in the 10-and-1. When I get home I want to shake the hand of every farmer who fed those pigs. I didn't starve at all, except that no dietitian would make up a menu like I ate every day after day. I broke it up with fish I caught in the bay, which were okay but nothing like trout taken out of a stream in Pennsylvania because they weren't half as solid, if you know what I mean about fish being solid and tasting swell or better.

One day some soldiers went through and I talked to them awhile. They were from an Army outfit a couple of miles away and invited me to come and see them,

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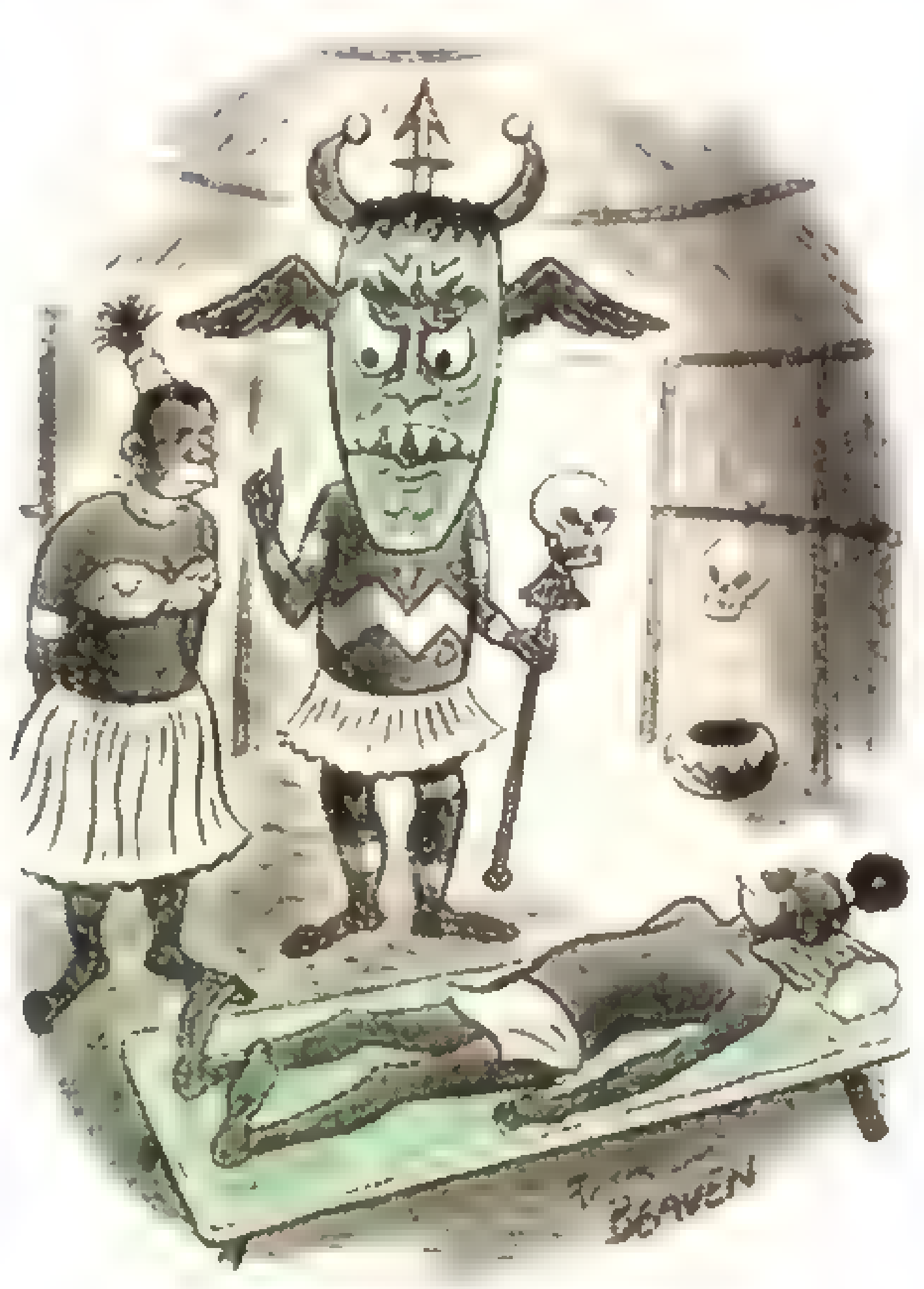
but I told them I couldn't because of my ship might be coming in at any time and I'd have to be there. They said their outfit was moving in a couple days and they were out for a final reconnoiter before going on to Luzon. I guess it is okay now to tell you that they went to Luzon, since we have beat the Japs and it wouldn't make any difference if the censors found out now anyway. One of these G.I.s (Army), was from Scranton, a town from which I once knew a girl who worked in New York when I was there, and we had something in common being as he also dated her. Ee-yow.

They must of told their officers because the next day a captain came up to check up on me. He told me I had better pull out with them, because the whole area was being evaccinated (some such Army term) and that there wouldn't be anyone for miles and miles. I was for saying righto, or whatever you say in the Army, but then I remembered after all I had my orders. I told him no thank you, I had to stick. He said, "You might be weeks here by yourself." I said, "Yes, sir, but I have my orders." He looked at me a long time and he said, and I quote, "I wish we had men in the Army who had your perseverance; you are a credit to the Navy." I do not tell you this, darling, just to brag up myself and make myself a big shot in your eyes, but to show you I could of at least made ensign in the Army where a good man is appreciated.



"Now remember . . . no excitement!"

Well, this Army captain must have knew plenty about the Navy, because he left and came back in a couple of hours with a whole jeep-load of stuff, including brown socks, khaki pants, shirts, shorts and handkerchiefs, some blankets, some fresh eggs and cartons of canned milk, flashlights with extra bulbs and a pile of batteries, bottles of Atabrine and all kinds of stuff. Also flints and lighter fluid.

I told him I wouldn't need all that stuff, I was sure, but he said I better not take any chances. I told him (what a jerk I am) that

Continued on page 170

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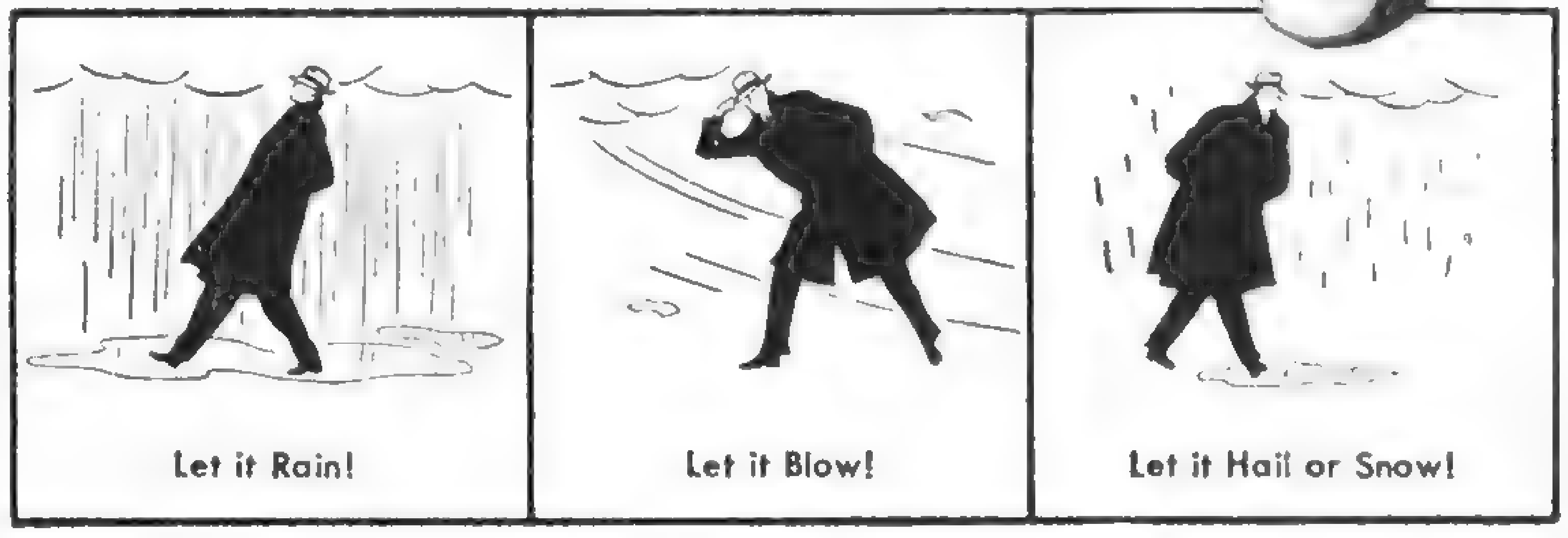
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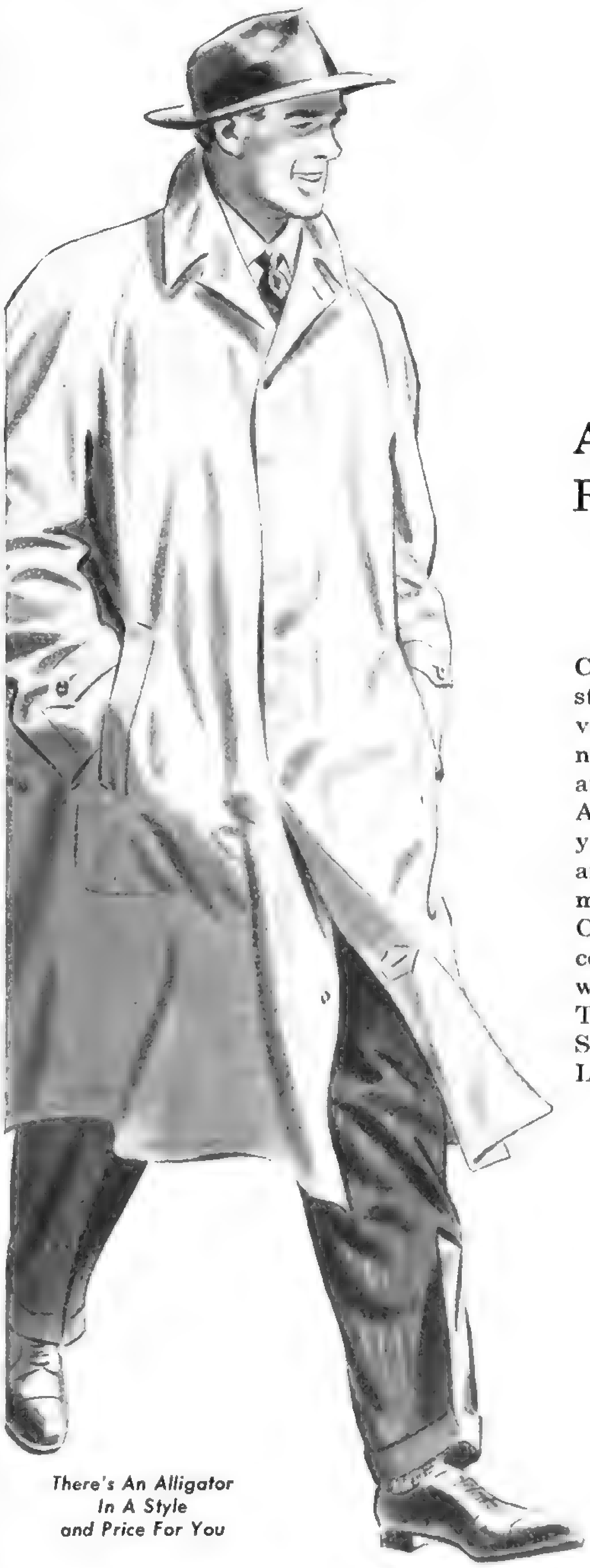

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The Belated Return of Seaman Simms

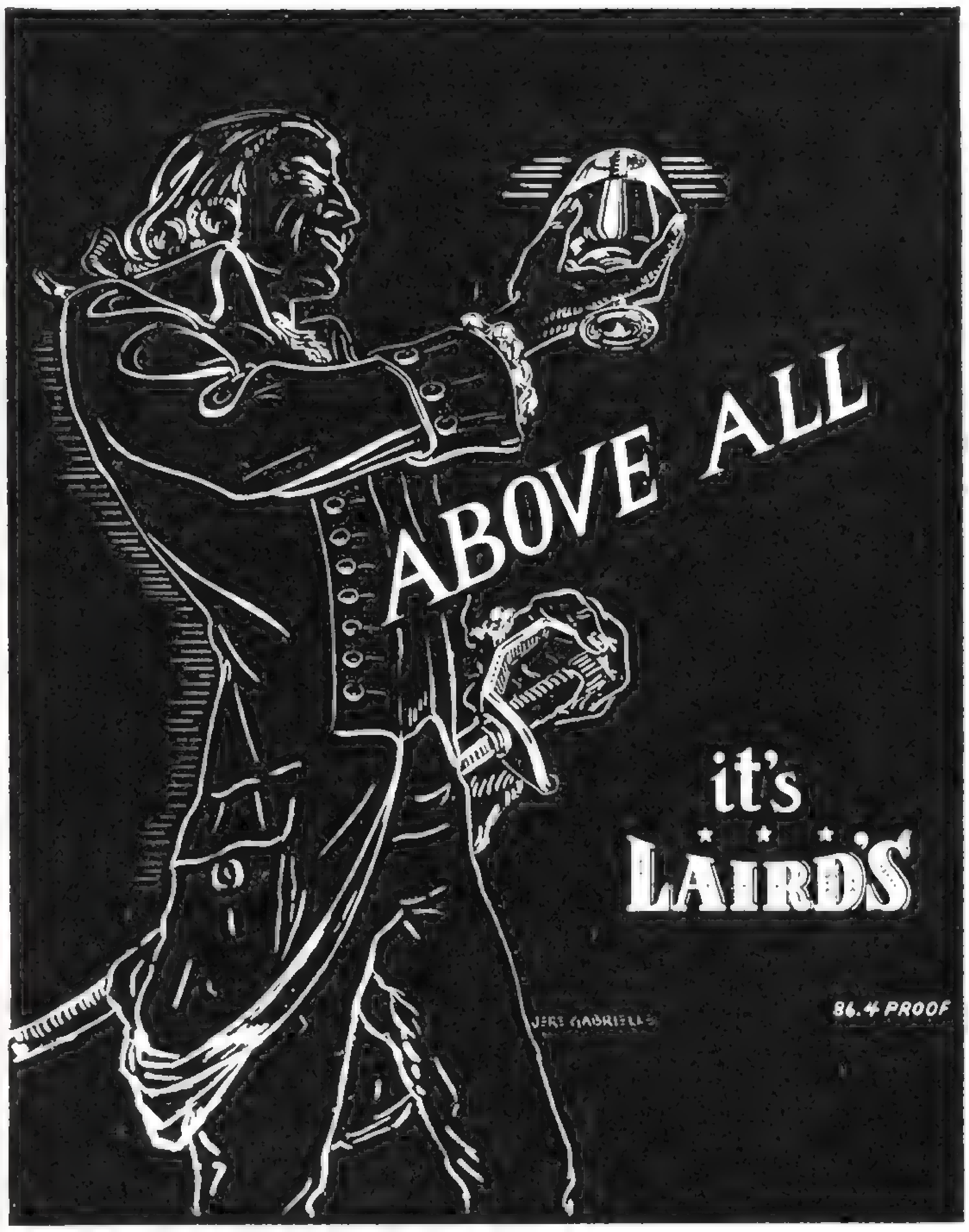
Continued from page 169

my ship must probably have gone up again to Tac and would be coming down again for sure any day now. He said he'd send a signal from the Army to the Navy and maybe some other ship would come in and get me off, but I figured any seaman, 2/c, who did that would be shot at sunrise. Sweetheart, many a night since then I almost was going to rip my tongue out by the roots.

I settled down to a kind of existence, moving into the shack where the commander had been staying. I kept it scrubbed down, in spite of I didn't have any soap, because in the Navy you just get the habit of keeping clean all the time. There were chairs, and a sack with an aviator's mattress that you fill up with air, and most all the comforts of home except perhaps no radio and no front doorbell and nobody to ring it for you even although you did have one. Also a deck of cards, with which I played solitaire and also practiced poker by dealing out four hands and playing them all and letting on each time I was beating three sharp guys who made their livings and also for their families by playing cards on the ship.

By and by it got to be quite a bore, with nobody around to talk to, and I even got to wishing for the good old days on the ship, even cleaning the bilges and galley duty. I would tell myself jokes just to keep my voice working and would read magazines out loud. You might think that was a little nutty, but really, darling, it wasn't, being kind of nice to hear someone say something, even although it's yourself. I would go off on exploring trips, but I was always careful to chip trees with a knife so I wouldn't get lost. Anyway, there was some former roads left here and there and it wasn't too bad. I even went as far as the old Army place, but that was months after I got on this island because I was still afraid the Navy would come and I might not be there. I would leave notes on the hut door, telling them to wait in case I was not around.

Just when I thought I was going to go off my nut from having no company and nothing to do, I discovered a big job on my hands. This quonset hut where the mail was, sprung a leak in the roof. It must have been there for some time, because a lot of the pouches were soaked. I dragged them out into the sun and looked inside and most of the stuff was in bad shape. The writing on lots of it was ruined. I read what I could, just for something to do, and saved what was still good. There were



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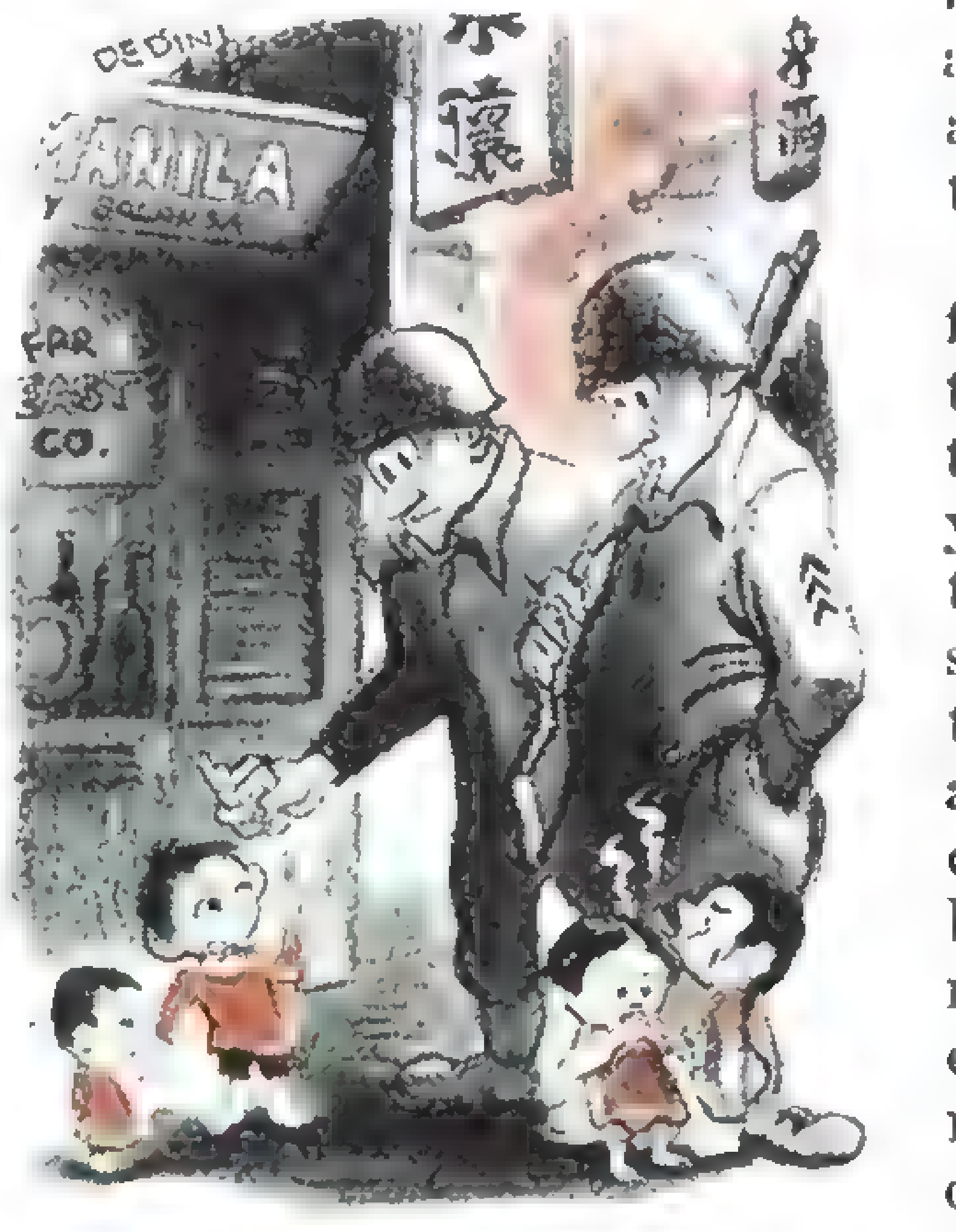
Christmas packages, too, in some of the bags. I rescued a lot of cheese in jars which wasn't broken, fountain pens, cigarette lighters and all kinds of presents which fell out of the different packages. You never saw so much fruitcake, none of which I could eat.

I shifted all the mail around. That's how I met you. I hope you do not feel that I am a large beaked neb-nose, but your picture, in the gold frame, fell out on the deck and my heart went bang! I never saw anyone so wonderful in all my life as you. I read the note you sent with it to Ted, and I realized he was a lucky sailor, if there ever was a lucky sailor.

I put your picture on the table and used to look at you often and wish sometime I could meet a girl like you and marry you because I am that age now when a man should take a wife. A few weeks later, when I was salvaging some more mail, I found this other letter to Ted. I know I am a dirty so-and-so if you or anybody wants to call me one for looking at your letters or somebody else's but I didn't have anything else to do or to read. So I read it. I was pleased that you could write such a wonderful letter and down where you said "love," I sure wished it was me and not this Ted you were writing to. I took to hating that Ted a lot, which might be unfair, but after all it was as good a way as any to put in my time, darling.

Then I found five letters in one tied-up bundle to this Ted, all from you. At first I told myself I should not read them but finally after about a quarter of hour I broke down and read one. However, I still had my reserve, so I didn't open another one until the following day, agreeing with myself that if the Navy came and got me meanwhile I wouldn't read any more of them. By and by I came to the one in which you told that Ted off. Ee-yow. I was sure happy then, and ever since then you have been my sweetheart, even although you never met me.

A fellow like this Ted who would do what he did in San Francisco



"Not him . . . he's too young to smoke"

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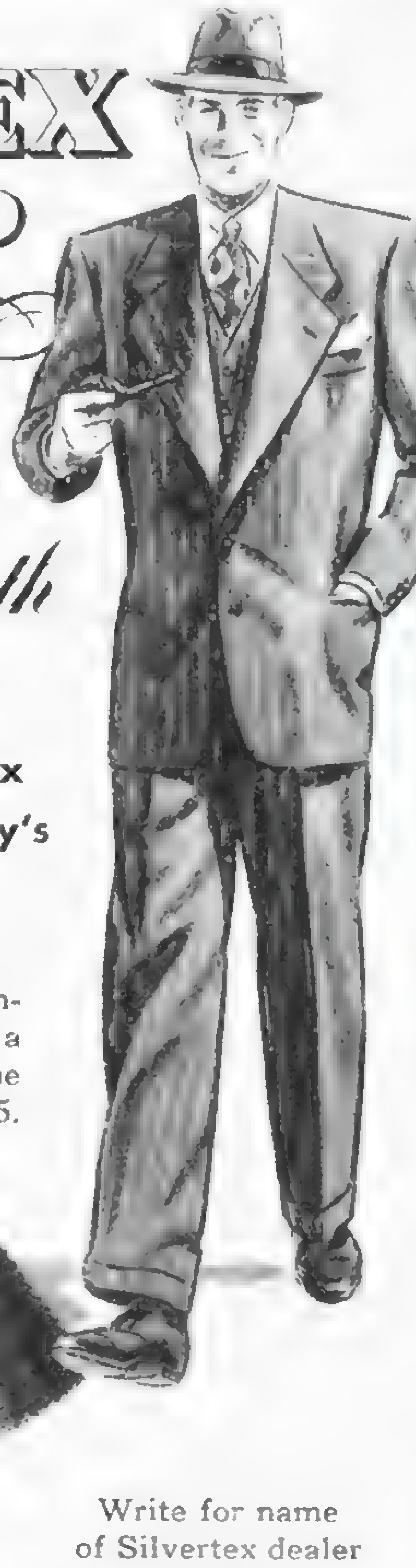

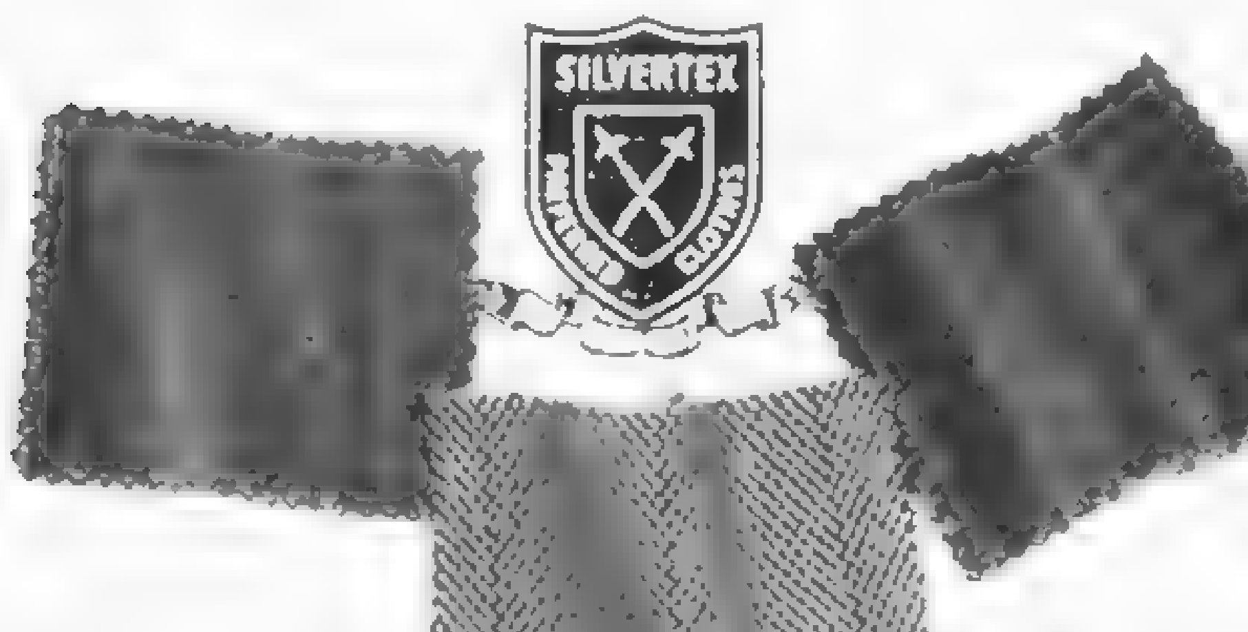

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The Belated Return of Seaman Simms

Continued from page 171

when he has a swell peach of a girl like you in Laramie, Wyoming, certainly doesn't deserve a break to stick with you. I'm glad you told him you were through, and for good, but I liked best of all you saying you were going strictly for a career and would wait three years until you finished college at the University of Wyoming before you were going to marry, if ever or anybody. From all your letters I can tell you are a real American girl who means what she says, and I am banking on you being single because next to praying for that, I prayed only to be removed someday somehow from this island.

I sure am glad the picture of you was in color because this way I know you are a blonde with blue eyes, which makes it perfect for me as I am prejudiced in favor of a blonde with blue eyes. I am not the best-looking fellow you ever saw, even though I have just cut the longest beard in history. I am not the kind of guy who would give the run-around to a swell girl like you and you never need to worry about me having cheated with anybody when I was overseas because I was right here, alone, on this tropical island.

I can tell you this, that if it hadn't of been for your picture, I guess I would be nuts long ago and would be shipped down with Captain Koppenhaver's cargo instead of in a cabin. Especially when it started to rain. I cut a nick into the table every day it rained, just a little one so I could keep count, and one stretch it rained for thirty-four days, night and day, morning and afternoon, right on through. I talked with your picture plenty then.

That long rain was a dilly all right. It ruined practically every bit of this mail, so if you know any G.I.s (Navy) who didn't get their 1944 Christmas packages, you can tell them what became of it. I rescued all the magazines I could and tried to dry them to read later. Finally, it got so bad for stuff to read that I would even read continued stories even although I knew I didn't have the next issue and didn't know if it ever did come out.

By the time Captain Koppenhaver found me I had only four pouches of mail in halfway decent shape. Half of it was cigarette lighters and fountain pens with no addresses, rusted pocket knives and even somebody sent a guy a green necktie with polka dots.

Well, like I said, sweetheart, Captain Koppenhaver wanted me to leave right away for Australia. Even although I was real sore at the Navy for letting me stay out

Lord Oliver REG.

Warm approach to Cooler chatter...

Outside the wind howls. Inside the boss scowls.
But boy and girl bask in mutual admiration
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Hers: a LADY OLIVER at about $5.95.

Olive BRAND

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here alone, I still couldn't leave because I had a strict command not to. Since I had three Navy (U. S.) Court-Martials I figured that the fourth would break the camel's (meaning my) back.

I raised up from my sack and I saw your picture and it certainly seemed to me that your lips were moving and you were saying, "Come on home, darling." I was going to ask the captain to deliver a message to the Navy and tell them I was still here, but you made up my mind for me. Captain Koppenhaver helped slightly by showing that it might take the Navy some while to locate me because I might be hard to see from a ship.

After debating it for some time, Captain Koppenhaver said we could take along the mail sacks that were left. I told him I'd get into trouble for leaving this spot just the same, and I figure they'll get me for desertion or something because I know this United States Navy.

It has been great on Captain Koppenhaver's boat. The life is strictly pie on this side of the sky, and he is a true gentleman. He tries to calm me about getting into trouble for leaving my post, and says he'll fix it and he's sure he can. He sent a message by radio to Darwin that he's bringing me along, and told them all about me. Last night he said what I had done was as great as getting the message to Garcia. I said that one was a new one on me. He said I am just being modest, that all Yanks know about Garcia. However, I do not know any Americans of that name. Do you?

Well, darling, that is all I have to say. I will tell you more about it when I see you, especially the bugs and insects and such, but first a warning. I just looked in a mirror and I'm dark brown and yellow so be prepared, if I can get to see you as soon as I hit the States, to go out with a fellow who looks like a Chinese Indian.

I am writing this on a typewriter model 1896 in the captain's cabin, and I am going to slip it off the ship with the steward, who will mail it for me just to make sure in case the Navy nabs me right off. Meanwhile, stay single and wait for that telephone call, because I am going to call you even although they put me in prison right off.

"Love"

T. (Thomas) D. (Donald) Simms,
Sea 2/c

P.S. We're coming into the dock at Darwin. A lot of Aussie sailors in uniform, with their rifles, are lined up on the pier and I can see two Navy officers (U. S.) on account of the scrambled eggs and the stars on their coat sleeves. Must have flew them up from Brisbane. It looks bad. Guess they've come to get me . . . ⋕

Continued from page 45

OUT OF THE RAIN
INTO THE SUN
YOUR FINELY TAILORED
LusKoat
IS ALWAYS READY
ALL-WEATHER
LusKoat
STYLED FOR DRESS WEAR
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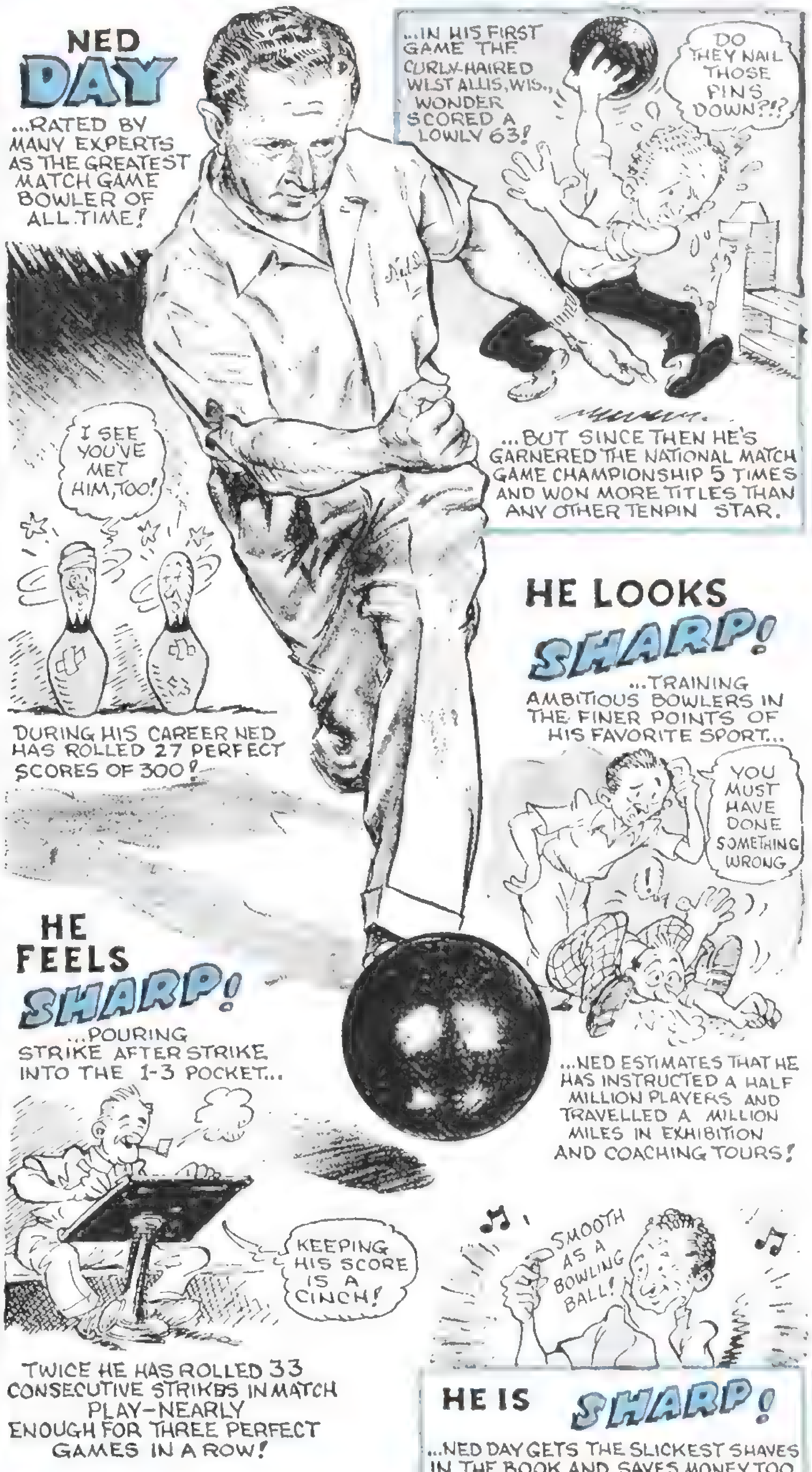
SPEAKING OF TEN-STRIKES by Frank Williams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...RATED BY MANY EXPERTS AS THE GREATEST MATCH GAME BOWLER OF ALL TIME!
...IN HIS FIRST GAME THE CURLY-HAIRED WEST ALLIS, WIS., WONDER SCORED A LOWLY 63!
DO THEY NAIL THOSE PINS DOWN?!?
...BUT SINCE THEN HE'S GARNERED THE NATIONAL MATCH GAME CHAMPIONSHIP 5 TIMES AND WON MORE TITLES THAN ANY OTHER TENPIN STAR.
I SEE YOU'VE MET HIM, TOO!
DURING HIS CAREER NED HAS ROLLED 27 PERFECT SCORES OF 300!
HE LOOKS SHARP!
...TRAINING AMBITIOUS BOWLERS IN THE FINER POINTS OF HIS FAVORITE SPORT...
YOU MUST HAVE DONE SOMETHING WRONG
HE FEELS SHARP!
...POURING STRIKE AFTER STRIKE INTO THE 1-3 POCKET...
KEEPING HIS SCORE IS A CINCH!
...NED ESTIMATES THAT HE HAS INSTRUCTED A HALF MILLION PLAYERS AND TRAVELLED A MILLION MILES IN EXHIBITION AND COACHING TOURS!
TWICE HE HAS ROLLED 33 CONSECUTIVE STRIKES IN MATCH PLAY–NEARLY ENOUGH FOR THREE PERFECT GAMES IN A ROW!
SMOOTH AS A BOWLING BALL!
HE IS SHARP!
...NED DAY GETS THE SLICKEST SHAVES IN THE BOOK AND SAVES MONEY, TOO, FOR HE ALWAYS USES GILLETTE BLUE BLADES WITH THE SHARPEST EDGES EVER HONED. TAKE IT FROM HIM, THAT'S THE WAY TO SKIM OFF STUBBLE IN JIGTIME, WITH PERFECT COMFORT. YES, AND REMEMBER– DOUBLE EDGES MEAN DOUBLE ECONOMY!

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be SHARP
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Blue Blades
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Harness Headache

Continued from page 99

play, Knauf and his associates reacted with finesse and assurance. Their game had always been scrupulously clean before mutuel betting. They knew that the only way to keep it clean was to attack thievery frontally, not giving the culprits a chance to escape. At conservative old Presque Isle and Old Orchard tracks in Maine, a few horses were doped. At Roosevelt Raceway a top-ranking trotter was poisoned. Moving in like a Raymond Chandler hero, the U.S.T.A. seized the guilty parties, heard their cases and ruled them off the tracks. Along with the expulsions came a warning to operators that they would be held accountable if those convicted were in evidence at any future time. This is no idle bluff. The U.S.T.A. has the power to refuse sanction to any track meeting, and without it no track can get enough horses and drivers for a show.

At Chicago's brand-new Maywood track, Knauf's men uncovered a shady kind of deal. Some of the drivers were co-operating to form pockets and lanes for and against certain horses trotting the lighted oval. This maneuver is very difficult to detect, but watchmen of the association nailed it immediately. When uncovered, suspects were taken into custody and warned of their actions with suspension levies as their reward.

Maintaining this kind of alertness against sin at the various tracks from Maine to California takes a sizable organization of trained spotters and Knauf has come up with one of the most secretive and effective collections of "private eyes" in modern sport. It is an accepted fact that not one track operator, driver or owner knows the men's identities.

Knauf and his cohorts are now considering a blanket rule for harness tracks which will eliminate for all time the possibility of tampering with horses immediately before post time. Characteristically, harness racing—with its tradition of friendly audience participation—has always permitted spectators to roam freely through the paddock, watching the animals flex their muscles before the gun goes off. Taking an early gander at the sleek-groomed trotters and pacers was one of the privileges readily granted to customers before the advent of mutuel betting. But track operators are now discovering that the privilege may be too open to abuse. If you can get close to the horse, you can do things to him. Knauf and the U.S.T.A. will soon take care of this temptation by barring laymen from inside the paddock—even as the running

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horse people have already done—if only on the premise that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

Lest the present summary of the tribulations of harness racing gives a distorted picture, readers are assured that the rapid growth of the sport has brought ample blessings as well as headaches.

For example, when night racing was first contemplated, stands and facilities were erected in anticipation of average crowds of 5,000 to not more than 7,000. Blissful headaches in wholesale lots resulted from this miscalculation. Grandstands soon outgrew their capacities and ramp ways resembled subways at rush hours. Roosevelt Raceway's first season netted 68,000 spectators and everybody was seated comfortably. This past season, attendance there snowballed to a cool million and a half. Maywood opened for business in 1946 only to have its facilities outgrown immediately by a crush of paying trade. Attendance for a season of fifty one-night meetings ballooned over a half million with better than $115,000 grossed at the betting windows each night. Northville Downs, Buffalo Raceway and Fort Miami (Toledo) had the same experience.

Among those sharing handsomely in the green avalanche now deluging the game are the breeders of trotting and pacing horses. The beanstalk progress of the sport has brought about a shortage of harness stock, which in turn has upped the price of horses. To meet demands, breeders are working their stock overtime (if such a thing is possible) to turn out harness nags as fast as nature will permit. Meanwhile, the price of sulky-pulling horseflesh has mounted over two hundred per cent in the past five years. In one recent sale, the animals brought an average price of slightly over a thousand dollars in comparison to a hammer figure of $350 BPM (before pari-mutuels).

It is now estimated by those in the know that the 1947 season may find between twenty and thirty half-mile trotting plants operating with mutuel wagering—a gain of from thirty-three to a hundred per cent over 1946. The number is limited solely by the shortage of building material.

Meanwhile, harness people, for all their headaches, have available the world's best migraine cure since the invention of the cold compress. Mutuel takes are piling up and with them profits. Officials are very prone to forget their aching heads when they watch the two-dollar bills slide through the wickets or listen to that low hushed swish of cashiers counting paper money. That swishing sound, they maintain, is superior to any aspirin on the market. ⧻

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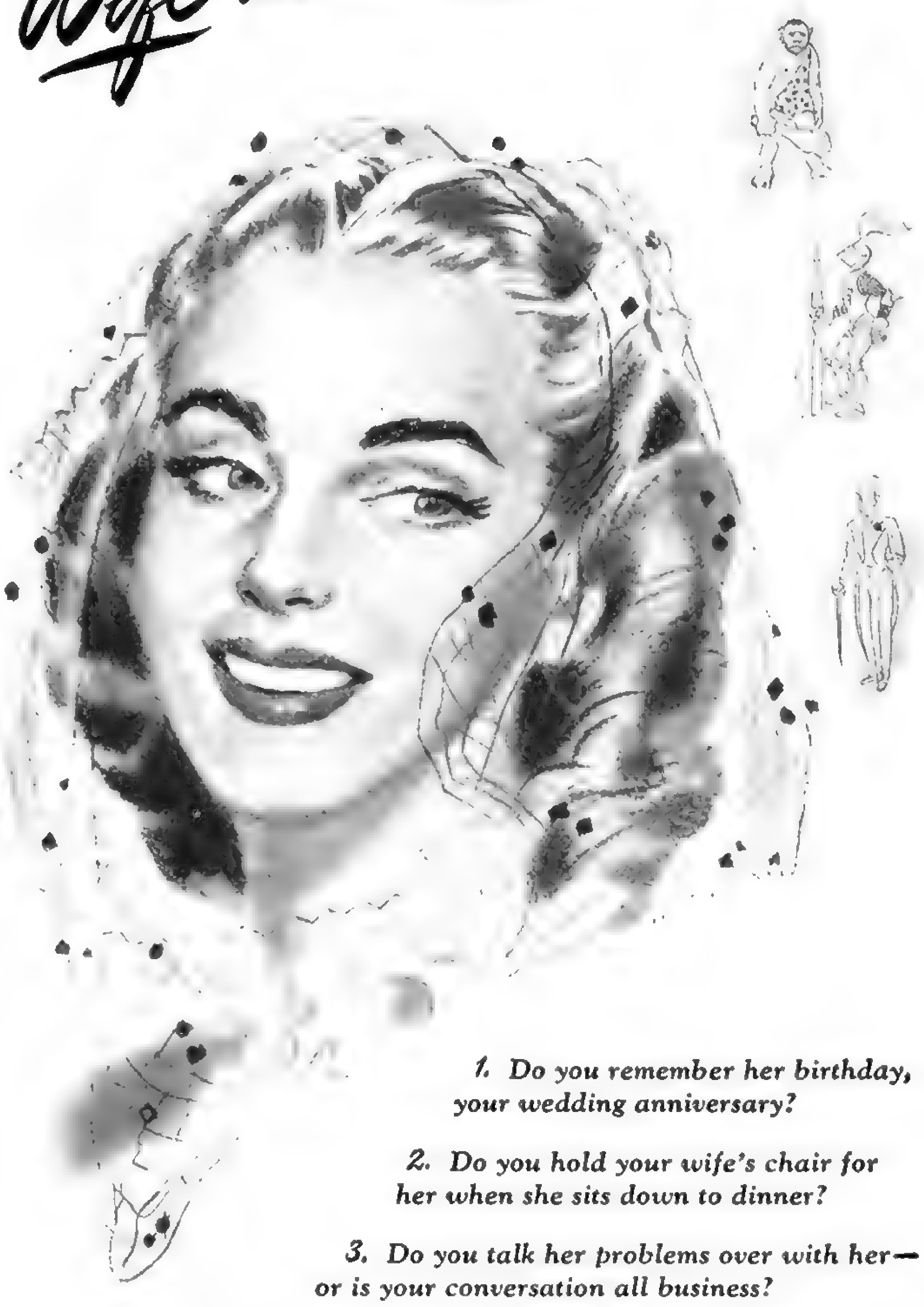
Do you still treat your
Wife as a Woman?



1. Do you remember her birthday, your wedding anniversary?

2. Do you hold your wife's chair for her when she sits down to dinner?

3. Do you talk her problems over with her—or is your conversation all business?

4. When you give her a gift, do you give her something she wants as a woman?

Many a man knows his way around his business better than he does around his home. Based on the exciting preference among women for these perfumes by Adrian—internationally known fashion designer—may we suggest them to you as a gift particularly suitable and entirely feminine?

At better department stores throughout the country.

The Fulton Folly

Continued from page 88

lack of condition was haltering him to a shuffle while Fred was having conspicuous success protecting his rectangular vertebra. Going into the sixth round, Morris' noble efforts had left him panting and stumbling and Fulton thought, what the hell, this guy hasn't enough left to whack my rectangular what-you-call-it.

For some thirty seconds Fulton larruped Morris, who seemed almost primed to teeter down queer street, when some wag piped out, "Hey, Fred, watch his right! Fred, be-e-e careful!"

Fred expressed his appreciation for this timely reminder by lurching at Morris and sliding down his leg to the canvas where the referee tolled him out. To reassure his friends that he wasn't hurt, Fulton then bounced to his feet and began to dance a highland fling.

Mike later became Fulton's manager and was escorting Fred through one of his recurrent comebacks when the Fulton-Bob Devere travesty occurred. The Devere high jinks was a favorite with Collins because it was evidence his boy could be a comedian whether or not he was winning.

Devere was a consolation prize for Milwaukee fight fans when Fulton refused to have any truck with Jack Dillon, a handy bruiser from whom Collins eventually coaxed a written promise that he'd quit needling Fulton for a showdown. The mere thought of Jack Dillon would mesh Freddie out of gear for weeks at a time.

Fulton favored the idea of squaring off with the vulnerable Mr. Devere, but the sideliners indicated their contempt for the contest by making Fulton a four-to-one favorite. Their foresight was nearly tossed into a cocked hat in the first round when Devere found Fred's enticing jaw compliant.

"I was almost as glad as Fulton when that round was over," Mike said. "After giving him the smelling salts he came around with the information that Devere could hit and that he was hurt. Devere, however, was in worse shape than Fulton, as he had given my boy all he had in the first round and was ready to check out."

Fulton was prepared to wrestle out the second round, which was all right with Devere, if not with the fans who paid the freight. It wasn't until the closing seconds that it became apparent to Fulton that Devere could more than hold his own in catch-as-catch-can, so he squirmed loose and belted Bob with a left. Devere tumbled to the floor but bobbed up, cranking a right that he exploded on Fulton's jaw.

When the round ended, Fred

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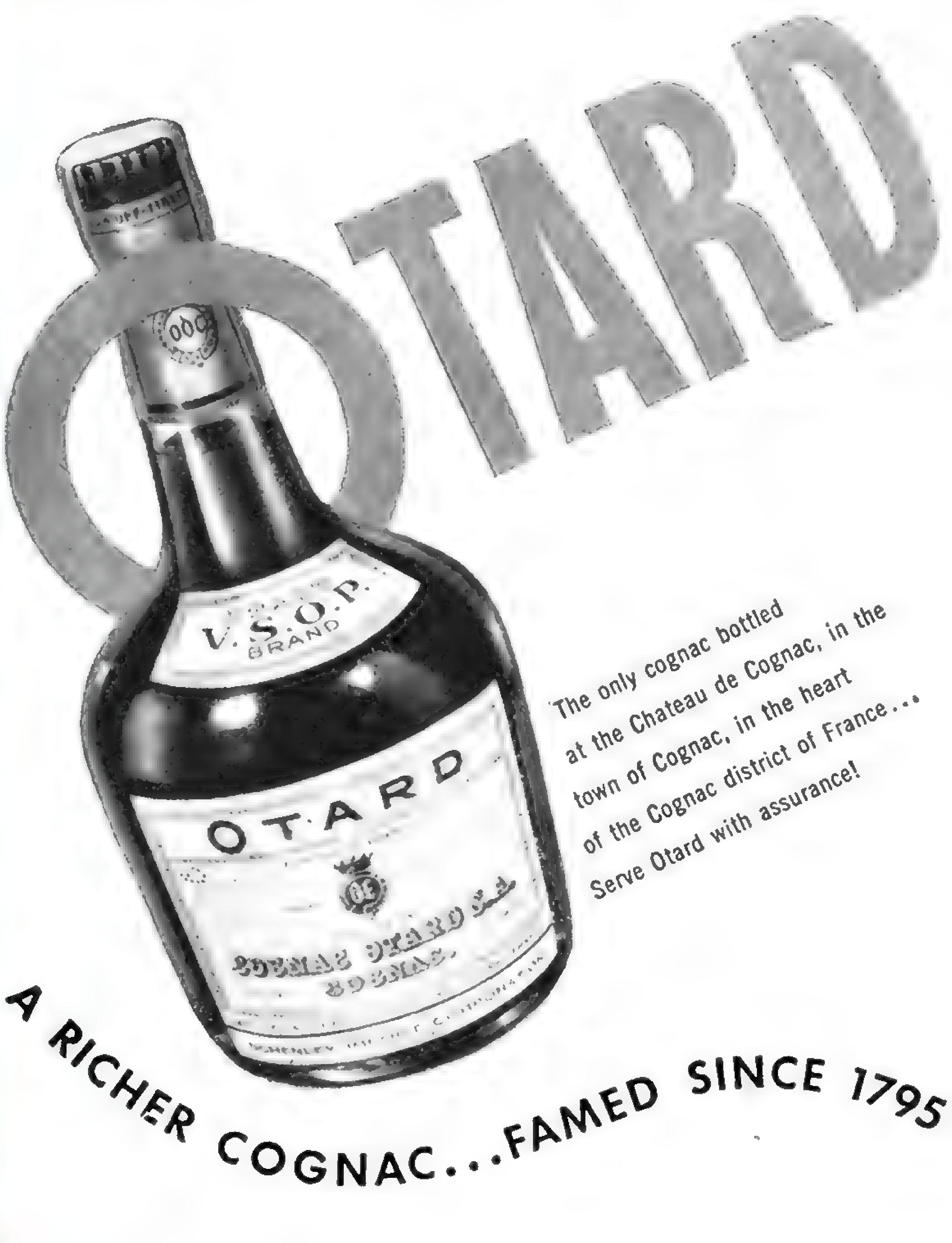

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hiked to Devere's corner and plunked himself down in the chair. Not bearing up under the weather too well himself, Devere considered the faux pas and flopped on the chair in Fulton's corner.

"I looked across," Mike said, "and there was Sam Marburger, Devere's manager, holding up a sponge and bottle and looking down on Fulton. Sam seemed to be debating whether he should give my fighter the sponge or hit him over the head with the bottle."

Fulton bellowed for advice and the counsel he got was that he was in the wrong corner. Indignantly, Fulton unfolded to his feet, strode over to Devere, kicked him in the foot. "Get the hell out of my corner," he demanded.

The customers could just as well have adjourned after that byplay, for the next round was another version of Greco-Roman with boxing gloves. In the fourth, Fulton experimented with a kidney punch and Devere dropped to his knees and the referee stopped the fight.

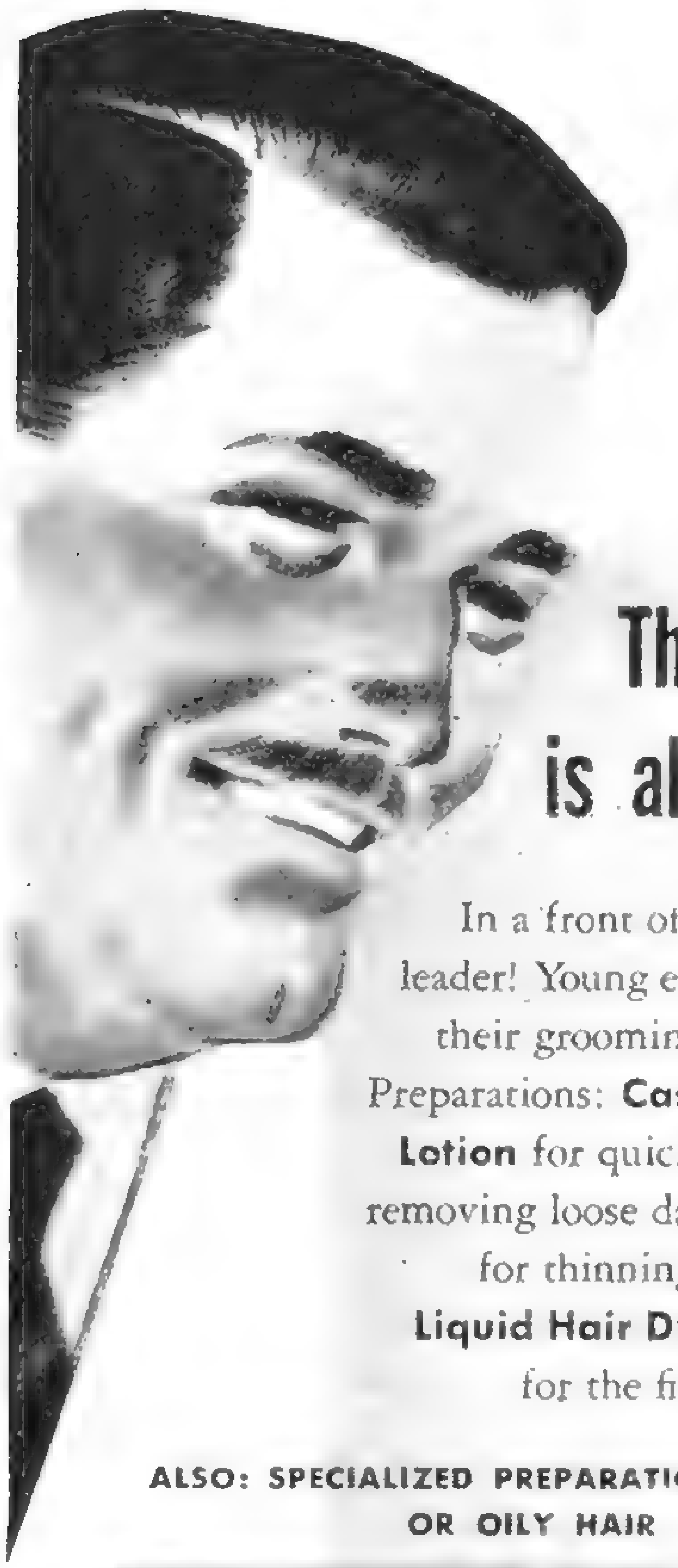
Two such volatile characters as Collins and Fulton couldn't ramble on together too long, of course, but before they separated Mike actually conjured a shirttail claim on the heavyweight title for his disinclined fighter. That magic was brewed the same year—1917—that Fulton kicked Bob Devere in the foot and a year before Fred was a horizontal party to Jack Dempsey's record one-round knockout.

Collins startled but impressed the sports editors with an audacious declaration that he would claim the heavyweight championship for Fulton if Champion Jess Willard didn't accept a title match with the plasterer. In the ensuing shuffle, Jess was forced to lend some dignity to the grandstanding by acknowledging the challenge, and when he didn't come to scratch in Collins' allotted time, Mike arbitrarily crowned his fighter the world heavyweight champion.

It was a short-lived fool's paradise, however, for Fulton lost his "championship" in his first title defense in North Little Rock, Arkansas, to a nonentity named Texas Tait. Fulton's old pal, Billy McCarney, was managing Tait.

With tongue in cheek, Collins always recalled the Fulton-Tait fiasco as the shortest heavyweight championship fight on record. McCarney and Tait raised havoc with the big plasterer's supple morale, and Fred had just enough spunk left to sink a punch into Tait's groin, losing by a foul in the first minute of the first round.

Collins' golden touch allowed Fulton to retire with wherewithal sufficient to become a resort owner and farmer. Mike, however, went his merry way until the war, when he served in a public relations capacity for a Wisconsin shipbuilder until his death. ###



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Madame's Tall Son

Continued from page 84

some sulfa. When you had made the old lady comfortable, you hunted up a neighbor girl who agreed to stay with her a day or two for a couple of chocolate bars.

Every day you went to see Madame Marchal, and took her food. Gradually she improved, and one day you brought a guitar and sang to her. *Old Man River, Saint Louis Blues, Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair* . . . songs of home. She listened with a far-away look in her eyes. Her grandson Michael had liked to sing. Michael had been the last to go.

She still had the piano from the château, the one that Michael had played. It was stored along with her few possessions in the next room. You opened the door. Moonlight filtered through the holes in the roof and caressed the old satin finish of a Louis Fifteenth grand piano. Madame spoke from her cot. That piano had stood in the great drawing room of the château, and once she had had the pleasure of playing it for a very great American. She and her husband had entertained him after the last war. His name was Woodrow Wilson.

She wondered if you would play the piano for her. There was a song that Michael had liked so well. It was a melancholy song—a requiem for the France they had known. She handed you a dusty sheet of music, a song called *C'est fini*—"It is ended." You sat down at the piano that had once played for President Wilson, and began to feel out the melody. Unknown to you then, you became one of the first (if not the very first) Americans to play the French song that was to become popular in the United States as *Symphony*.

On Christmas Eve you hauled out the fruitcake your mother had sent you from home. The fellows had some beer and some cognac and everybody was going to have a big party. You started over to the day room. But somehow, you turned toward the town.

When you came to Madame Marchal's little cottage she was sitting outside by the tiny little stove where she cooked over an open fire. She was brewing some tea from an ancient tea bag, huddled like a gnome against the house in an effort to keep warm.

She didn't want to take the cake, insisting that your mother had sent it to you, not to her. But you told her that you had another one, and besides, this was a Christmas present. When she looked in the box she began crying. This was the first cake she had tasted in more than five years. You felt bitter and uncomfortable and you hated yourself a little because you had been well-fed.

You sat on the doorstep with her while she had her cup of tea. The ruins of the château were bathed in moonlight, and a single star sat over the great chimney in solemn majesty. You talked about Christmas, and the peculiar for-

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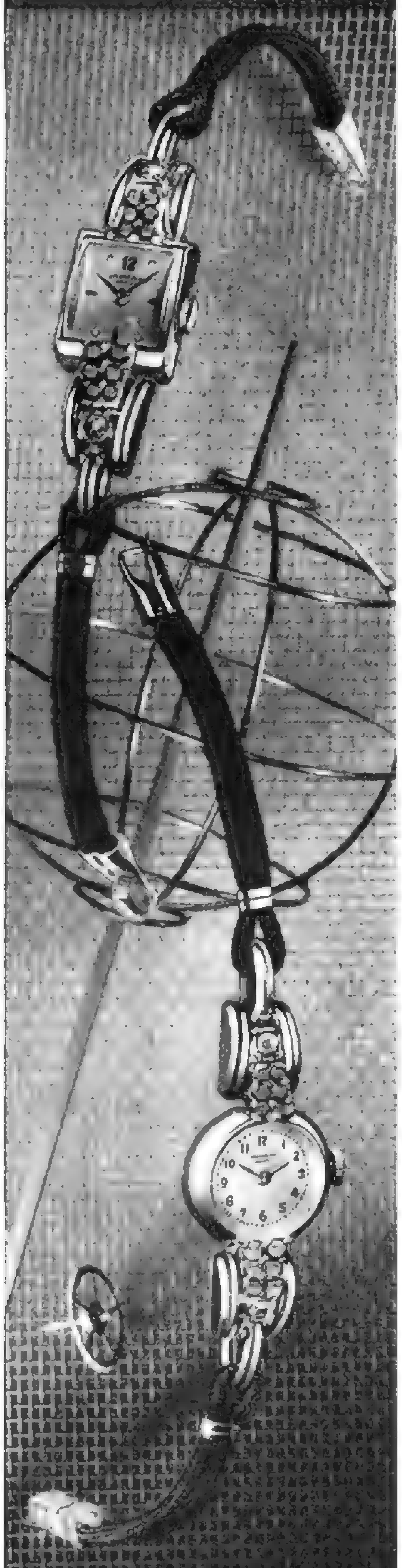

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UNIVERSAL
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tunes of war, and home. And you wondered what your family would say if they could see you now—sitting over a burned-out fire among a pile of ruins with a destitute little old French woman.

You hated to leave that night, for the next day you were going to move into Germany. You felt a little awkward saying good-bye. She was so little and so alone. But you told yourself that after all she was just an old woman you had felt sorry for, and that you would never see her again. She was grateful for all your kindness, and would you please write her a letter when you got home? She wanted to know her son was safe.

When you got back home you wrote to her. She answered regularly. She was getting more food now from UNRRA; she missed you, and remembered you daily in her prayers. Then you didn't hear any more.

You packed your bags and came to Hollywood to try again for that break you were just before getting when the war intervened. But nobody seemed to remember your singing at the Coconut Grove. They gave you the same old run-around. Too busy. No casting. We want a girl vocalist. Come back in two weeks. It looked pretty hopeless.

Your money was running low, and soon you'd have to give up and go back home. That's when it happened. One day a reporter from the Associated Press called you. Their Paris office had radioed them to look up a Sergeant Jimmy Kilpatrick. You didn't understand. Until your mail came.

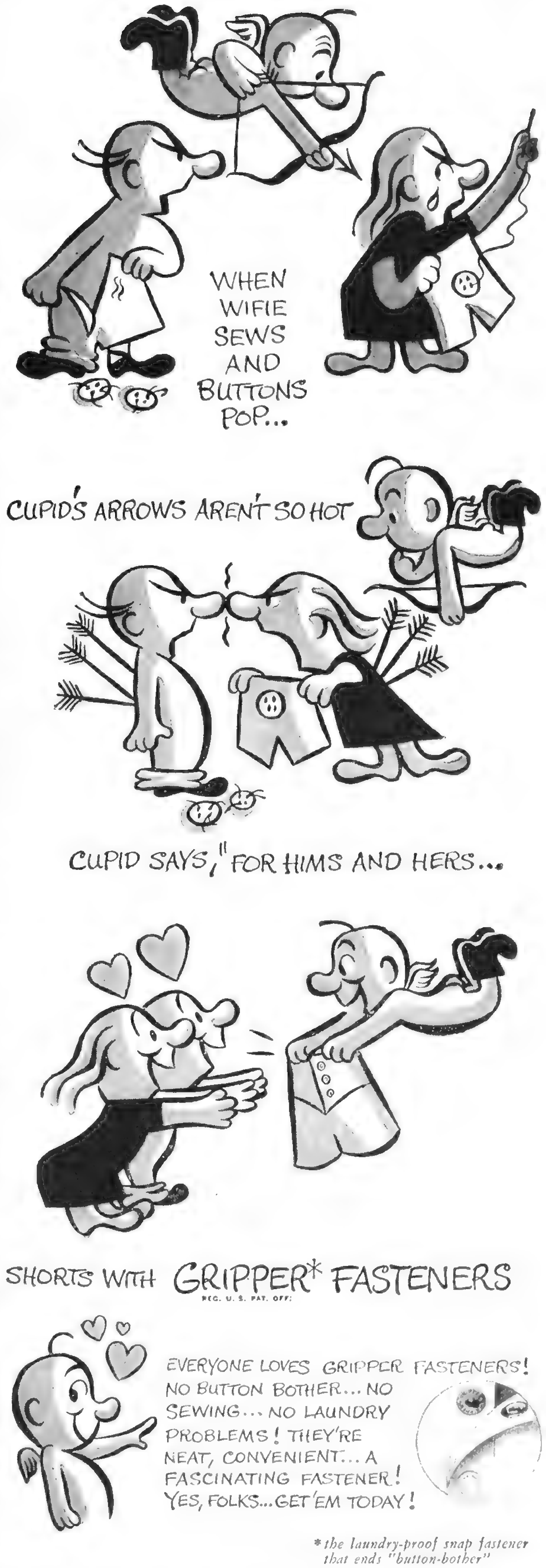
There it was. A letter postmarked Paris—from a firm of French attorneys. They were required to notify Monsieur that a friend of his, Madame Jeanne Marchal, had passed on. In her will she had named him sole beneficiary of her estate—which amounted to $50,000!

It was unbelievable. Newspapers all over the country printed the story and the picture of the G.I. who had inherited the estate of a French gentlewoman because he had shared his food with her. It was a great story. Overnight Jimmy hit the front pages.

The next day you sat in your room and read telegrams. The studios wanted you: "see our casting director"; "interested in your publicity"; RKO; M-G-M. Three night-club offers came in and agents were trying to get you to sign seven-year contracts.

This was a break bigger than you had ever dreamed of. You had your foot in the door, and with all the publicity bringing your name before the public, with the money to hire good teachers—your path was clear. That old dusty dream of your name in lights might still come true.

You sat a little stunned by all of it. And you wished you could tell "Mama" Marchal what she had done for her "tall son," and how much he appreciated it. But somehow—you had a feeling that she knew. #



WHEN WIFIE SEWS AND BUTTONS POP...
CUPID'S ARROWS AREN'T SO HOT
CUPID SAYS, "FOR HIMS AND HERS...
SHORTS WITH GRIPPER* FASTENERS
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EVERYONE LOVES GRIPPER FASTENERS! NO BUTTON BOTHER... NO SEWING... NO LAUNDRY PROBLEMS! THEY'RE NEAT, CONVENIENT... A FASCINATING FASTENER! YES, FOLKS...GET 'EM TODAY!

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and you'll understand why we say "America's
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* Optional

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Manufacturers of "Gleneagles" Topcoats, Raincoats and Slacks

The Exclusive, Patented
Pitch-Shoulder
DOES MORE FOR YOU!

For My Hobby, I'll Take Cooking

Continued from page 91

bugs is a director who goes in for the exotic in seasoning and can even disguise such prosaic fodder as hamburger into something aromatically approximating attar of roses mingled with the olfactory memory of Shanghai after dark.

Once this director postponed the filming of a San Francisco sequence of one of his pictures because a certain Chinatown merchant hadn't yet received his yearly stock of herbs from the Orient. As the megaphonist explained the delay to his producer: "I have to make the trip north to look over the new herbs anyway, so I might as well shoot the San Francisco scenes then."

We have the supermeticulous kind. This is the hobbyist who tackles his dinner preparation as a problem in logistics, arranges every ingredient and utensil in the order it will be needed and approaches the project with the intensity of a surgical operation.

And there's the messy kitchen type who uses every utensil within and out of reach and leaves the galley looking as if he might have been experimenting with a household-size atomic bomb. We have them all, but the most prevalent hereabouts is the outdoor breed.

This is the barbecue specialist who came out into the open again when meat rationing passed into history. His guests often suspect him of being in the quick-freeze business on the side, since he generally chooses for his Operation Backyard an evening when all self-respecting brass monkeys are huddled before a fire, indoors.

As for me, I am of the indoor, twice-a-week (Thursday evening and all day Sunday) variety. I am neither the meticulous nor the messy. I clean every utensil after each operational step, but that, I suppose, has an atavistic connection with my Ninth Avenue claustrophobic Pooh-Bah days.

Unlike most of my fellow artists of the range, I have never read a cookbook, never used a measuring cup, scales or measuring spoon, and I do not utilize any seasoning beyond the old stand-bys.

I cook by ear. Onions, garlic, tomatoes, red and green peppers, lettuce and celery are my culinary mainstays, but don't ask me to repeat a dish or salad dressing exactly as I prepared it for you a week ago last Thursday.

Besides finding relaxation in the kitchen, I also have discovered suspense of the movie whodunit kind in preparing a meal—that is, my way. So far, it would seem, I have batted for a thousand per cent with my oven and pan experiments, considering that my guests, mainly discriminating ladies and gentlemen of the screen, have played to several return engagements.

One might consider me a bit brutal, perhaps, in regard to the

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What do you know about-

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Napoleon. Know the real reason why he always kept his hand there? Something itched him. His underwear. They didn't have easy-fitting Allen-A's those days. Which upset Nappy so much he often didn't know his horse from his Elba.

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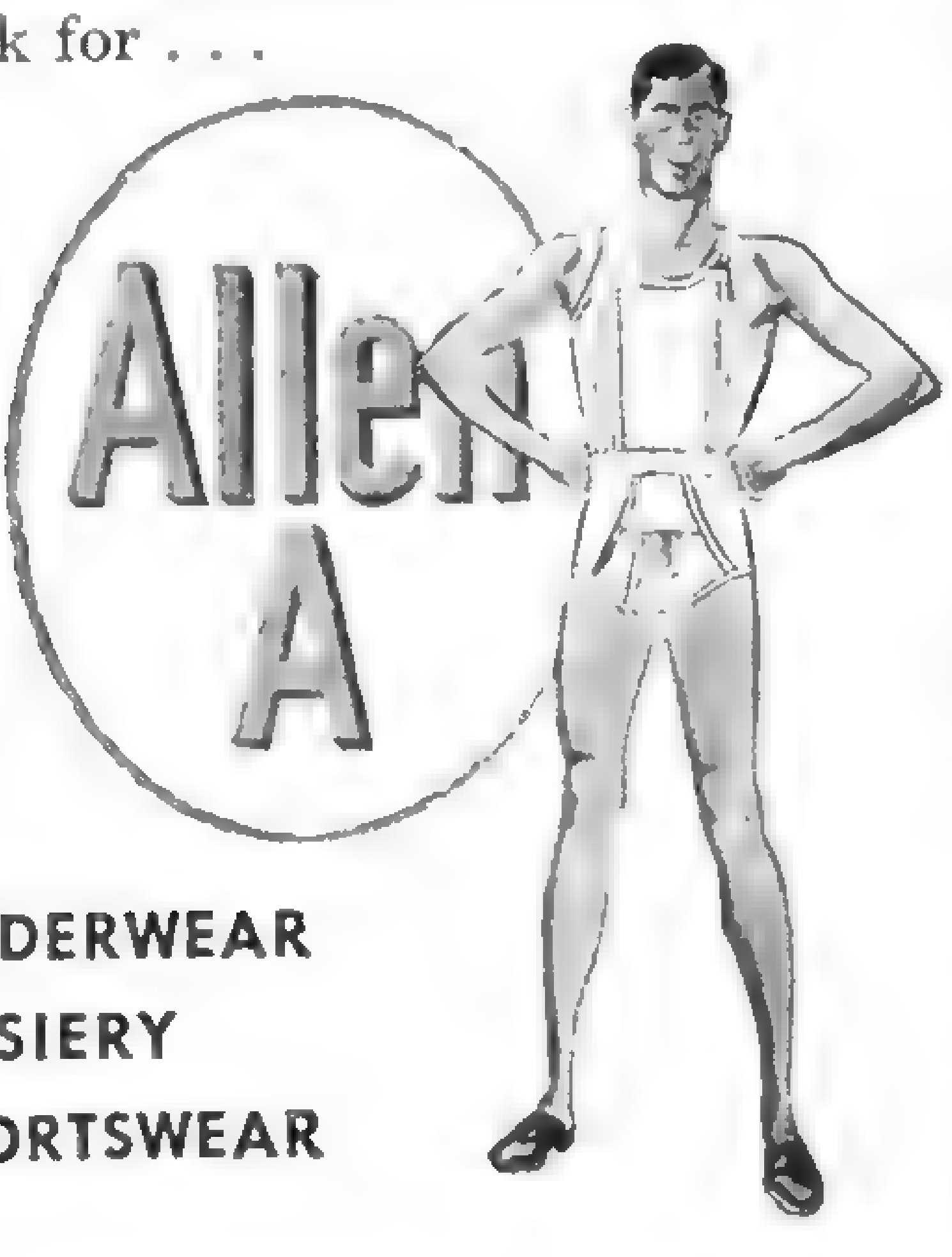

UNDERWEAR
HOSIERY
SPORTSWEAR

preprandial treatment of my guests. I serve them one cocktail or glass of wine—and no more. While one drink might just sufficiently sharpen the appetite, one more and my meal may become just an interlude. Moreover, you will find no hors d'oeuvres at the Pasternak ménage, for I consider them despoilers of appetite.

Having cooked about everything from the lowly frankfurter to buffalo meat for my famous movie guests, I naturally have them catalogued as to their most favored Pasternak edible production. For example, I associate Jimmy Durante dietetically with beef pot roast and potato pancake, José Iturbi with stewed chicken and steamed rice with peppers, and Danny Kaye with hot dog goulash. A la Pasternak this means chopped frankfurters stewed with onions, green peppers, celery and chopped lettuce.

Peter Lawford, one of the Sunday afternoon swimming pool visitors, likes this one: baked tomatoes, stuffed with melted cheese and scrambled eggs, with slices of bacon atop. Keenan Wynn is a Sunday enthusiast for chicken hamburgers. Made my way—ground white chicken meat, flavored with raw onion and garlic, broiled with a slice of onion and chili sauce and served with mashed potatoes into which powdered cheese has been well whipped.

When Kathryn Grayson comes to Thursday dinner the menu calls for steak—New York cuts which have been "processed" for forty-eight hours. This has involved soaking the meat in olive oil and allowing to stand in the refrigerator with slices of raw onion and garlic between each steak—the whole wrapped in a damp cloth.

I cannot claim sole credit as Hollywood's chef de cuisine of buffalo. This honor must be shared with Lauritz Melchior. A few months ago the singer, also a member of the skillet-and-stove fraternity and a game hunter to boot, hosted a few of us to a "roast beef dinner" and then informed us after the repast that the *pièce de résistance* had been a distant relative of the quadruped immortalized on five-cent pieces, which he had bagged himself.

Now I haven't any professional quarrel with Roast Buffalo à la Melchior Orthodox, but for the benefit of those who might someday find themselves with a bison in the larder, may I suggest the manner in which I tenderized and dished up the chunk of the brute donated to me that evening by Mr. Melchior?

I began by boring a few small holes in the meat, into which I inserted garlic cloves. Then after the cut had stood in claret for two days, I stewed it for four hours, buried in my all-service combination of onions, green peppers, tomatoes, celery and lettuce.

That evening, however, I relaxed and allowed my patrons up to three cocktails. Everyone voted the "what-was-it" dinner excellent, even Epicure Melchior. ##

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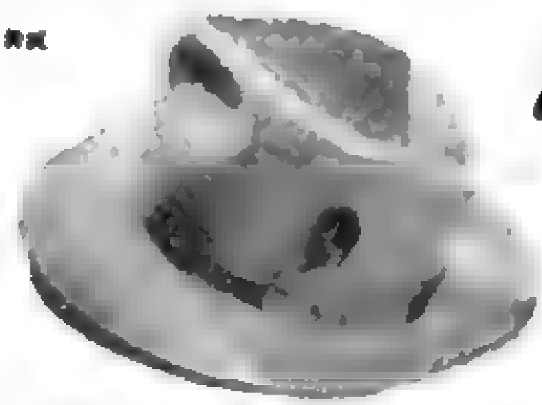

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Our 60th Year

Who'll Buy My Mincemeat?

Continued from page 96

say. "Why, just put them in the basement," he says.

"In *this* basement?" asks the man.

"Sure this basement," says Rupe. "Do you think I'm going to eat it here?"

"No, I don't," came back the driver, "but by the time you get through eating this, you won't worry none about where you're going to eat your hot mince pies!"

With that he started hauling mincemeat into the basement. You know, before that truck was empty, we had mincemeat in all the boys' trunks. Mincemeat was packed right up to the ceiling with only little aisles in between, and finally we just blocked off the basement steps and piled it right up to the inside door! Fortunately we bought our heat from the school, and that was before the days of rumpus rooms, so the brothers never went into the basement.

That night in our room I got to figuring.

"Rupe," I said, "figuring a pound to the pint, and that's conservative for mincemeat, there's just four tons in the basement!"

I thought Rupe had been studying, but no. "I figure five tons!" said Rupe, in a wild kind of daze.

The next night we had mincemeat pie for dessert. The following night we had mince pies again. This time Rupe had the stewards of other fraternities over for dinner. Sure enough four or five of them asked about the mincemeat.

Later Rupe told me that each one of them bought one can. He sure took it like a man. He never did admit right out in the open that he was licked. No sir. He said, "I guess I got nine hundred and ninety-three cans to go."

Beginning the next day, we went on a short and fast diet of mincemeat. We got it for breakfast heated up and served in sauce dishes as fruit. For lunch we got it in sauce dishes with cream and at night we'd have it as pie.

Finally the squawks got too much for even Rupe. He called a halt and that night he seemed discouraged for the first time.

"Doggone it," he confided, "if the fellows would only stick with me I'd get rid of the stuff."

"Rupe," I said, "for pete's sake have a heart. Not for my own mother would I eat so much mincemeat in a two-week period."

One afternoon as I was walking home from class a small truck stopped beside me. It was Rupe, and the truck was loaded with big blocks of salt like the farmers put out for their stock to lick.

"Get in," he said, "before anyone sees me driving this stuff. I traded ten cans of mincemeat for this lick salt, and the butcher'll allow us full price on the salt for our meat if I take it out to his farm. It's to feed his stock."

Rupe worked off a number of cans like that. One time he traded

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¾ oz. Nuyens Triple Sec
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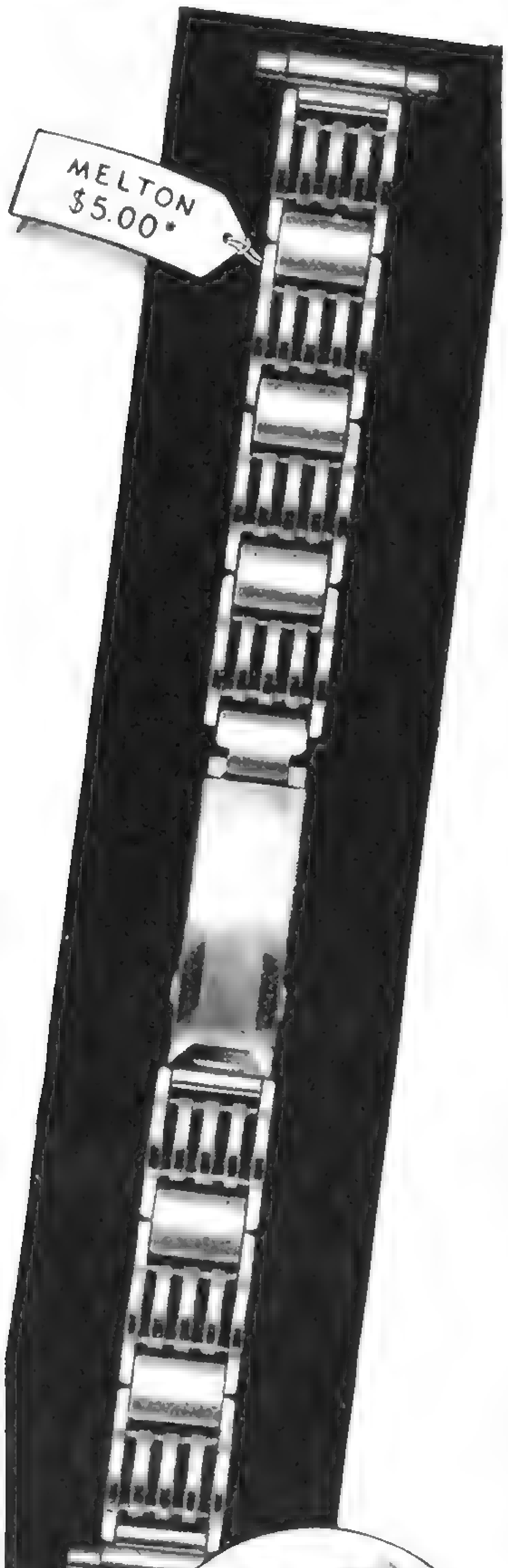

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Hadley
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THE HADLEY COMPANY, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

ten cans for ten of tomato juice.

Another time Rupe got six or seven number ten cans of ripe olives in a trade. But the fellows got tired of ripe olives too. About that time the aunt of one of the boys stopped in to visit the house. She was real nice. Lived alone with her husband. Never had any children, so she gave all of her love for kids to her nephew. She left a present to the house, so during the next meeting the boys voted for Rupe to pick out and send her a nice gift in return.

Do you know what he sent her? Two number ten cans of ripe olives! I often wondered what in the world two old people did with two number ten cans of ripe olives.

Along about then, some of our alumni came and announced they were buying a bigger and better fraternity house up on the hill. They were fixing to sell the old house. It was a body blow to Rupe. Poor kid, he had worked like a slave and had done a wonderful job at that. His trades had made us money since he had paid for the mincemeat and had made a good profit besides, but—he had about six hundred cans left!

School was about to let out for the summer then, and Rupe and I sneaked down to the basement every night and arranged the cans so the trades he made would all be out in front of the piles. That way it looked like the whole basement was stacked with assorted canned goods instead of nearly all mincemeat. And we took all of the cans out of the boys' trunks. That way, when the boys went down to get their trunks to pack for going home, they wouldn't catch on. Of course, Rupe had worked out a sweet profit, and he couldn't be criticized too much.

Rupe and I had jobs out West that summer, and before school let out we got word we had to appear or lose the jobs. The Dean excused us two weeks before vacation by giving us special exams.

The first night at the ranch we had mince pie. Neither one of us could touch it. The cook was mad.

"What's the matter with you guys?" he asked. "Don't you like my mince pies? They're made with genuine rum-cured mincemeat."

"I know," says Rupe, "but when we were kids, we both fell into a pile of mincemeat and I guess it spoiled our appetites for it."

Two weeks later Rupe got a telegram from the committee selling the old fraternity house:

Rupert J. Waldin
Dude Ranch
Big Plains, Wyoming

Fraternity house sold. Buyers make flat offer of $1000 for complete canned goods in basement. Should we sell? Wire collect.

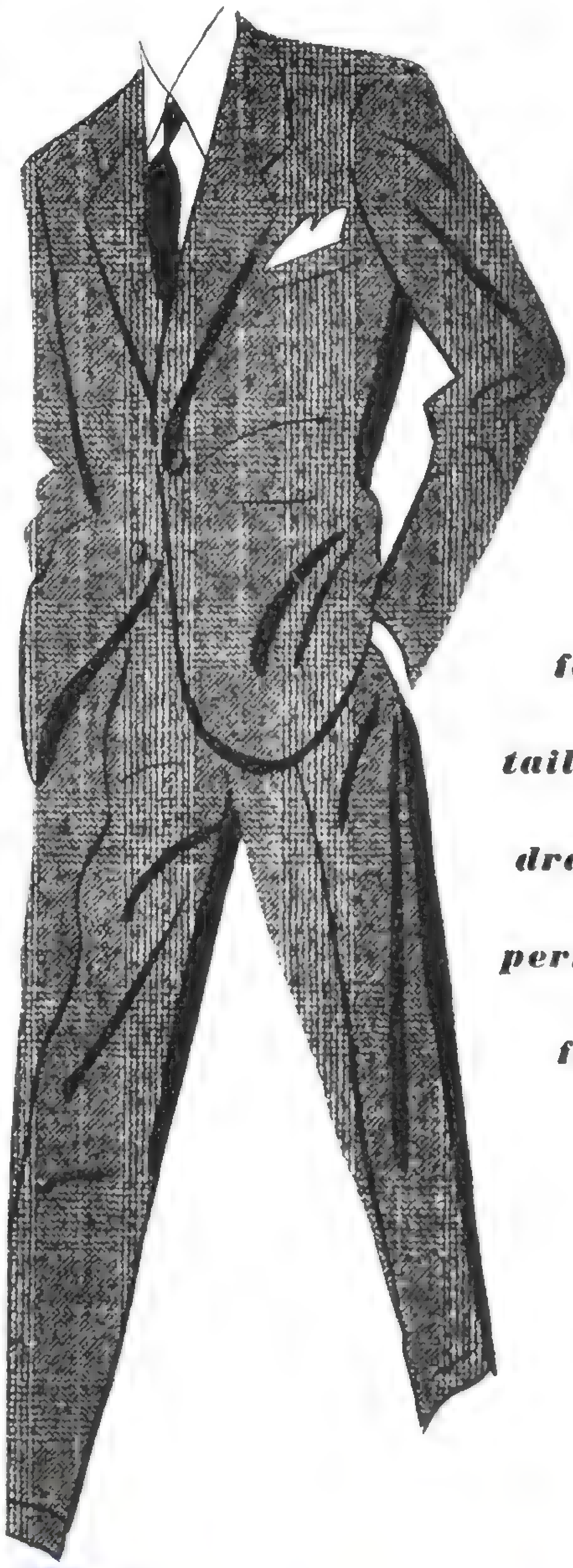
Alumni Committee

Rupe replied:

Alumni Committee
University City, Indiana

They drive a hard bargain but accept offer at once.

Love and kisses,
Rupe. ##



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L.B. FOR THE HAIR

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED...
Money Back If You Don't See Results...AT ONCE

The Horse with the Beautiful Name

Continued from page 78

Boy is better," he said, to spite himself. "He'll take this race in a romp." He was disgusted with himself for getting touted off Pony Boy. That awful flat-footed filly! She walked like a duck.

"I sure hope Murmuring wins, but I don't think she will," Sally said. "I imagine my luck has run out."

He couldn't answer. He was knotted up inside. He couldn't wait for the bell to ring, the flag to drop and the horses to get off. Win or lose, he wanted it over with. Only, please God, don't let Pony Boy win this one. Please.

There was a long delay at the post, and he kept telling Sally that you had to expect that with two-year-olds because they were green and high-strung. He said it more to calm himself. It struck him he was like a kid riding his first fifty cents on a parlay.

Then they were away, and the announcer's voice came through with that magnificent calm which said, I'm the only guy here who knows what time it is. I've got better sense than to bet horses.

"It's Pony Boy moving up and taking the lead on the inside . . . It's Pony Boy followed by Wee Georgie, Lubrication and Sunburn . . . Going down the backstretch, it's Pony Boy by a length, now by two lengths, Wee Georgie by a half, Lubrication by one and Murmuring II . . ."

Sally was pounding him on the back with her fists. "Come on, Murmuring, you sweetheart."

He almost started yelling for the filly himself, when he realized that here for once was a bet he couldn't cheer. "She's way too far back to get up," he shouted.

But Sally kept jumping up and down and pounding on him and he could hardly make out the announcer's calls, still calm, but getting higher in pitch.

"Rounding the stretch turn, it's Pony Boy by three lengths, Wee Georgie by a length, and Murmuring II moving up and taking third . . . As they turn into the stretch, it's Pony Boy, still in the lead by three lengths, and Wee Georgie and Murmuring II head and head . . . It's Pony Boy by two lengths and Murmuring II . . . It's Pony Boy and Murmuring II . . ."

The little filly caught Pony Boy less than a sixteenth from the wire and left him there. She was under to win by two lengths.

Sally was hysterical. She didn't even notice his apoplectic efforts to look unhappy. When she finally did stop screaming and kissing him, his face was frozen again.

"Poor Honey," she said. "Here I am having all the fun. Which one did you bet?"

He smiled bravely. "Pony Boy. To hell with it, that's racing."

When he left her waiting at the bar and went to pick up their winnings, he felt like a thief. ⧺

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The Businessman Cometh

Continued from page 57

most effective propaganda techniques. This stunt is what Sinclair Lewis called the "yah-yah" editorial in *It Can't Happen Here*. The trick is to bring a host of specific and well-documented charges against a system and to answer them with a deliberately inept reply of "Yah-yah! That's what you say!" In *Pride of the Marines*, a group of wounded veterans were shown accusing the country of letting the soldiers of the last war sell apples, of persecuting Americans of Jewish or Latin ancestry and of supporting a congressional system that often was guilty of playing politics.

All of these charges were replied to by an "I love thy rock and rills" speech from Dane Clark. Lyrical though it was, it answered none of the complaints, and left the audience feeling that they couldn't be answered. A more honest reply would have pointed out that the veterans of the last war eventually got their bonus; that America, for all its black moments, has honored such leaders as Felix Frankfurter, Benjamin Cardozo and Bernard Baruch; and that our congressional system, despite its occasional lapses, had produced a hundred and fifty years of expanding social and economic opportunity that scarcely has been equaled in history.

Two Years Before the Mast was a fine, gutty adventure film that keelhauled an American literary classic for the apparent purpose of furthering class prejudice. The original author, Richard Henry Dana, a Harvard student and the son of a lawyer, was an American such as George Washington and Franklin D. Roosevelt, whose sense of justice was not bounded by the limits of his economic class. He spent much of his life improving the lot of American merchant seamen. The movie lost no time in scuttling this fact. Dana in the picture was represented as a self-educated product of the forecastle, while an insufferable wastrel and snob was introduced as a Harvard student. It made the shipowner an avaricious, slave-driving tyrant, even though the author had been at pains to say that the man who owned the ship he sailed on was scrupulously fair.

The entire plot was lifted from the abuses indicated in *Mutiny on the Bounty*—abuses which occurred, not under the American democratic system, but under the eighteenth century dictatorship which a privileged minority maintained in England until Disraeli introduced true democracy with the establishment of male suffrage in 1867.

Another excellent melodrama, *The Strange Love of Martha Ivers*, was freighted with even stranger political theories. It sought to imply that the rich woman in an American small town could control the state's corrupt political

Continued on page 186

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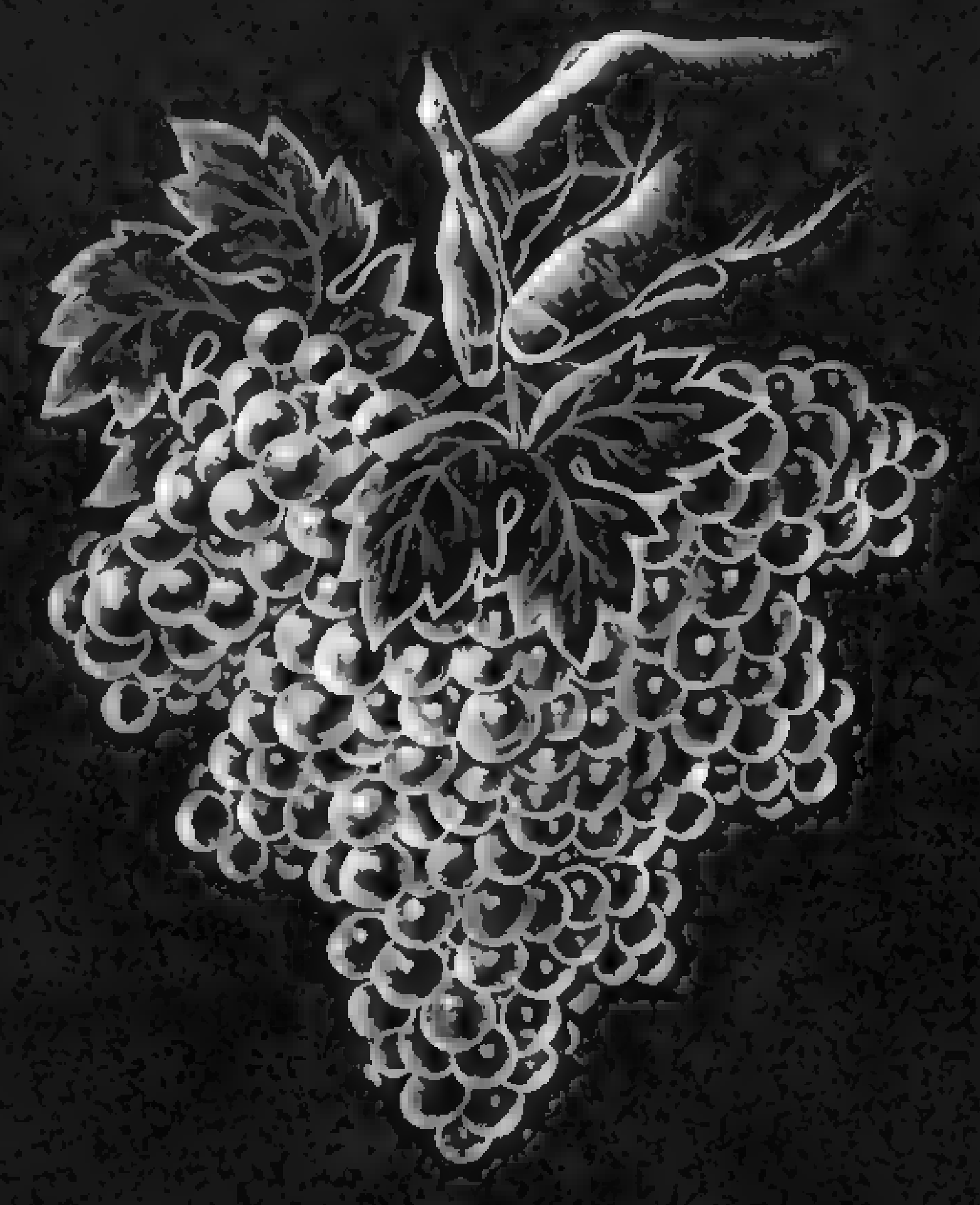

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The Businessman Cometh

Continued from page 185

machine, dominate the prosecuting attorney's office and, but for the intervention of death, elect the governor.

Actually, almost all American political machines have been proletarian. A great many of them have come to flower in the river wards and bathhouse districts of the big cities, where vast numbers of down-and-outers were willing to sell their votes, at first for free flops and free beer, and later for jobs on the city pay roll. The business interests always are hollering to reduce taxes and, therefore, the number of public employees. Thus, in most cases, the businessmen have about as much of a chance of controlling a political machine as Senator Taft has of broadcasting from the Kremlin.

The Searching Wind blew in only one direction—always from the Left. Ignoring about half of the great globe's recent history, it endeavored to argue that American businessmen and the American State Department engaged in a twenty-year conspiracy to ignore and condone the spread of Fascism.

It made no mention of the Berlin-Moscow pact and it deliberately blinded itself to the fact that American statesmen through much of this period were faced with the job of trying to outguess the Russian and the German dictatorships at the same time. The wife of an American businessman was called a villainess because she dined with Poles (all of whom were contemptuously dismissed as traitors), even though the defense of Warsaw was one of the most heroic actions of the early stages of the war.

The Little Foxes, a skillful dramatic tour de force, scathingly indicted Southern business people, but sentimentalized a boozy woman whose father's profits had been based on slavery.

After a decade of such pictures, businessmen whose kids went to the movies began envying bootleggers and horse thieves whom the screen frequently represented as being misguided but glamorous. There are rumors that in certain states the Better Business Bureaus considered calling themselves the Dirty Dozen in the forlorn hope of acquiring a little tone.

But that may not be necessary. In due time, Hollywood can be depended upon to champion the underdog—even when it has been the one to plow the dog under. The pendulum is swinging.

Humoresque

There can be rejoicing in Wall Street. When the times produce a picture in which Clifford Odets does not hit the capitalistic system below the belt, the Republicans just don't know their own strength. Yet this has happened. In *Humoresque*, Mr. Odets, in collaboration with Zachary Gold, has

Smart

IT'S FROM
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turned out an artistic triumph that transcends class bias and looks with a compassionate eye upon people of all social groups.

J. Carroll Naish, as an East Side merchant, presents a kindly picture of a small businessman's crochets and foibles. Paul Cavanagh represents a decent rich man who is philosophic and rather pathetic as the tides of life wash over him. John Garfield gives a stirring portrayal of a struggling musical genius without once indulging in the usual wallowings of self-pity. Ruth Nelson scores a smash hit as a lower middle-class mother who wants to keep her son happy—and who doesn't care whom she hurts while she is doing it. Joan Crawford is magnificent as the love-starved rich woman who gives her heart unstintingly to Garfield, only to find that no human emotion can compete with his career and passion for music.

Mr. Odets at last has ceased writing eloquent tracts and has observed, with the kindred feeling of a fine artist, upon the problems of human beings. The picture is adapted, somewhat remotely, from Fannie Hurst's novel. Miss Hurst's story was great in its day, but modern audiences might find it as soggily *gemütlich* as an over-juicy apple dumpling. Odets and Gold have transformed it into an emotionally compelling movie, and one of Warner's solid artistic triumphs. It is a warm story, filled with an understanding and a love for New York and its people.

Other fine talents went into the making of this notable picture. Oscar Levant does much to keep it from sliding into the overfamiliar pattern of the youth who gives his all to write a symphony about the banging of Manhattan's garbage cans. And to play it in Carnegie Hall. In wise and witty dialogue (which he wrote himself), Levant reminds the hero that the public owes nothing to a man simply because he decides to call himself an artist. A struggling virtuoso is no better than other people merely because he decides to spend his life on a platform. An artist is superior only when his work exalts his public.

Levant makes some profound and provocative comments concerning art and artists. He has mellowed. His wit has lost its smart-aleck quality. Unlike his previous movies, this film does not show him making insulting wisecracks to office girls who can't answer back. There is a kindliness and adjustment to life even in the sharpest of his barbs. Levant has emerged as a new and different type of Benchley.

Leo Forbstein, Isaac Stern and Franz Waxman have produced a musical score that works an hypnotic influence upon the audience and overcomes all critical resistance. By playing passages from *Tristan and Isolde* to accompany Miss Crawford's suicide scene, eye and ear are brought into complete co-ordination. Wagner's great musical epic of doomed love becomes the background for the visual

Continued on page 188

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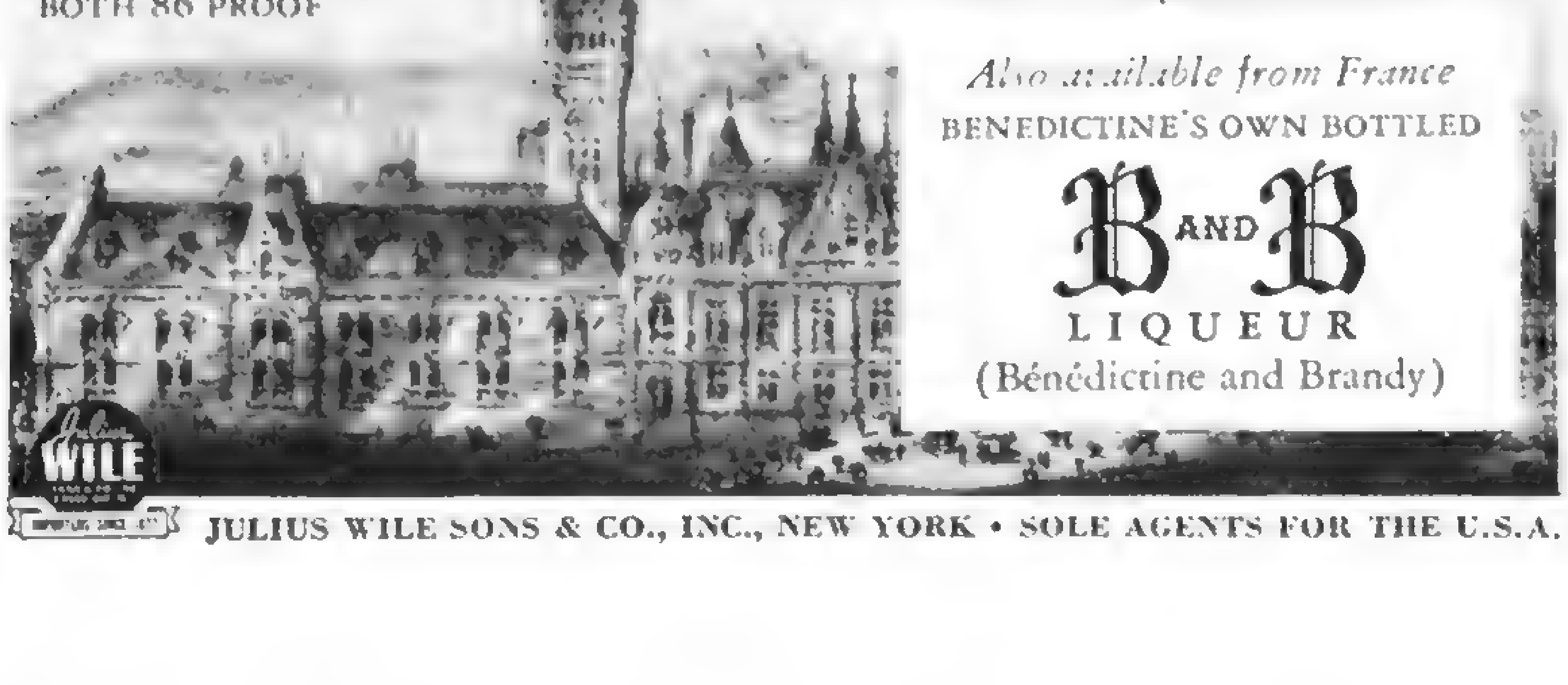

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The Businessman Cometh

Continued from page 187

tragedy of a beautiful and unhappy woman. Gene Negulesco's eloquent direction seems inspired.

All these elements are welded into an harmonious whole by the producer, Jerry Wald. He has performed what is probably the ablest and most painstaking production job of the season. The Academy's Oscars have no eyes. As we go to press, the studios are snarling in their efforts to guide the Oscars like a pack of seeing-eye dogs. So no one can be quite sure of where who is going. But it will be a pity if Mr. Wald isn't remembered when it comes time to hand out the Irving Thalberg Trophy.

It's a Wonderful Life

FRANK CAPRA's first picture since returning from the Army gives more comfort to the forgotten men of commerce. The hero is, of all people, the president of a building and loan company. It is the story of a financier who never foreclosed a mortgage, and of a small-town businessman who never left Main Street.

Mr. Capra seems to have declared his independence of the Independent Citizens Committee of Arts, Sciences and Professions. In Hollywood, this is the acme of independence. It flouts the basic teachings of such junior statesmen as Orson Welles and Frank Sinatra and goes clear back to the doctrines of Voltaire and Jefferson, who argued that there are two sides to every question.

It's a Wonderful Life will be sacred to the vested interests, who will cherish it beneath their frayed vests—like an old dance program beneath a spinster's camisole. The author of the original story, Philip VanDoren Stern, hit upon a notion new in Hollywood—that every man in the business world isn't a bloated plutocrat. His building and loan man is rather seedy. In bringing this fellow to life, Jimmy Stewart portrays a patient middle-class stick-in-the-mud, George Bailey, who transforms the mud that surrounds him into the fertile soil of democracy.

The picture shows how George got cheated out of college when his dad died. He stays home to keep his father's company from falling into the hands of the local financial hog, Old Man Potter (portrayed, of course, by Lionel Barrymore). Potter wants to own everything and George realizes that one rich man can make a one-horse town. He and his addle-pated uncle (Thomas Mitchell) decide to stick in business, just to give Old Potter some decent competition.

As time goes on, George manages to marry a nice girl. Love is his only dividend. He has to use his honeymoon money to appease depositors when the depression hits his firm. Things are tough. The town taxi driver can just

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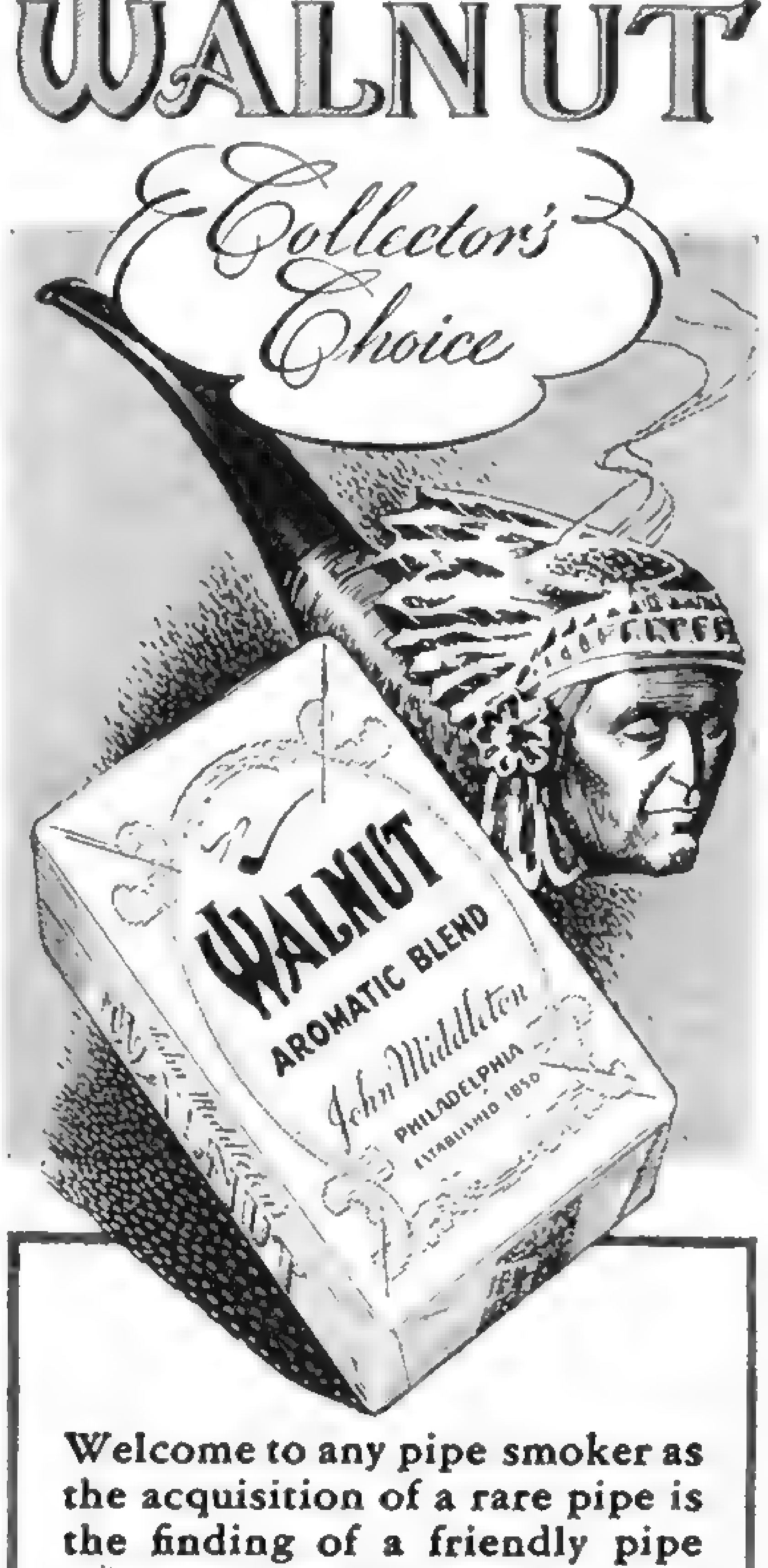

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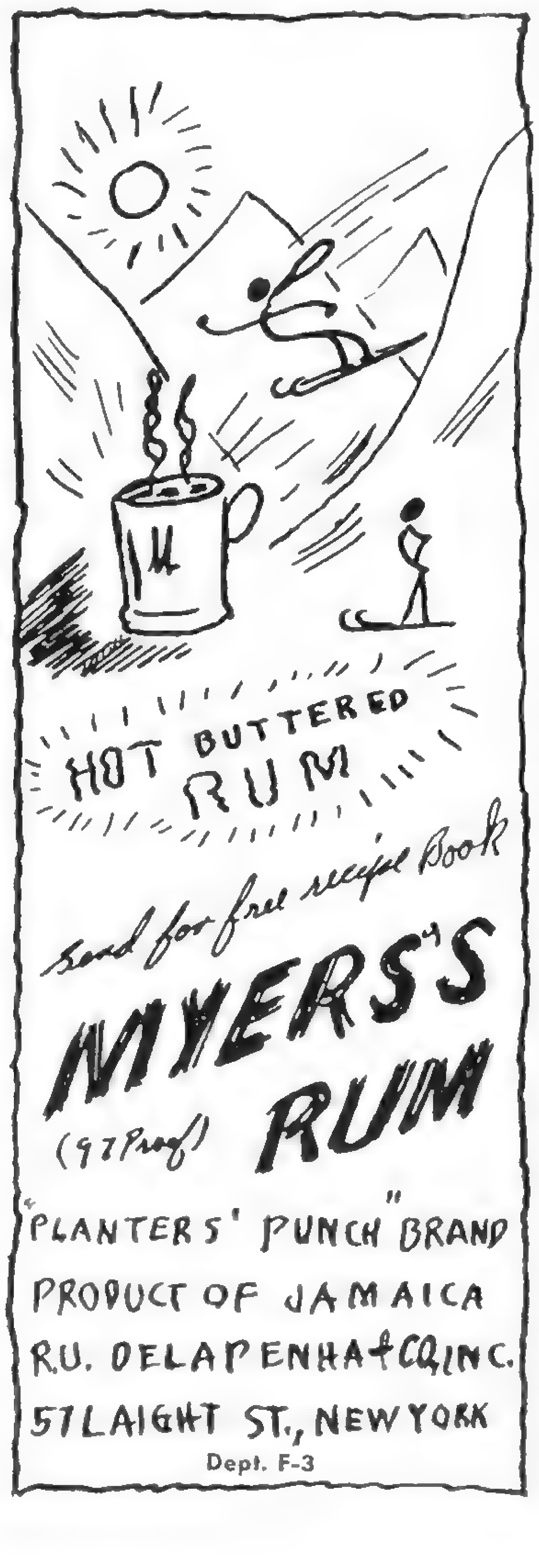

Dept. F-3

barely pay the interest on his home loan. None of the borrowers can retire the principal. But George won't foreclose. He moves into an abandoned mansion and attempts to fix it up. But it never looks snazzy.

However, when things improve, George opens a small subdivision where foreigners are able to escape from Old Man Potter's firetraps and acquire decent homes by means of long loans. The war finds George on the ration board and prowling the streets as an air warden. George's kid brother shoots down a Kamikaze who is about to sink a transport.

With peace, George realizes he's spent twenty years getting nowhere. His brother is to be decorated and his mother, wearing her new flowered silk, flies east for tea at the White House. George stays home to enjoy a light Christmas. But instead of receiving a visit from Santa Claus, he gets a surprise visit from the bank examiner. And, at this inconvenient moment, his wooly-witted uncle loses a deposit of $8,000. Old Potter gloats as George seems headed for the Big House.

The bedeviled George goes home and barks at the kids. One of his little girls has a cold because the teacher let her go home with her coat unbuttoned. This is too much. Long-suffering George has to take his feelings out on someone. He bawls out the teacher, then sets out to drown his sorrows at Martini's respectable little tavern—where the teacher's husband shows up and knocks him off his bar stool. George staggers out and, standing on the bridge outside of town, wishes he'd never been born.

Here, Capra, with masterly skill, turns his realistic tragedy into an hilarious fantasy. Jimmy's guardian angel (Henry Travers) appears on the scene. He's just the broken-down kind of a guardian angel you'd expect George to have. He's been dead two hundred years and hasn't won his wings yet. But in spite of his being a celestial screwball, the angel is able to grant the wish.

George gets a look at what his town would have been like without him. His uncle would have been in a padded cell. His mother's pleasant home would have been a flophouse. The town would have become one vast skid row of honkytonks and two-dollar clip joints, owned by Old Man Potter. The local flirt (Gloria Grahame) would have turned into a painted floozy. Martini's decent little tavern would have been a roaring dive. The taxi driver's wife would have run out on him to escape a life of squalor. Many of George's debtors would be in the graveyard as the result of a tenement fire. George's wife would be a querulous old maid and two thousand American soldiers would have died because George's kid brother, without his help, wouldn't have lived to stop the Kamikaze.

The business failure, wandering in this hell that might have been,

Continued on page 190

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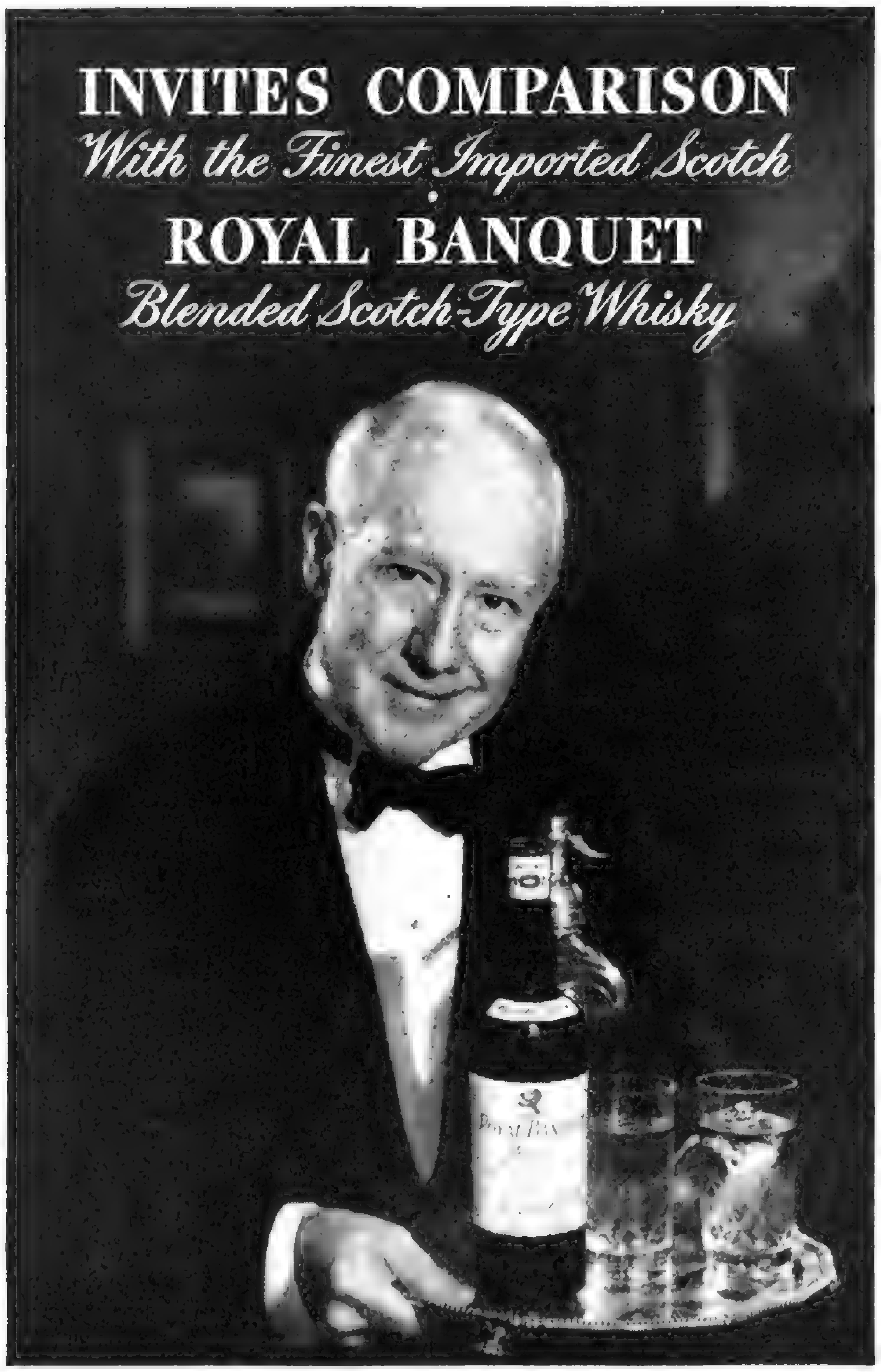

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The Businessman Cometh

Continued from page 189

decides that it was a good thing to have been born after all. And many an almost hopeless small-timer will make that decision with him.

Both the hero and the villain of Capra's picture are businessmen. One uses his aptitude for manipulating money to make the world better; the other employs the same talent to make it worse. Society has found it necessary, by means of many laws, to regulate the ways by which men may exercise such aptitudes.

This does not mean that business ability should be outlawed. We regulate skill with firearms. Marksmanship is encouraged in policemen and soldiers, but we jail highwaymen and burglars. We'll probably have to regulate all skills that give men the opportunity to exploit their fellow men.

Some may call *It's a Wonderful Life* sentimental. But it's certainly more typical of American small towns than *King's Row*, which showed one village doctor making love to his daughter, while the other doctor sadistically enjoyed cutting his patients' legs off. Capra enriches his picture with sharp social satire and Dickensesque comments on human behavior. Those who are wearying of Scrooge and Bob Cratchit may find it a closer-to-home version of *A Christmas Carol.*

Sea of Grass

The movie pendulum undoubtedly is swinging in favor of the businessmen. But a pendulum sometimes swings so violently that it wrecks the clock. Pandro S. Berman's recent *Undercurrent* presented Robert Taylor as a Washington-favored business big shot, whose fortune was based upon the patents of a refugee scientist whom he had murdered.

The implication was that his victim escaped the Nazis, only to be robbed and slain by an American capitalist. Since refugee scientists, from Albert Einstein on down, have been received in this country with the honors, financial opportunities and respect to which their genius entitles them, businessmen maintained that this innuendo was a little farfetched.

But now Mr. Berman, who may have been reading Pegler, shifts into reverse and in *Sea of Grass* tries to make a hero out of a cattle baron who corrupts the courts and beats up farmers who threaten his private empire. This is going a bit far, even in a Republican year.

Spencer Tracy, as the rugged individualist, does his best to look monumental and inspired. But the inspiration seldom gets off the ground. He stands around making with solemnity and telling his wife, Katie Hepburn, to listen to the grass. Literally, that is. Ever since Clark Gable held mystic counsel with an oak tree in *Adventure*, the props at Metro have

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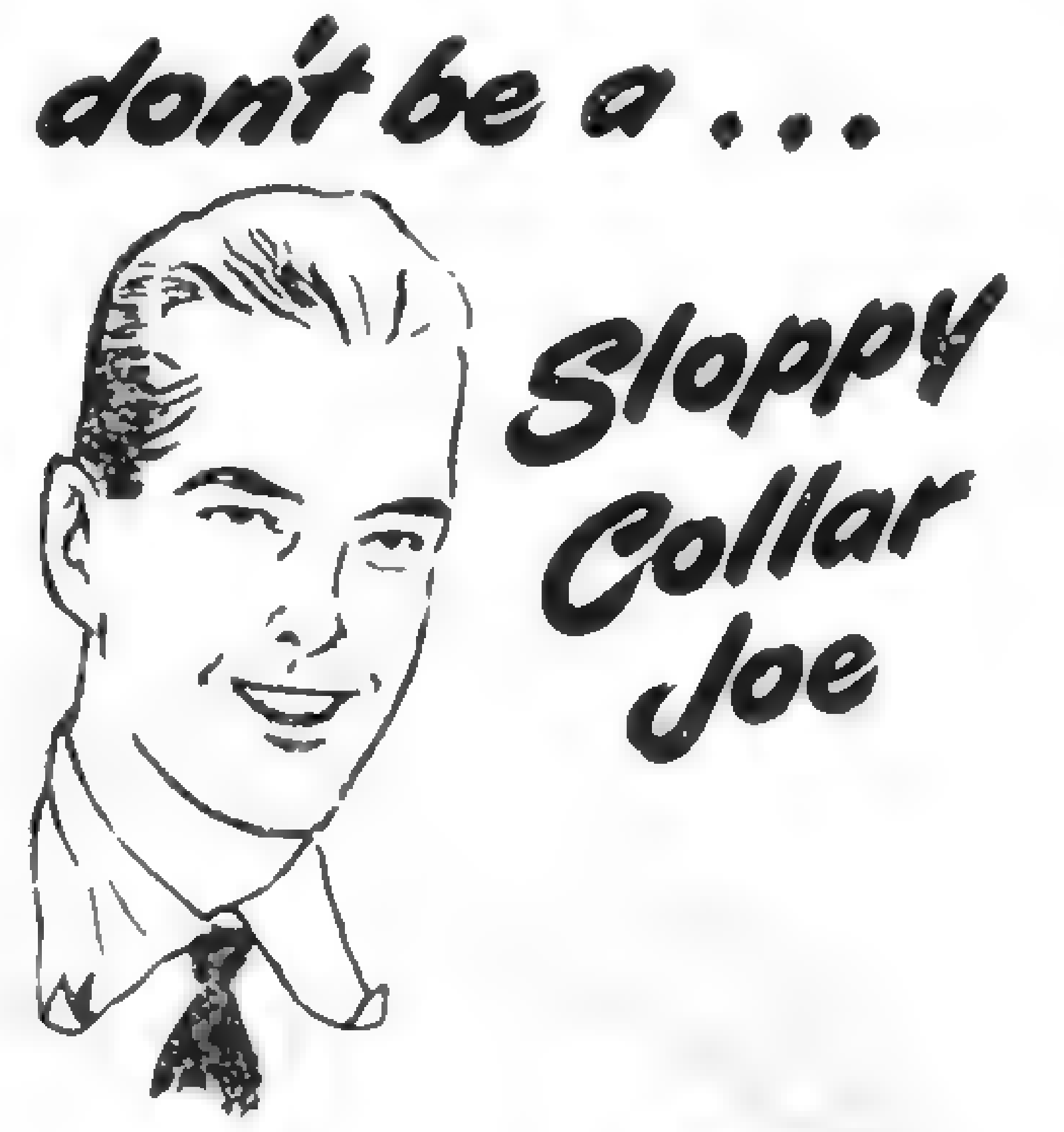

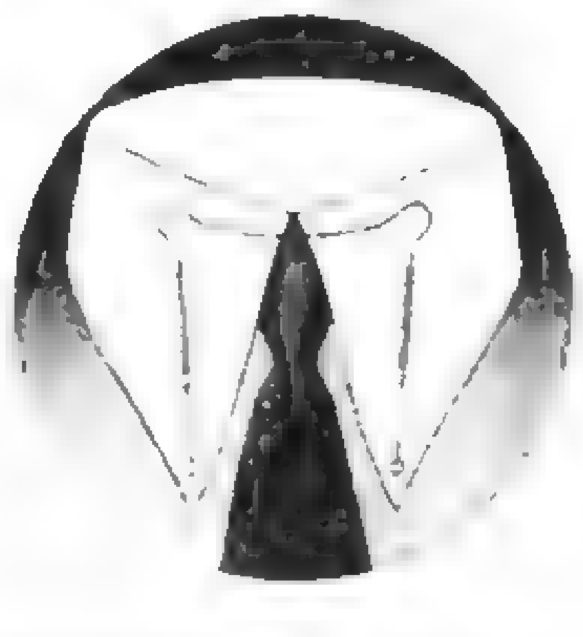

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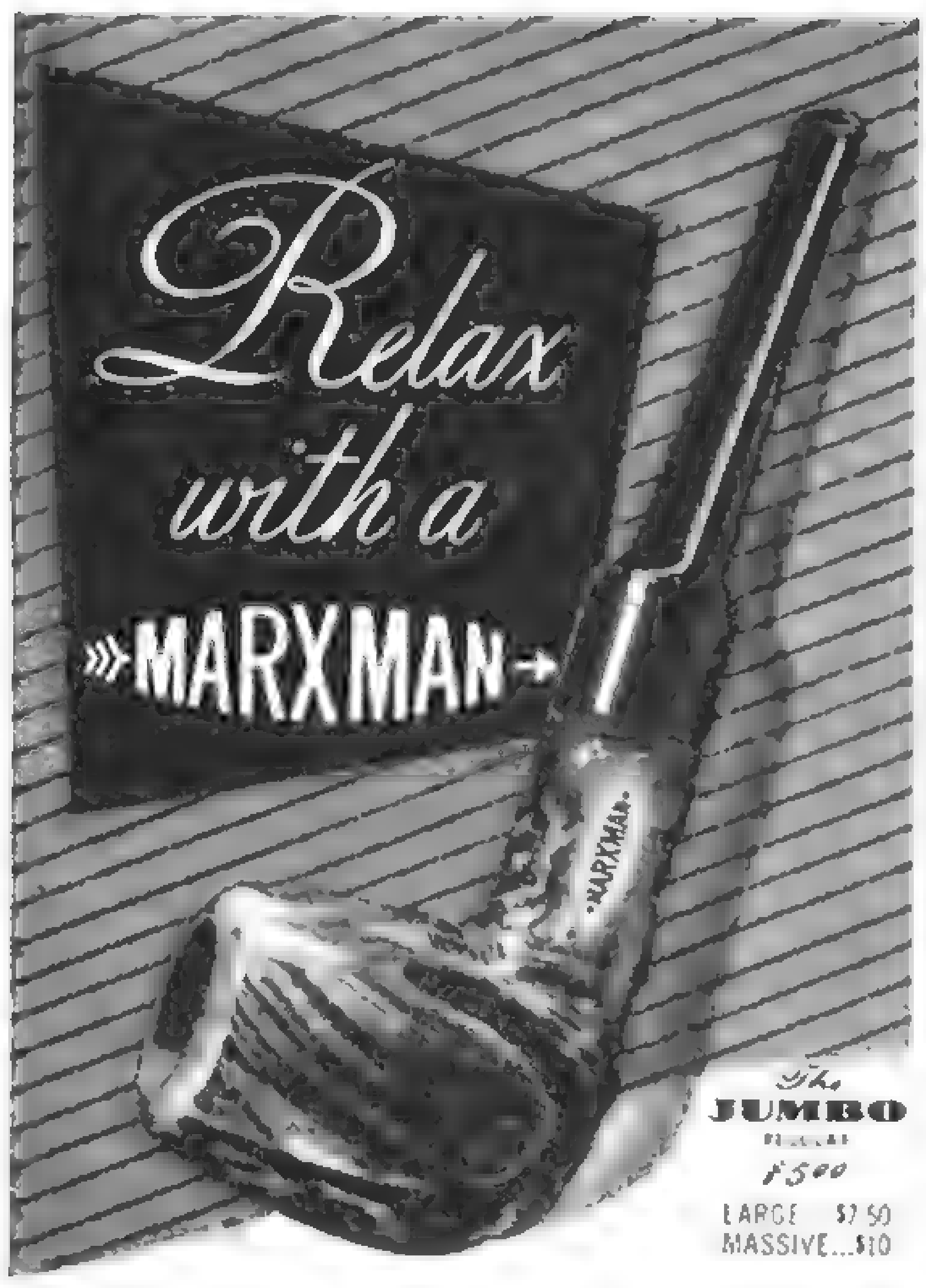

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kept you wondering whether they're going to be animal, vegetable or audible.

And, even when giving respectful attention to the discourse of the sod, Mr. Tracy, in his frock coat and traffic cop's britches, looks a good deal like Senator Bilbo dressed to ride a motorcycle.

One of the peculiarities of Tracy's ranch is that orders are given by the horse wrangler (usually the lowest man in a cow outfit) instead of the foreman. There are other curiosities. Spencer damned near drowns in the sea of grass before he gets through. The action is supposed to occur in the New Mexico territory, sometime during the 80's. Tracy is hostile to the settlers because he fears that their plows will turn the region into a dust bowl. This happens after a winter of blizzards, which invariably *prevent* soil erosion.

According to the Federal Guide Books, the dust bowl disaster didn't occur until the 1930's, and for the most part it was confined to Kansas, Colorado, Oklahoma and Texas. And in New Mexico, according to the same source, the coming of the farmers boomed the cattle business. The farmers raised alfalfa on their irrigated land and sold it to the stockmen for cheap feed. So they lived cosily together.

These patiently achieved inaccuracies give the *Sea of Grass* the impressive quality of a misplaced epic. And in spite of his apparent change of heart, it is doubtful if Mr. Berman will be the logical choice for Secretary of Agriculture by the G.O.P. in 1948.

The plot gets as mixed up as the plowing. From the moment Katherine Hepburn brings her Bryn Mawr accent out from St. Louis to marry Tycoon Tracy in the badlands, confusion begins to set in. Katie meets Melvyn Douglas, an upright young attorney who is trying to protect the settlers from Tracy's goons. Though attracted to Melvin, she marries Spencer. But things don't work out so well. It seems that you can't talk to the grass in a Bryn Mawr accent.

Katie retreats in pique to Denver, where Melvin is getting himself appointed federal judge. Here, she goes on a sleigh ride with His Honor. And, some months after returning home, she has a baby whose infant cries sound suspiciously like those of the new judge shouting, "Objection overruled!" But such is love's irony that Katie really begins to adore her husband as soon as she has allowed Cupid to take a change of venue. It's a great reflection on the judiciary.

Protected by Melvin's bench warrants, the settlers now move into the sea of grass. When Katie asks Spencer not to shoot the varmints, he sends her back to Missouri. She lives out her lonely life in the General Delivery room of the St. Louis post office, reading dry letters from the dust bowl.

The souvenir of the trip to Denver now has grown up to be Robert Walker. Bob at last shakes off the clinging and carefully con-

Continued on page 192

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The Businessman Cometh

Continued from page 191

trived whimsy of Private Hargrove and turns in the only authentic bit of acting in the entire saga. He loves his foster father and hates his real father. But all of his friends keep calling him a son of a barrister. He kills a gambler who makes cracks about this and dies standing off the sheriff's posse. Katie returns to Spencer, promising to comfort his old age. But you feel he shouldn't bet on it.

The main fault of *Sea of Grass* is that it can't decide which character it wants the audience to root for. Melvin ruins the land but protects the people. Spencer wants to save the land but is willing to wreck the people. No drama can be successfully bipartisan. To enlist sympathy, it has to take sides.

The theatre is an eloquent but superficial forum. Most theatrical people are conditioned to think in terms of black and white contrasts. This makes them dubious political commentators. In a recent issue of *The Screen Writer* magazine, Kenneth MacGowan, an eminent producer and scenarist, wrote of his distress over hearing successful radio dramatizations broadcast by the C.I.O. and the National Association of Manufacturers on the same day. Such liberal jurists as Judge Thurman Arnold and Judge Learned Hand have stated that democracy endures best under the system of a free trade in ideas, which permits the public to pick and choose. But Mr. MacGowan dissented. He felt the intelligence of the American people would be too sorely taxed if it were compelled to evaluate two rival broadcasts. To save it from this dilemma, he felt radio writers should be educated to write only the "truth." Apparently, it didn't occur to him that *both* broadcasters might have sincerely believed their arguments.

"What is truth?" asked Pontius Pilate. He asked it two thousand years ago and he hasn't had an answer yet.

But whatever truth may be—it most certainly isn't fiction.

The Best Years of Our Lives

But, once in a long time, the movie camera succeeds in photographing something close to truth. It does so in the sequences of *The Best Years of Our Lives*, featuring Harold Russell. Mr. Russell, a veteran from Cambridge, Massachusetts, suffered the loss of both hands when a defective fuse exploded in his grasp. Since his accident, he's mastered the use of prosthetic hooks, which replace his hands, and he's mastered an attitude toward life.

The performance which he gives in this Sam Goldwyn production is so sincere and touching that it makes the technique of real actors appear tricky and perfunctory. Russell portrays a disabled vet-

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eran who can't bring himself to accept the love of a neighbor girl (Cathy O'Donnell), until he's absolutely sure that she understands all that such a marriage entails.

Their wedding, directed with tenderness and taste by William Wyler, is as moving a scene ever put on film. Mr. Russell seems a cinch for the award for the best performance by a supporting actor —not because his personal gallantry inspires pity or admiration —but because his simple and unaffected performance is the closest the movies have got to real life in the past twenty years.

Unlike most of its predecessors, *The Best Years of Our Lives* does not treat returning servicemen as neurotics or adolescents. It makes no attempt to oversimplify these millions of individuals into One Composite Veteran. This strong picture presents them as men, matured by combat, who face the problems of readjustment with dignity, courage and patience.

In addition to Russell, the plot concerns the readjustment of two other fighting men. Dana Andrews portrays a soda jerker who returns to find that his cheap and beautiful wife (Virginia Mayo) married him because she was romance-struck by his officer's uniform. When he has blown all of his mustering-out pay on her, she starts cheating—with another serviceman. When this happens, he is tempted to console himself with the love of a sympathetic nurses' aid (Teresa Wright).

This brings him into conflict with the girl's father—a third veteran (played with a fine comedy flair by Fredric March) whose home-coming becomes quite a problem to his wife (Myrna Loy). He's the type of tippling warrior who makes the hotels hide the perishable bric-a-brac during veterans' conventions.

Some of the ideas of March may irritate many businessmen. He is shown fretting as his banker boss demands the same type of "yessing" usually exacted by a movie producer. The banker (Ray Collins) is finicky over lending his depositors' money to worthy G.I.s without gilt-edged collateral. He doesn't seem to realize that loans of this type preserve the free enterprise system which makes the banking business possible.

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Continued from page 57

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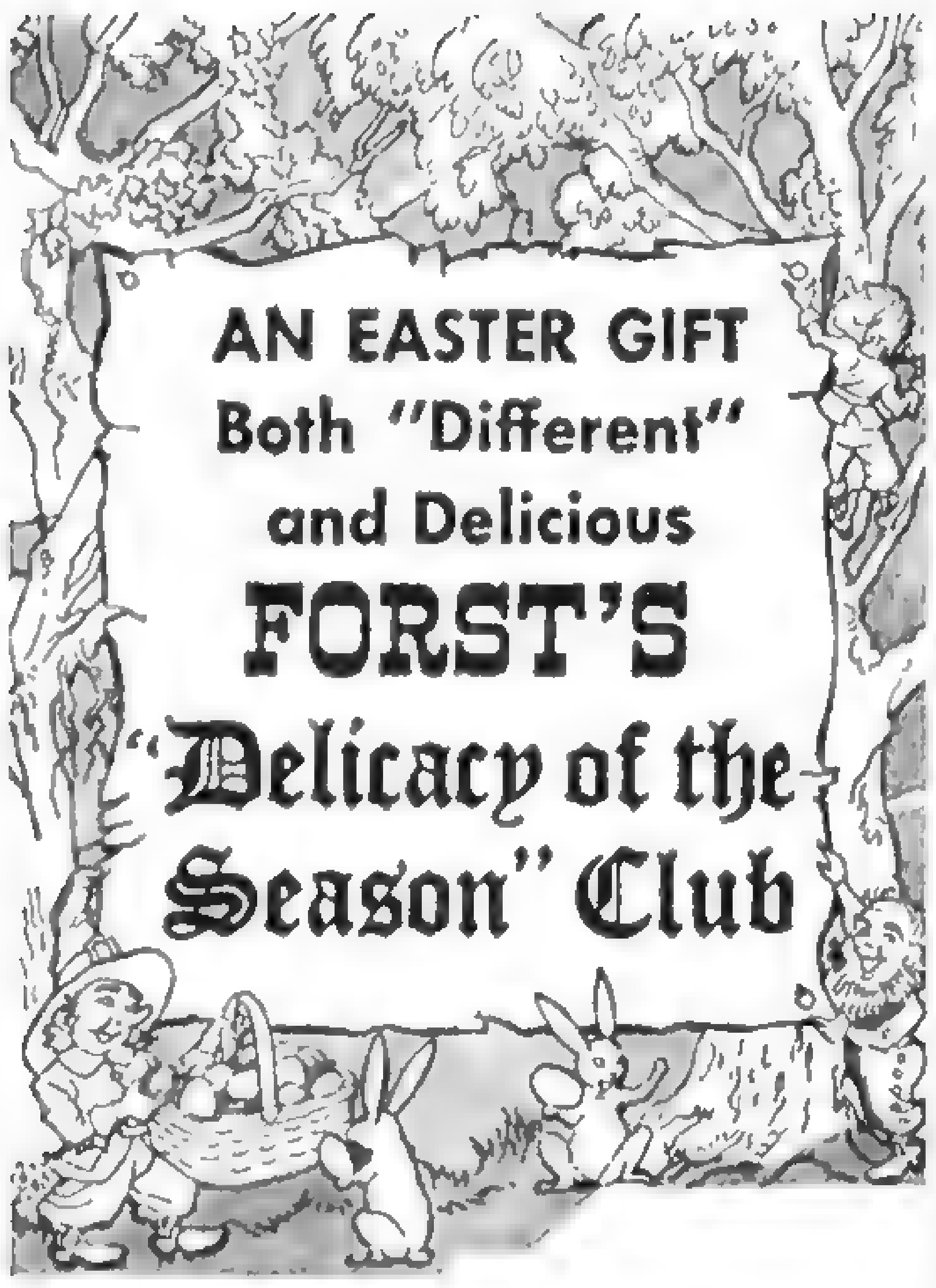
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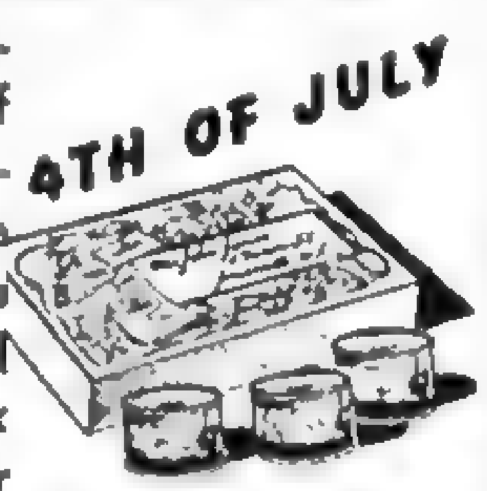

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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

MARCH, 1947

Abels, Robert 16
Adler Shoes for Men (Elevators) 24
Adrian 175
Air Cruiser, The (Mallory Hats) 12, 13
Air-O-Magic (Daly Bros. Shoe Co., Inc.) 188
Air-tite (Rogers Imports, Inc.) 154
Allen-A 181
Allen Edmonds (The Mohawk) 195
Alligator Co., The 169
Alpagora (Stratbury Manufacturing Co.) 139
Angostura Wuppermann Corporation 17
Archer Rubber Company (Royal Archer) 158
Arrow (Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.) 113
Art-Carved (J. R. Wood & Sons, Inc.) 3
Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc. (Mouquin) 184
Ayres 34 (Erskine-Mills Company, Inc.) 165

B.V.D. (Ruggers) 155
Bacardi Imports, Inc. 144
Bal Tabarin 28
Ballantine's ("21" Brands, Inc.) 153
Balzac (Schenley Distillers Corp.) 127
Bantamac (Marcus Breier's Sons) 191
Barclay & Co., Limited, Jas. (Corby's) 138
Beau Brummell Toiletries 148A
Beautiator Corporation, The 22
Benedictine (Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc.) 188
Bixler Corporation, The 190
Blade Master 18
Block Sportswear 137
Blue Blades (Gillette Safety Razor Company) 173
Blue Ribbon (Pabst Brewing Company) .... IV Cover
Book-of-the-Month Club 7
Boston Belts (George Frost Company) 124
Bradley Knitting Mills (The George W. Borg Corporation) 147
Bradner Publishing Co., The 16
Breier's Sons, Marcus (Bantamac) 191
British Walkers (J. P. Smith Shoe Co.) 130
Brizard, Marie (Schenley Import Corporation) 140
Brugal (Park & Tilford Import Corp.) 156
"Bub" (John B. Flaherty & Co., Inc.) 191
Bunte Brothers (Mi Choice) 31
Burger, Joseph (Staturaid) 22
Burlington Brewing Co. (Van Merritt) 185
Byer-Rolnick Co. (Resistol) 181

Calvert Distillers Corp. (Lord Calvert) 116
Cambridge, The (Wimbledon Shirt Co. Inc.) 152
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc:
  Exshaw 164
  Nuyens 182
  Passport 195
  Johnnie Walker 159
  Water 119
Carnival 28
Cash's 15
Cherry Heering (Schenley Import Corporation) 178
Classics Club, The 23
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. (Arrow) 113
Concord Shoes 16
Consolidated Lobster Co., Inc. 28
Coopers, Inc. (Jockey) 118
Corby's (Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited) 138
Corduroyal (Stern Apparel Corporation) 143
Cortina Academy 16
Cosmopolitan Mfg. Co. (Great Dane) 178
Craftsman Billfolds 167
Crawford Watch Corp. 160
Crest Specialty (Spiffy) 190
Crump Company Inc., B. T. 22

Daks (Simpson Imports, Inc.) 156
Dale Vent-O-Sole, Inc. 22
Daly Bros. Shoe Co., Inc. (Air-O-Magic) 188
Delapenha & Co., Inc., R. U. (Myers's) 189
Dobbs 4
Dunlap 29
Dutch Masters 149

Electric Appliance Exchange 15
Endicott-Wilson Corporation 18
Engelson, Larry R. (Hylo) 157
Erskine-Mills Company, Inc. (Ayres 34) 165
Expanso (Knothe Bros. Co., Inc.) 117
Exshaw (Canada Dry Ginger Ale Inc.) 164

Fashion Hill (North American Knitting Co.) 186
Fieldclub (Galey & Lord, Inc.) 158
"51" (The Parker Pen Company) .... II Cover
Firelite 24
Fitch's:
  "Ideal" 193
  No Brush Shaving Cream 189
Flagg Bros. 22
Flaherty & Co. Inc., John B. ("Bub") 191
Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, The 177
Forst's Catskill Mountain Smokehouse, The 194
Frankfort Distillers Corporation (Four Roses) 11
Free-For-All (Wilson Sporting Goods Co.) 25
Freeman-Daughaday (Nu-Lok) 163
Frost Company, George (Boston Belts) 124

G.G.G. (Wm. P. Goldman & Bros., Inc.) 149
Galey & Lord, Inc. (Fieldclub) 158
Garnier (Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc.) 174
Gilbey's (National Distillers Products Corporation) 148
Gillette Safety Razor Company (Blue Blades) 173
Glanson Co. 22
"Gleneagles" (Lamm Bros., Inc.) 180
Glenmore Distilleries Company (Kentucky Tavern) 35
Glover's 24
Golden Knight (Speidel Corp.) 36
Goldman & Bros., Inc., Wm. P. (G.G.G.) 149
Golfcraft, Incorporated 167
Gooderham & Worts, Ltd. (Royal Banquet) 190
Gordon's Dry Gin Co., Ltd. 192
Grand Estate (Roma Wine Company) 14
Graves & Sons Co., C. H. 32
Great Dane (Cosmopolitan Mfg. Co.) 178
Greenberg: Publisher 22
Gripper (Scovill Manufacturing Company) 179

Hadley Company, The (Melton) 183
Hamm Brewing Co., Theo. (Hamm's) 114
Hammonton Park Clothes (Wm. B. Kessler Inc.) 176
Harley-Davidson Motor Co. 21
Harris Mfg. Co., B. W. (Zero King) 174
Harris Tweed Association Ltd. 162
Harvey's (Park & Tilford Import Corp.) 146
Hat Research Foundation 37
Hershey Mfg. Co. (Vitabrush) 15
Heublein & Bro., Inc., G. F. (Club Cocktails) 30
Hine ("21" Brands, Inc.) 161
House of Heywood, The (Matrix) 145
House of Murphy 28
Houston's 26
Hull Mfg. Co. 18
Hurd Lock & Manufacturing Co. 192
Hylo (Larry R. Engelson) 157

"Ideal" (Fitch's) 193
Imperial (Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc.) 125

Jensen Inc., Georg 150
Jockey (Coopers, Inc.) 118
Johnson & Johnson 166

Kanmak 183
Kanner Hat Co., Inc., Joseph (Caxton) 16
Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc. (Monterey) 134
Keepsake (A. H. Pond Co., Inc.) 189
Keith Company, Geo. E. (Walk-Over) 157
Kelly's, Jimmy 28
Kentucky Tavern (Glenmore Distilleries Company) 35
Kessler Inc., Wm. B. (Hammonton Park Clothes) 176
Kinsey Distilling Corp. 135
Knitron 169
Knothe Bros. Co., Inc. (Expanso) 117
Knox 115
Kreml (R. B. Semler, Inc.) 160

L. B. Laboratories 184
Laird & Co. 170
Lamm Bros., Inc. ("Gleneagles") 180
Lanman & Kemp-Barclay & Co., Inc. 21
Lansdowne Distillery, Inc., The 142
Leaf Chewing Gum 159
Lentheric, Inc. 128
Leon & Eddie's 28
Leroux & Co., Inc. (Triple Sec) 196
Linguaphone Institute 15
Lord Calvert (Calvert Distillers Corp.) 116
Lord Oliver (U. S. Knitwear Co., Inc.) 172
Louvre, The (Ben Pulitzer Creations Inc.) 155
Lusk, Irving (LusKoat) 173

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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

Mallory Hats (The Air Cruiser) 12, 13
Manchester Sport Fashions, Inc. 161
Martell (Park & Tilford Import Corp.) 122
Marvel Jewelry Mfg. Co. 152
Marxman 191
Matrix (The House of Heywood) 145
Meeker Company, Inc., The 163
Melton (The Hadley Company) 183
Merit Clothing Company, Inc. (Style-Mart) 33
Merz & Co., F. O. 31
Metaxa (R. C. Williams & Co., Inc.) 193
Middleton, John (Walnut) 188
Millers Forge 21
Miracle Manufacturing Company (Plastikards) 16
Moet (Schieffelin & Co.) 186
Mohawk, The (Allen Edmonds) 195
Monterey (Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc.) 134
Moore, Inc., John Hudson (Sportsman) 120
Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., Philip:
  Cigarettes 132
  Country Doctor 28
Mouquin (Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc.) 184
Myers's (R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc.) 189

National Brewing Co. (National Premium) 26
National Distillers Products Corporation:
  Gilbey's 148
  Old Angus 187
  Old Crow 131
  PM 38
  Ron Merito 151
National Magic Company 21
Navarro Bros 21
New England Carbide Tool Co., Inc. 26
New Era Shirt Company 182
"Nice-Cubes" 21
No Brush Shaving Cream (Fitch's) 189
North American Knitting Co. (Fashion Hill) 186
Novel-T-Craft Co. (Holbrook) 18
Nu-Lok (Freeman-Daughaday) 163
Nuyens (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.) 182

Ogilvie Method 177
Old Angus (National Distillers Products Corporation) 187
Old Crow (National Distillers Prod. Corp.) 131
Old Smuggler (W. A. Taylor & Company) 133
Old Spice (Shulton, Inc.) 126
Only One Card Holder Co., The 32
Otard (Schenley Import Corporation) 176

PM (National Distillers Products Corporation) 38
Pabst Brewing Company (Blue Ribbon) IV Cover
Pal Hollow Ground Blades 165
Palomino Sportswear Company 193
Park & Tilford Import Corp:
  Booth's House of Lords 26
  Brugal 156
  Harvey's 146
  Martell 122
  Private Stock 172
  Reserve 166
  Vat 69 162
  Vieille Cure 180
Parker Pen Company, The ("51") II Cover
Passport (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.) 195
Penobscot Shoe Co. (Trampeze) 168
Peerless Fountain Pen and Pencil Co. 15
Peper, Christian (London Dock) 26
Personna Precision Blades 123
Phillips-Jones Corp. (Van Heusen) 27
Pioneer 121
Plymouth Manufacturing Company (Weather-Ready) 153
Pond Co., Inc., A. H. (Keepsake) 189
Private Blends 24
Private Stock (Park & Tilford Distillers, Inc.) 172
Pulitzer Creations, Inc., Ben (The Louvre) 155

Rabsons 28
Rainfair 164
Ramblers (Lounjabout) 15
Reinfeld, Inc., Joseph H. (Remy Martin) 168
Resistol (Byer-Rolnick Co.) 181
Revere 129
Rock Flint Co. (Rumin) 28
Rogers Imports, Inc. (Air-tite) 154
Roma Wine Company (Grand Estate) 14
Ron Merito (National Distillers Products Corporation) 151
Ronrico Corporation 31
Royal Archer (Archer Rubber Company) 158
Royal Banquet (Gooderham & Worts Ltd.) 190
Ruggers (B. V. D.) 155
Ry-Krisp 175

Sanford's (Penit) 21
Schenley Distillers Corp. (Reserve) 148B
Schieffelin & Co. (Moet) 186
Schrank & Shaw, Inc. (Cistercienne) 31
Scovill Manufacturing Company (Gripper) 179
Semler, Inc., R. B. (Kreml) 160
Senator (Swank, Inc.) 130
Shane Corp., C. B. (Season Skipper) 187
Sherman Bows 31
Sherman Co., Nat 18
Shulton, Inc. (Old Spice) 126
Silvertex Company, The 171
Simpson Imports, Inc. (Daks) 156
Smith Shoe Co., J. P. (British Walkers) 150
Speas Company 154
Speidel Corporation (Golden Knight) 36
Spiffy (Crest Specialty) 190
Sportsman (John Hudson Moore, Inc.) 120
Standish Clothes, Myles 185
Stern Apparel Corporation (Corduroyal) 143
Stern Watch Agency, Inc., The Henri (Universal Geneve) 179
Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Inc. (Old Fitzgerald) 32
Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc. (Elevators) 18
Stratbury Manufacturing Co. (Alpagora) 139
Style-Mart (Merit Clothing Company, Inc.) 33
Sugar Manufacturers' Association (of America) Ltd., The (Jamaica) 32
Swank, Inc. (Senator) 130

Talon, Inc. 19
Taylor & Company, W. A. (Old Smuggler) 133
TexTan 171
Three Feathers Distributors, Inc. III Cover
Three White Turkeys 28
Trampeze (Penobscot Shoe Co.) 168
Triple Sec (Leroux & Co., Inc.) 196
Traub Mfg. Co. (Orange Blossom) 32
"21" Brands, Inc:
  Ballantine's 153
  Hine 161

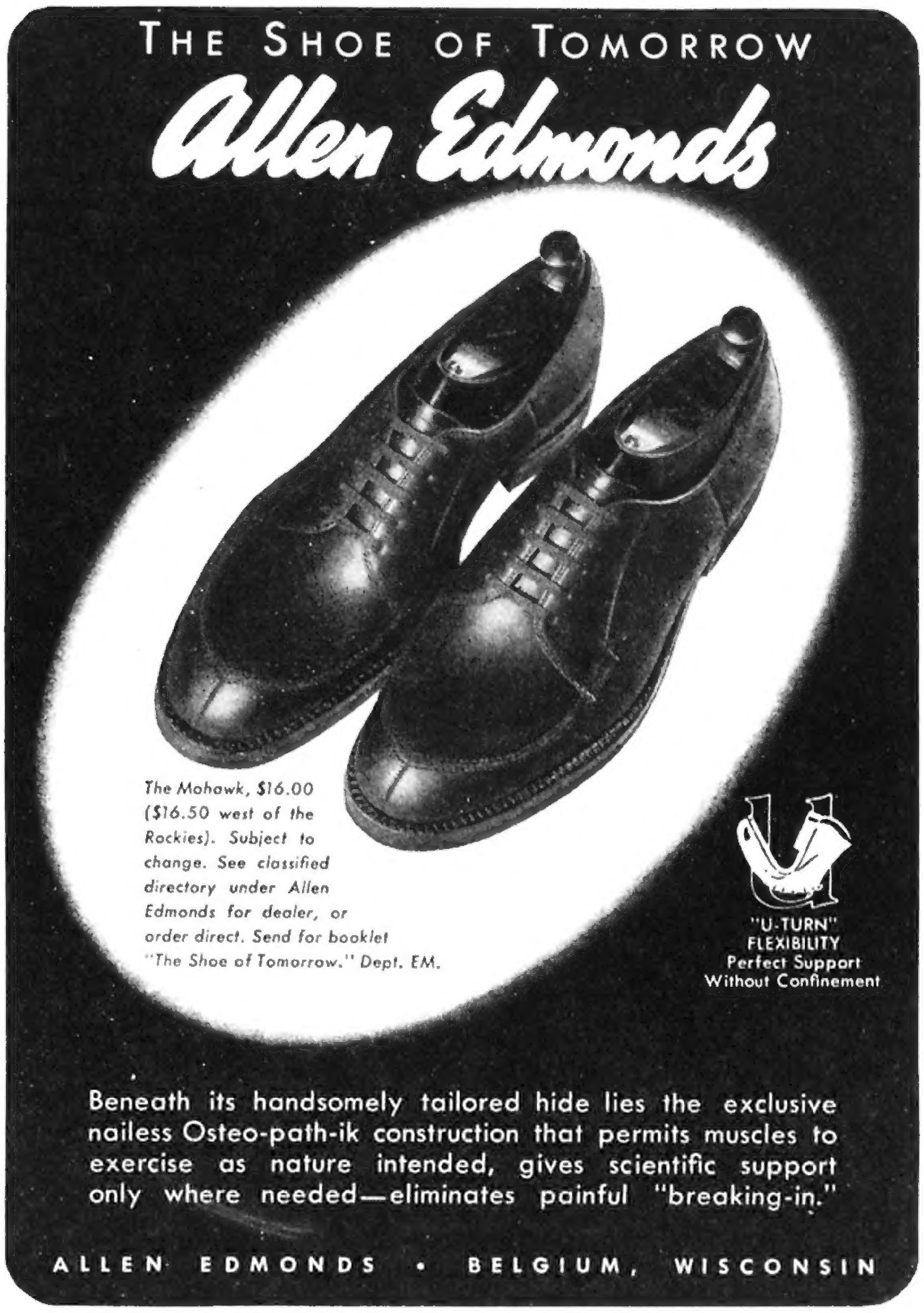
U. S. Knitwear Co., Inc. (Lord Oliver) 172
Universal Geneve (The Henri Stern Watch Agency, Inc.) 179

Van Heusen (Phillips-Jones Corp.) 27
Van Merritt (Burlington Brewing Co.) 185
Van Munching & Co., Inc. (Heineken's) 28
Vaseline Hair Tonic 141
Vat 69 (Park & Tilford Import Corp.) 162
Versailles 28
Vieille Cure (Park & Tilford Import Corp.) 180
Vogue Knit of Phila., Inc. (Bancroft) 18

Walker & Sons Inc., Hiram:
  Dry Martini 20
  Imperial 125
Walker, Johnnie (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.) 159
Walk-Over (Geo. E. Keith Company) 157
Walnut (John Middleton) 188
Ward-Nimrod Co. 22
Warner Electric Co. 24
Weather-Ready (Plymouth Manufacturing Company) 153
Weber & Co., C. B. 151
Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co. (The Zephyr) 196
Wiesenfeld Co. 15, 24
Wile Sons & Co., Inc., Julius:
  Benedictine 188
  Garnier 174
Williams & Co., Inc., R. C. (Metaxa) 193
Wilson Brothers 170
Wilson Sporting Goods Co. (Free-For-All) 25
Wimbledon Shirt Co. Inc. (The Cambridge) 152
Wood & Sons, Inc., J. R. (Art-Carved) 3
Woodward and McDonald (Roto-Bowl) 24

Zephyr, The (Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co.) 196
Zero King (B. W. Harris Mfg. Co.) 174
Zippo Mfg. Co. 193

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.



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The Understudy

Masters did not, in the accepted sense of the phrase, make a scene

by **JOHN BANCROFT**

All evening Gregory Masters' eyes had anxiously searched his guests as they milled about the new game room. As his gaze rested on a couple leaning on the bar, anxiety changed to hatred.

So Jerome had come after all! Greg had been afraid the actor would back out, but there he was and, as usual, talking with Greg's wife, Claire. Forcing a bland smile, Greg made his way across the room to Claire and Jerome Ascot.

"Greetings, Jerry," Greg boomed as he slapped the actor on the back. "Glad you could make it. How do you like the place?"

"This is a wonderful room you have here." Ascot smiled indulgently. "Of course, you industrialists can afford this sort of thing."

"Money can buy a lot of things, Jerry." Greg forced a hearty laugh. Claire looked worried, he thought. She needn't be afraid he was going to cause a scene. But he resented this matinee idol's slur about his money.

"I'd like to show you the library, Jerome. That's my favorite." Glancing at Claire, he continued. "I'm sure Jerry would appreciate it, don't you, my dear?"

"Postman's holiday," she murmured with a queer smile. "Run along and see it, Jerome. The layout was Greg's little whimsy."

"Now you have my curiosity aroused," the actor declared.

"Come on, then." Masters turned away, afraid his expression would reveal the exultation he felt.

With an effort, Greg smiled casually as he flung open the library door.

"Well, I'll be . . ." muttered the actor as he surveyed the room.

"I thought you'd be surprised," Greg chuckled. "I believe that's your chair by the little stand."

"Yes, that's where I sit in the last scene," Jerome agreed as he went over and sat down.

Greg remained standing, his hands on the back of the chair facing Ascot. "You may have been thinking, Jerry, that I brought you here to talk about Claire. Not at all. I don't intend to interfere in anything Claire wants to do." The man was handsome—no doubt about it—in a sickly sort of way. "As a matter of fact, I am also one of your admirers, especially in your current show." It was gratifying to watch Ascot relax and smile egotistically.

"It is a good show," the actor admitted.

"You play it like an artist, Jerry. Let's see—hasn't the show been running almost a year, now?"

"Yes," Ascot said with a smirk. "This is the forty-eighth week."

"I've seen it five times," Masters confessed. "I especially like the last scene. That's why I made this room a replica of the setting."

"You haven't missed a detail, Greg. I feel at home here."

"That last scene, Jerry, is as fine a bit of acting as I've ever seen." He had the actor completely off guard.

"I'm glad you like it, Greg," Jerome Ascot was saying. "It's my favorite, too." He leaned back in his chair with his eyes closed.

Probably thinking about all the glory, Greg thought, how it won him an introduction to Claire and turned her head. Yet it was good of Ascot to assume this pose now.

"You are sitting like that in that chair when the curtain goes up," Greg mused aloud. The actor nodded, smiling faintly. "Then your business partner comes on stage and says . . ." Greg launched into the speech of the play—word for word—with all the actions.

When Masters had finished, the actor said, "Bravo! Well done!"

Greg was flushed. It had gone off much better than he had anticipated. Those hours of rehearsal had been worth-while.

"Go on with your lines, Jerry. Let's see if I remember any more."

As Greg had said, the scene was highly dramatic. In the play Ascot was confronted by his business partner and accused first of double-crossing, then outright stealing, and finally government treason. Ascot at first denies all accusations, then admits them.

And so the two men went through the scene. At first Greg was nervous, but he gained confidence. He didn't miss a cue.

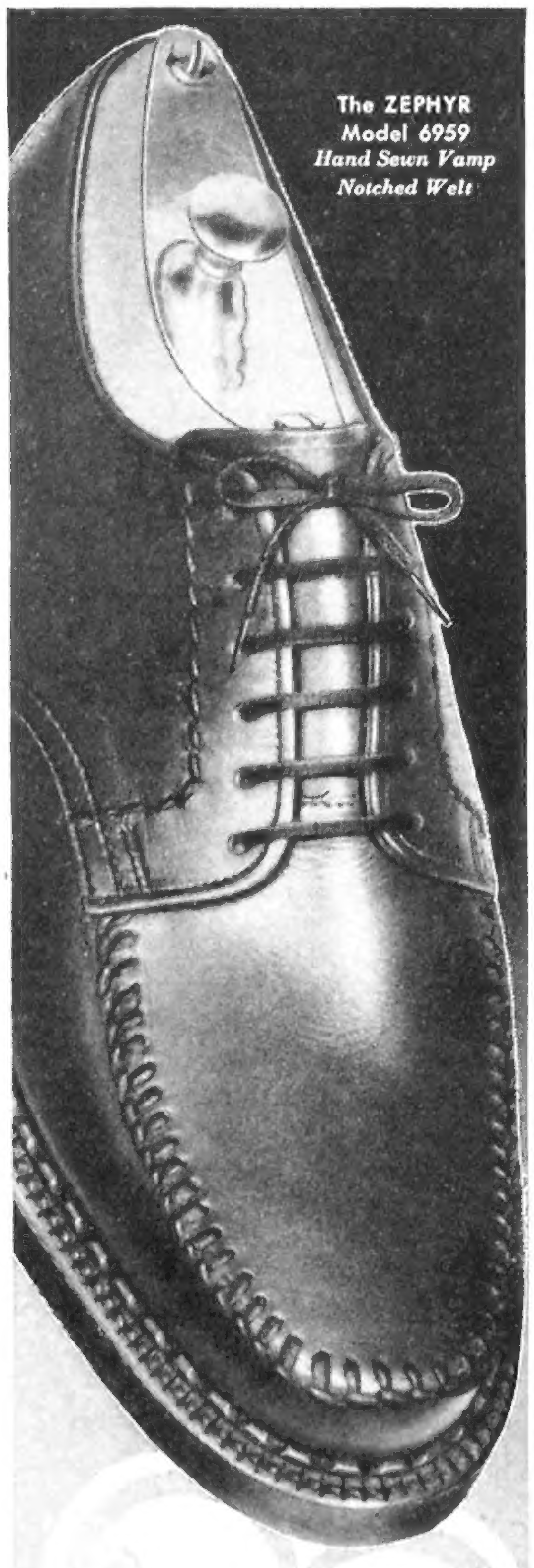
The actor reverted completely to his role, and performed as naturally as he did on the stage.

Now the men were snarling, shouting at each other. Then, as in the play, Ascot sank into the chair, overcome with remorse.

Carefully, Masters assumed the correct position for the last speech and delivered the bitter torrent of words at the figure collapsed in the chair.

Greg remained rooted to the floor as he heard the actor's voice giving the familiar reply. Breathlessly, he watched Ascot's hand move stealthily to the drawer of the little table. Ascot was still in character. Slowly the hand entered the drawer, then withdrew, holding a shining revolver. Delivering the final line, Ascot pressed the gun to his head and pulled the trigger.

Only this time there was a real bullet in it. ⌗



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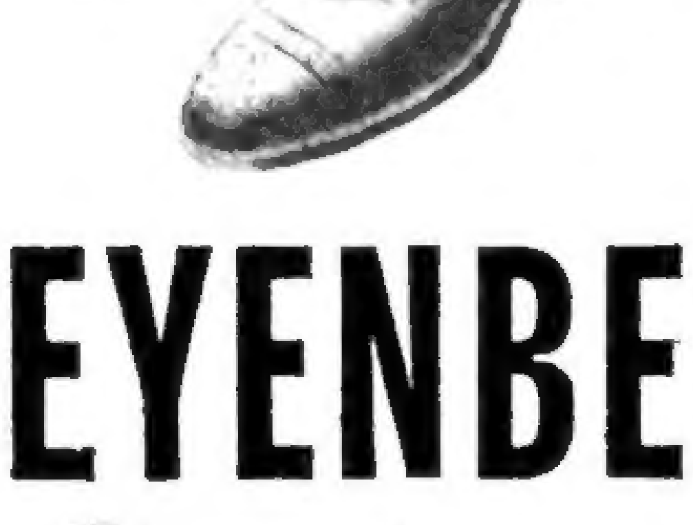

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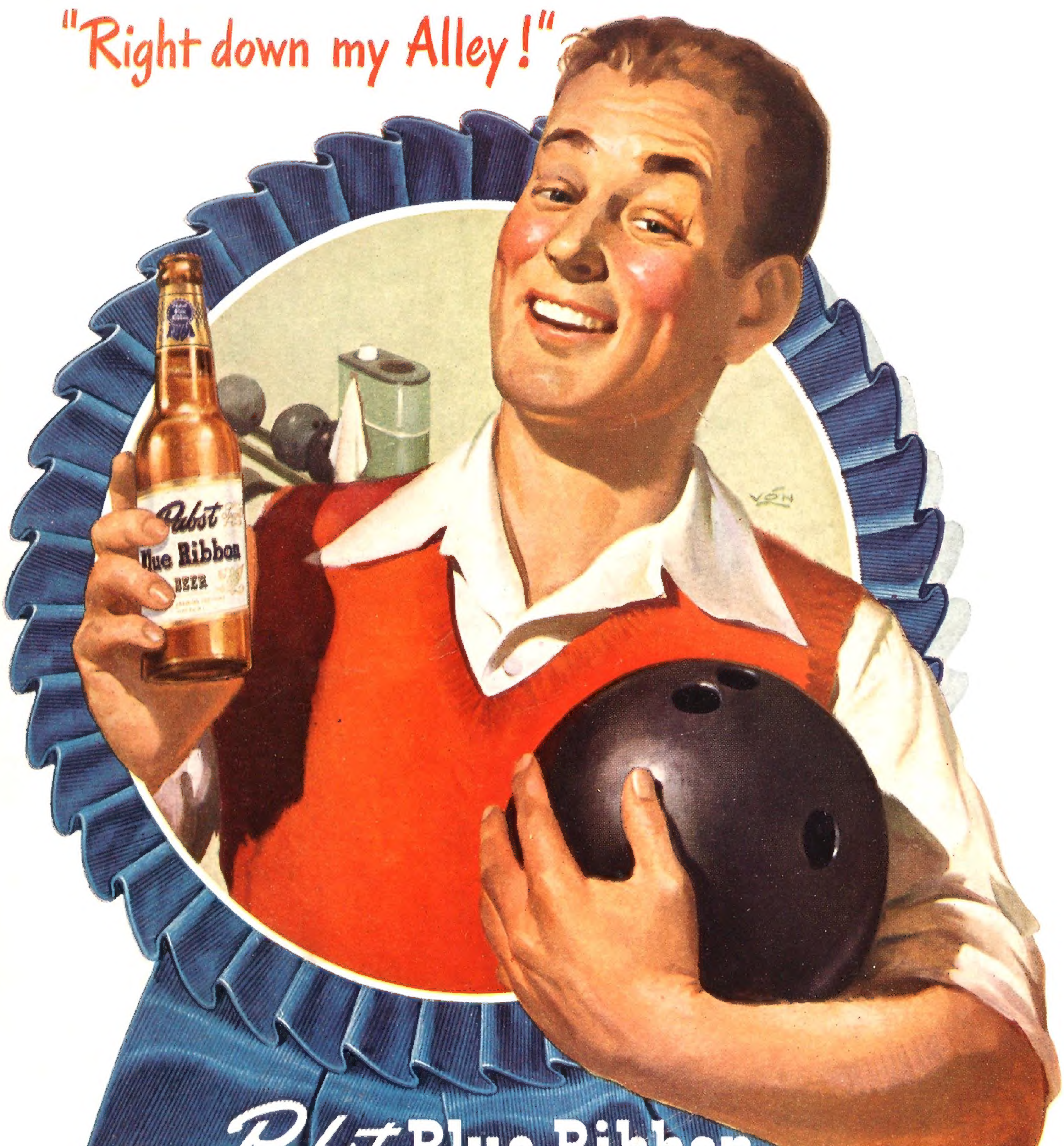
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